FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

JULY 1977 $1.50

HOW MARRIED MEN JUGGLE THEIR MISTRESSES

WHY HERBS ARE BETTER THAN DRUGS

THE KING OF THE GYPSIES INTERVIEWED

THE KINKIEST SEX TAPES YET

CITIZEN CARTER: JERRY RUBIN AND ABBIE HOFFMAN REPORT

GIRLS WHO'LL MAKE YOU STAND UP AND SALUTE: SEE INSIDE

Come to where the flavor is.
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'76
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—you get a lot to like.

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Kawasaki motorcycles have always given you more for your money. And now, with the medium weight KZ400 series, you have three more ways to go.

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The KZ400 Deluxe is the showboat. Complete with fairing, windshield, locking saddlebags and luggage rack like no other bike in its class. Custom fitted, painted and trimmed for pure pleasure. But it's not all show. An electric starter gets you off to fast starts. And a front disc brake assures quick, safe stops.

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Kawasaki

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*Manufacturer's suggested list price, 1977 KZ400S, excluding freight, dealer prep, title, state and local taxes, at participating Kawasaki dealers.

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

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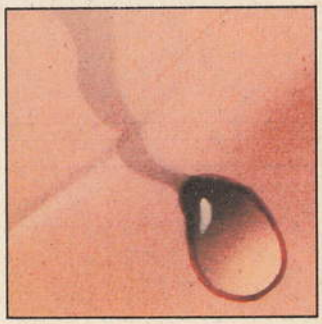

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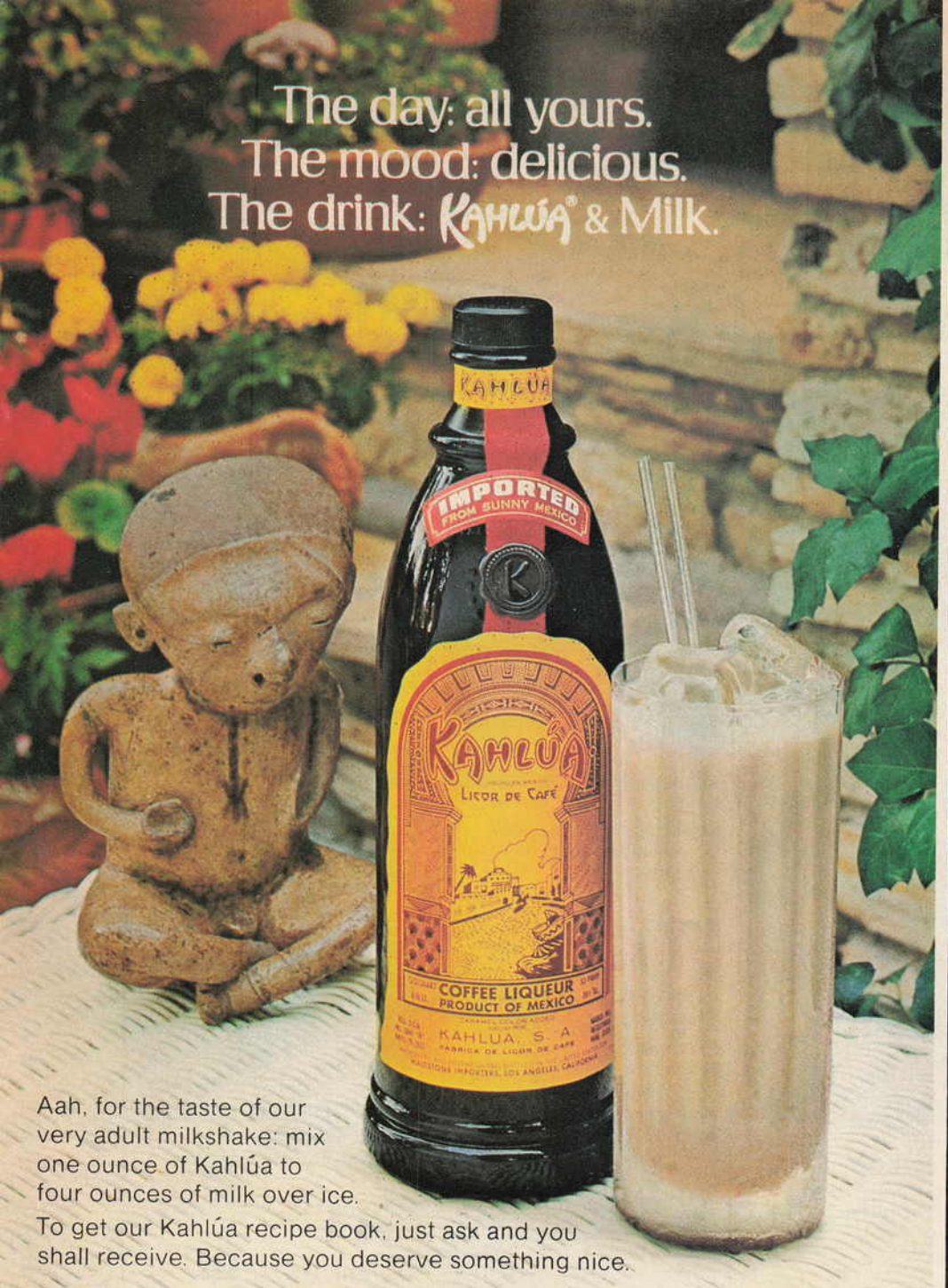

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Cover: Felicity Buirski photographed by Sanders Nicolson. *Who Runs America?:* Herb Alpert, Rex Humbard, Frank Rizzo, Ralph J. Perk, Danny Thomas, Abigail Van Buren, Bert Convy, Robert Anderson, Bert Parks, Allen Funt, Buddy Hackett and Marlin Perkins all photographed by Wide World photos; Ray Kroc, Captain & Tennille, Howard Cosell, Jerry Lewis, Robert Vesco, Julie Nixon Eisenhower, John Connally and Barbara Walters all photographed by UPI. *Who* box: Sarah Miles by Mark Sennet. *Short Takes:* Absinthe bottle by Bill Frantz. *Next Month* box illustration by Dennis Magdich.

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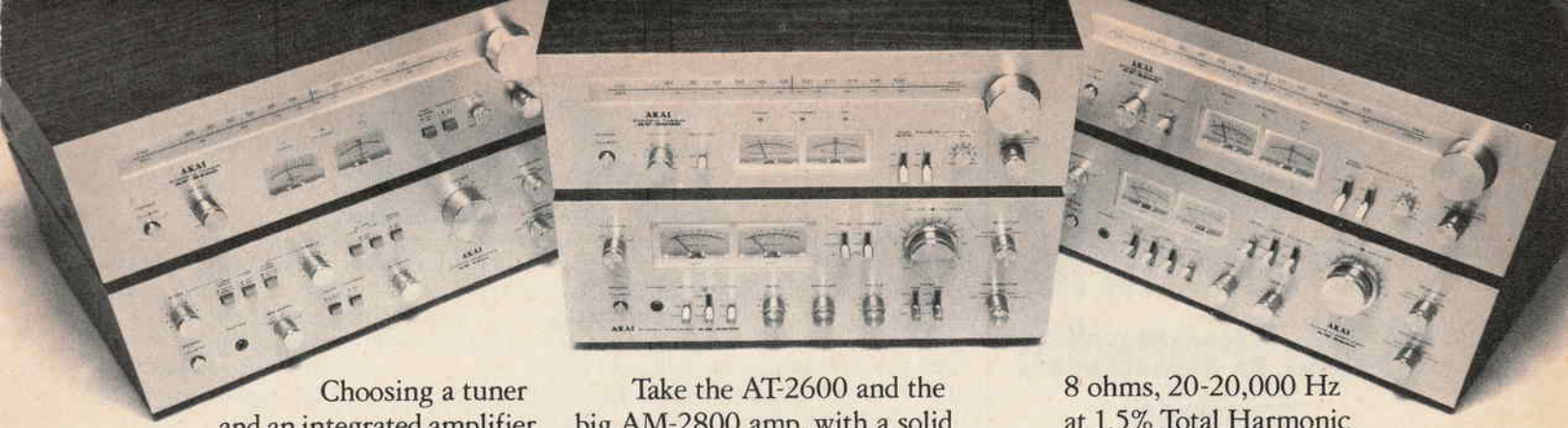

Choosing a tuner and an integrated amplifier is a lot like choosing a mate. You look for things like compatibility, performance, appearance and, of course, fidelity.

AKAI just made the process of matching component separates foolproof with a new line of tuners and integrated amplifiers. Paired on the grounds of total compatibility. And priced to be affordable.

Take the AT-2600 and the big AM-2800 amp, with a solid 80 watts, RMS per channel, 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz at .08% Total Harmonic Distortion.

Or the AM-2600 amp at 60 watts, RMS per channel, 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz at .1% Total Harmonit Distortion. And match it with the AT-2600 tuner.

Or maybe the AM-2400 amp at 40 watts, RMS per channel, 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz at 1.5% Total Harmonic Distortion. And the AT-2400 tuner.

No matter which of the perfect AKAI couples you choose, you get specs and features not found on all-in-one receivers in the same price category. Improvements you can hear. With clean, clear power per channel.

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AKAI

For a 18 " x 24" poster of this Charles Bragg etching, send $2 to AKAI, Dept. OU, 2139 E. Del Amo Blvd., P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224, ATTN: Couples.

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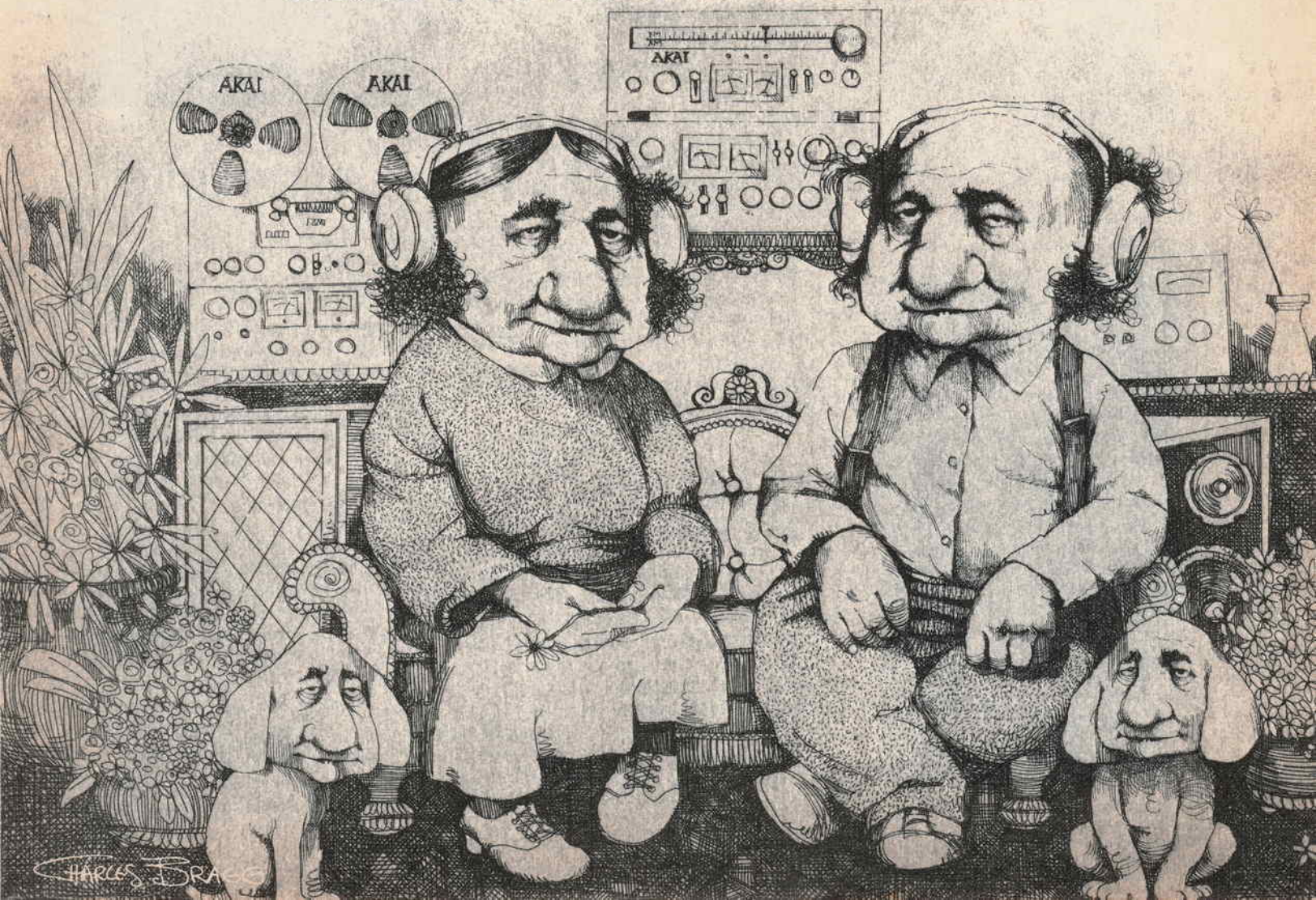

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MAIL

Supreme Cort

I was really pleased to see Tom Shales's article on Bud Cort (*One Skidded Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) in the April OUI. I've been a fan of Cort's ever since I saw *Harold and Maude* back in 1971, and I've been wondering when he was going to make another picture. I'm glad to hear that Cort is almost as crazy in real life as he appears to be on the screen. Thanks for a funny—but moving—article.

DON BREWER
St. Louis, Missouri

Damn it all, I'll never do another interview without a tape recorder. Shales's time sequence is inaccurate on a very important point: I was given the bad cocaine *before* the Jean-Louis Barrault symposium in Paris, not after, as Shales says. That's why I acted like such a maniac and requested that my friend "commit" me. As you can guess, I am now completely anticoke.

By the way, Beach Boy Dennis Wilson gave me the piano, not Brian. In any case, my chiropractor thought the piece was very funny.

BUD CORT
Hollywood, California

Labor of love

The thought occurs to me, after reading *Sex Therapy at Home* (April) by Gini Kopecky, that sex manuals have a lot in common with diet books: They both promise magical cures on the cover but end up insisting on a lot of hard work. Only in America, with its insidious Protestant work ethic, could sex become such a chore. "Do this for six minutes; rub that for ten minutes." How can anyone learn to enjoy sex when it appears to have all the excitement of scrubbing the kitchen floor?

BARBARA JACKSON
Baltimore, Maryland

Lost and found

After reading Sharon O'Hara's article on missing-persons expert Anthony Pellicano in the February *Short Takes*, I knew that I had to call him, because I've spent some 20 years searching fruitlessly for a daughter I've never seen. Three weeks after I contacted Pellicano, he called from California and said, "Hi, Bob. Say hello to your daughter."

After talking on the telephone and exchanging letters and photographs, I flew out to spend two weeks with my daughter and her lovely family. I will never forget her parting words: "Goodbye, Dad. I love you."

Thanks to OUI and Mr. Pellicano for making those words possible.

ROBERT LARSON
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Fantastic fit

Ken Marcus deserves an award for what is the most artistic yet daring pictorial I've ever seen: *Anne Fits Neatly Inside Suzanne* (April). Where on earth did he find those two girls?

ALBERT BOUCHARD
Montreal, Quebec

Suzanne, Ken tells us, was the easiest to spot, as she was on top. No, the truth of the matter is, Anne and Suzanne

came into his studio one day, completely unannounced, and told him that they'd like to be in a nude pictorial. Honest, Ken says, it happened just like that.

Buzzard bait

As the song goes, "you've got something," Savannah Band and *Dr. Buzzard's Shirts* (April) shows it off just fine. My personal favorite is "Sugar Coated" Andy Hernandez. He's not only sweet on vibes, he's sugar coated through and through. Andy's a gifted arranger and songwriter as well. I ought to know, because he's written a song just for me.

VIVIAN CARIGLIA
New York, New York

Jac be nimble

Dear OUI,

In August 1976 OUI published an article about sex devices called *The Whole Bedroom Catalog* by D. Keith Mano. Nearly every statement concerning ACCU-JAC was either misleading, or totally false.

> Mano: "We did not test ACCU-JAC II. Our editors wouldn't spring $695 plus shipping and handling."

Instead, Mano relied solely upon a *Screw* magazine article over a year old

Benson&Hedges 100's

oh well, nobody's perfect.

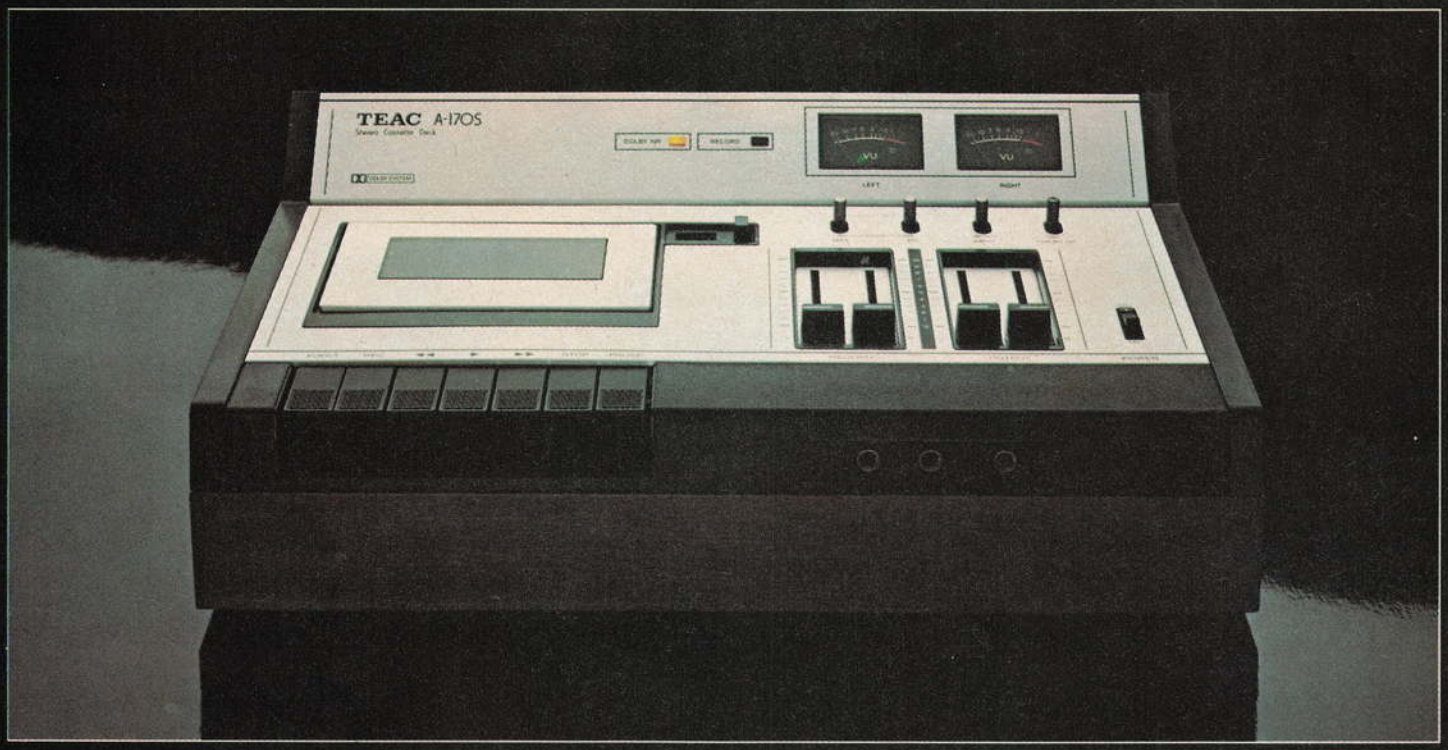
that's the breaks.

Regular and Menthol

18 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Unidentical



A-170S

We couldn't leave well enough alone. So when the A-170 was rated a "best buy" we made it even better. Now it's the A-170S.

It's easy to understand what makes it a best buy; if it were our only deck, the A-170S would cost much more. Instead, we were able to take advantage of the same technology and computerized equipment we use in making decks that cost three times as much as the A-170S. Which means the difference between our lowest priced deck and our heavy duty decks is features, and not tolerances. And speaking of heavy duty, the A-170S even has a built-in Dolby* noise reduction system, to virtually eliminate annoying tape hiss.

So if you're looking for a best buy in a top-loading deck for less than $200,** your choice is simple; TEAC A-170S.

SPECIFICATIONS
Wow & Flutter (NAB Weighted):
0.09% WRMS

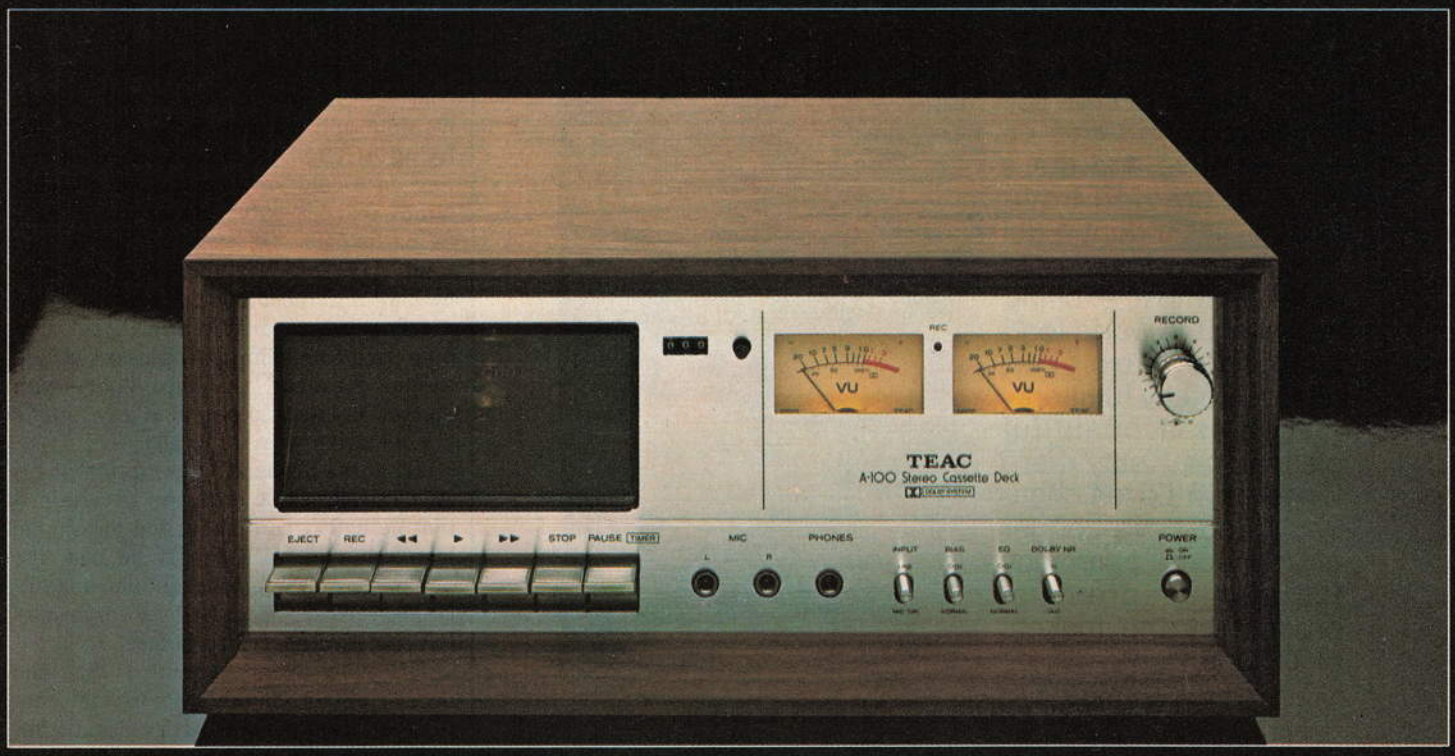
Signal-to-noise ratio:
Without Dolby
50 dB (WTD 3% THD)
With Dolby@ 1 kHz
55 dB
With Dolby over 5 kHz
60 dB

Frequency response:
Cr02/FeCr tape
30-14,000 Hz
Hi-energy tape
30-11,000 Hz

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
**Nationally advertised value. Actual resale prices will be determined individually and at the sole discretion of authorized TEAC dealers.

The A-100 is shown with an optional simulated wood cabinet.

twins.



A-100

And for you front-loading fans, the TEAC "best buy" deck comes that way, too.

The A-100, also less than $200,** boasts the same features and specs as the A-170S; the same precise transport system; same capstan driveshaft, ground to a tolerance of one micron or less. You can still change from fast forward to rewind without hitting the STOP button. There's even a special timer function so you can plug in an external timer and record when you're away from home.

So whether you like your deck up like the A-170S, or up front like the A-100, we have a best buy for you; one of the unidentical twins from the TEAC fine family of tape decks.

TEAC®

The leader. Always has been.

TEAC Corporation of America
7733 Telegraph Road
Montebello, California 90640

In Canada TEAC is distributed by White Electronic Development Corporation (1966) Ltd.

Cassette Series

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LOVE-LONGER™

When you're in love being extra sensitive is as normal as sunshine. But, sometimes you can be too sensitive and that's why we created Love-Longer. It's a gentle gel that helps a lover hold onto the most exciting feeling in the world long enough to make his partner feel totally fulfilled.

Love is a beautiful place to be...stay there longer with Love-Longer. You'll find Love-Longer at your local pharmacy. It's another premium product by the makers of Trojans.

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7GN2

(and completely misleading, even in its day).

> Mano: "We were indebted—who isn't—to Al Goldstein and his staff of androids at *Screw* magazine for their extensive consumer report on it."

This "extensive consumer report" consisted of one couple, "with apprehension and anxiety out of control," trying ACCU-JAC *once*, in an office setting on a cold vinyl floor. The husband writes that his wife vehemently refused to participate. "It was only after two solid days of pleading, cajoling, and making a number of rash promises that she finally agreed to join me. . . ." Uninterested, unwilling people on a job assignment upon an office floor—with Al Goldstein apt to pop in at any time—doesn't strike *us* as a fair test.

From the husband's description of his ACCU-JAC experience, we ascertained that he hadn't comprehended the simple instruction manual. For if he had, the appliance would have taken him smoothly and quickly to a SUPER orgasm—one like he'd never had before.

His wife openly admitted that she doesn't obtain climax with vaginal copulation anyway—only with clitoral stimulation can she reach orgasm. Although ACCU-JAC II in the female mode is designed basically to imitate the thrust and speed of a penis in the vagina, it may be positioned in such a way as to also provide *tremendous* clitoral stimulation. She evidently was not creative enough to figure that out. We thought this feature was so self-evident, we didn't bother to include it in our instruction manual for fear of insulting the readers' intelligence.

We were sorry to have missed out on snatching up the couple's "mecho-virginity," but we're the first to acknowledge that mechanized masturbation *isn't* for everyone. Obviously if one is intimidated by machines, doesn't like masturbation, has no sexual imagination (fantasy power) and is *hooked* on human sex to the exclusion of mechanized "partners," ACCU-JAC is *not* for him. But it is *highly* unusual in these sexually enlightened times, to find someone who doesn't reach orgasm with ACCU-JAC (even if they *try not to*)! In fact, our distributors who are in most major cities, report that over 75 percent of those who try ACCU-JAC in special "try-it" rooms, *buy* it. Most of the rest say they'd like to buy, if they could afford it.

Which leads us to another point: One would conclude from Mano's article that all seven ACCU-JAC models cost $695

and have fixed speeds of 60 thrusts per minute.

Actually, the ACCU-JAC II with Standard Cabinet and thick padded black vinyl costs $595 (not $695, as you quoted three times in the article). The $695 ACCU-JAC II comes with custom console of either simulated walnut, oak, white kid or leather.

Only *one* of *seven* ACCU-JAC products has a "fixed speed of 60 thrusts per minute." It's called the Standard Model (for men), and sells for $149.50, complete with male sleeve to your exact size. Except for ACCU-JAC II models, *all* prices include insured delivery by U.P.S. air.

The ACCU-JAC II has variable speeds of 40–100 T.P.M. on male mode, and 30–80 T.P.M. on female mode. It also has controls for variable stroke length, dildo-depth, and suction (imitating vaginal and oral sex). Our Variable Speed Model (for men) costs $199.50 and has speeds of 40–100 T.P.M. The *Companion* Model (for women) runs at 30–80 T.P.M. and costs $249.50. The *Companion* Model & Male Adapter (for men and women) costs $299 and runs at 30–80 T.P.M. in the female mode, and 40–100 T.P.M. in the male mode. We also have a new massager for men called the "STROKER" with variable suction, which is operated manually. It is only $39.95 complete. Because everyone masturbates differently, we have seven differently shaped sleeves in nine sizes for a variety of penis-head and penis-shaft massaging combinations.

The Whole Bedroom Catalog paints a rather gloomy picture of mail-order sex aids. On this issue, we tend to agree with Mano. Most of it *is* junk. For this reason, Funways offers an exclusive, five-day trial: If any customer finds that ACCU-JAC is not for them, they simply return it in good condition. We issue an immediate refund of the purchase price, less freight and a minimal charge for the accessory used. We also have a full 90-day parts and labor warranty, followed by an unusually liberal service policy; and we guarantee sleeve fit, assuring the best possible orgasm.

Should anyone wish to receive more detailed information about ACCU-JAC and related accessories, they can send $3 to: FUNWAYS, Inc., Dept. O, Box 9691, North Hollywood, California 91609.

DAN L. STOUGHTON, President
Funways, Inc.
North Hollywood, California

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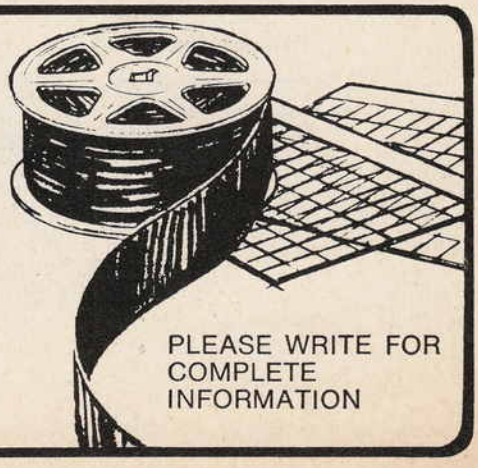


PLEASE WRITE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone. JBL's new L212: a totally new picture of high performance sound, from the people who wrote the book.

You hear the whole sound first.

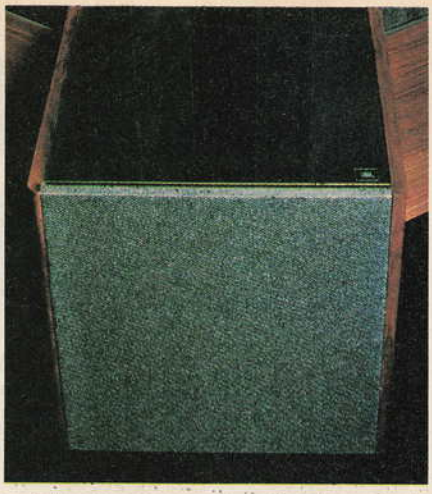
And when you catch your breath you search for words to describe the depth, the detail, the etched precision of the music.

That stunning pair of three-way speakers is sending clean, undistorted sound to every corner of the room. At every frequency. At every level. Loud or soft. High or low. It doesn't matter. The energy is constant.

You're experiencing three-dimensional imaging: Vocal up front. Lead guitar two steps back and one to the left. Drums further back. The piano closer, almost off the right edge of the sound.

Suddenly you're aware of a fullness in the music that you've heard before but never associated with recorded sound.

The bass! You've been hearing all of the bass, all of the fundamental tones you couldn't bring home from the concert. It's not only everything you've heard before. It's everything you haven't. The music is rich with sound at the lowest limit of your hearing.



Then you see the third speaker. The hero of the piece: The Ultrabass.

The Ultrabass is a system in itself—woofer, amplifier, equalizer and enclosure—designed, mated, blended to do one thing perfectly: reproduce sound at the threshold of sub-sonic frequencies.

It brings all the low frequency music within audible range, balancing it perfectly with the rest of the music. Without boominess. Without resonance. It also electronically sums left and right signals below 70 Hz—virtually eliminating turntable rumble and record warp noise. And, because of the non-directional character of the low frequency sound, the Ultrabass can be placed almost anywhere in the room. Without any loss of three-dimensional imaging.

The Ultrabass pays one final dividend: it allows the two three-way speakers to be specialists, too. They can concentrate on the top 95% of the music. (Listen to the whole system, and you'll hear what that means. Even at a rug-curling, rock concert loudness, you'll get a clarity, a smoothness, an enthusiasm for detail you've never heard before.)

Finally, you look for the monster amplifier that's driving all that sound. There isn't one. The L212 takes one fourth the power you'd need with a conventional low efficiency loudspeaker.

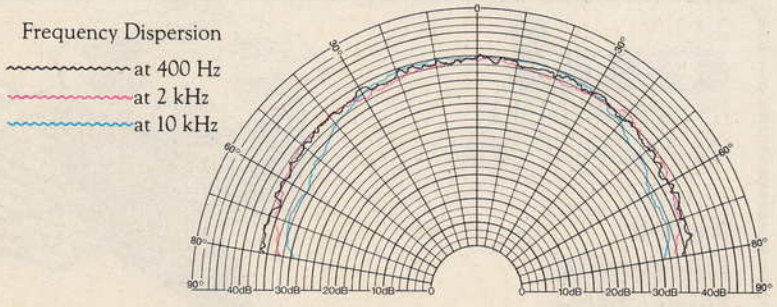
That's the story. What you've been reading about is, essentially, a no-trade-off loudspeaker system. Now we'll tell you the trade-off: The price is $1740. (The L212 may take a little while becoming a household word.)

In the meantime we have two suggestions:

If you'd like a lot more technical information, write us and we'll send you an engineering staff report on the L212. Nothing fancy except the specs.

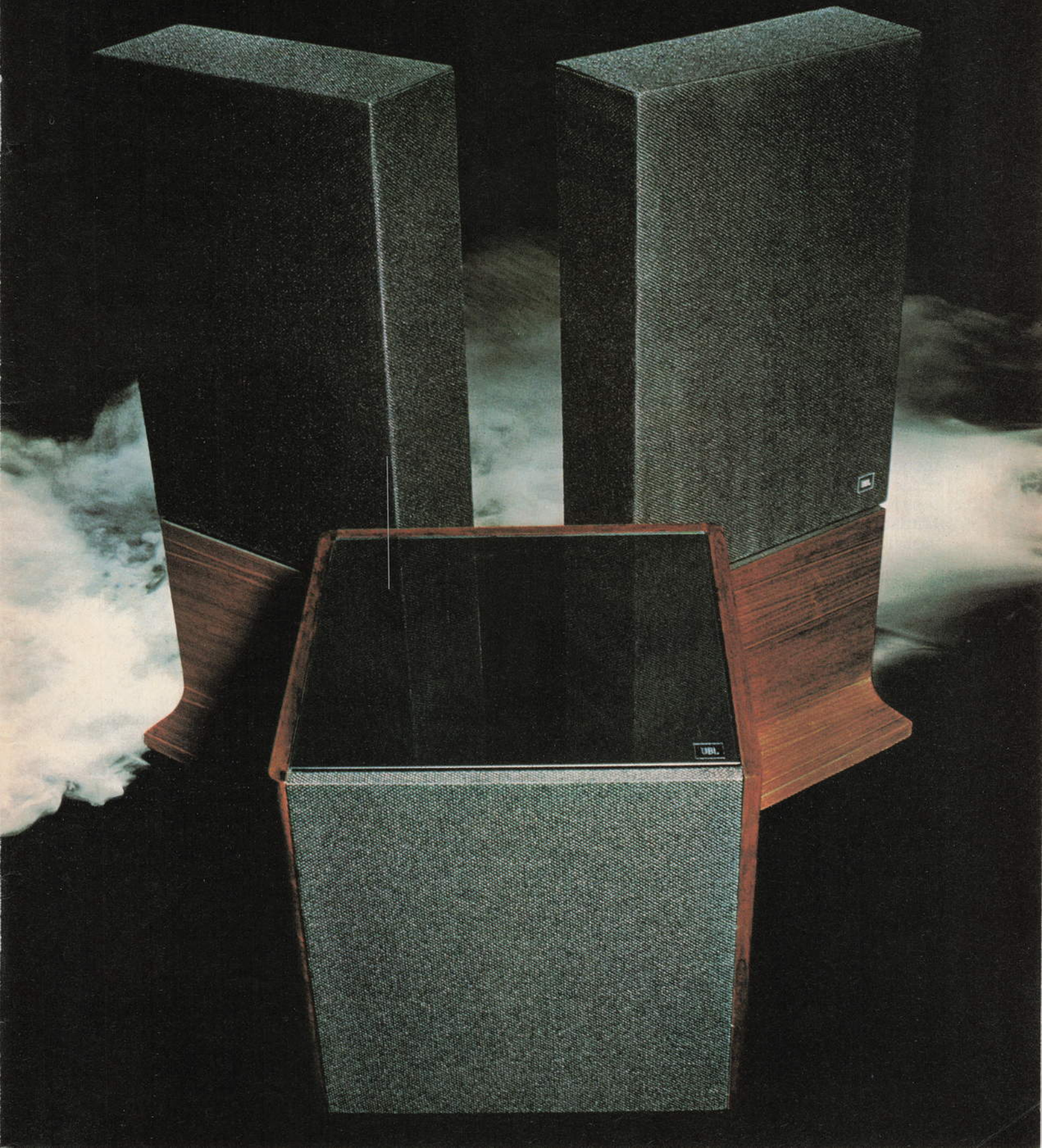
Or call your JBL dealer and ask him when you can hear the L212. You've never heard anything like it. Not from us. Not from anyone.

JBL



James B. Lansing Sound Inc., 8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, Calif. 91329. High fidelity loudspeakers from $168 to $3510.

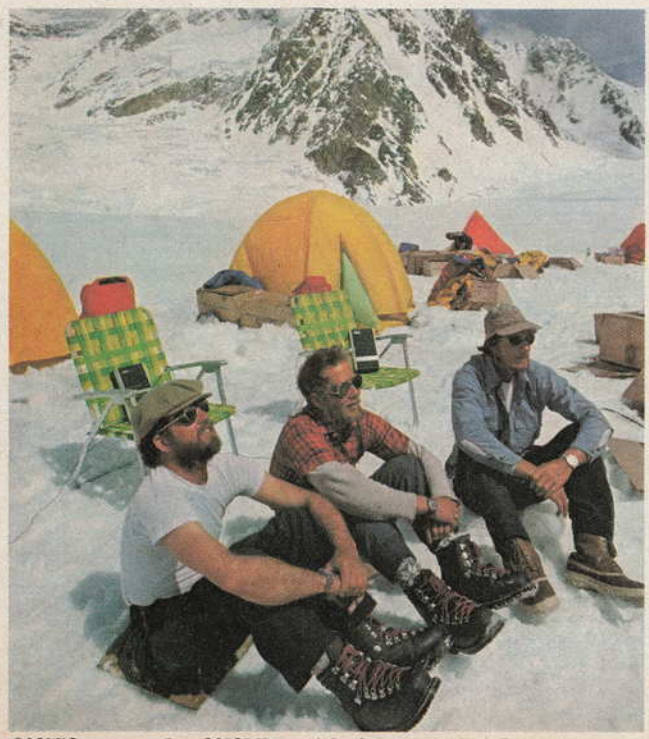
JBL CHANGES THE PICTURE OF SOUND.



"...at 17,500 feet we dug our Superscope tape recorder out from under the rubble."

How 3 Superscope tape recorders entertained 10 weary mountain climbers with Beethoven at 17,500 feet, survived brutal Himalayan storms, and lived to tell it all.

At 28,741 feet, K2 is the world's second tallest mountain. Ten climbers trekked to within 6,700 feet of the summit. They carried 3 Superscope portable tape recorders. Two Superscope C-108 Deluxe Miniature Cassette units – ideal for on-the-spot verbal documentation. And one Superscope CS-200S Portable AC/DC Stereo Cassette Recorder with 2 external speakers – to brighten their arduous journey with the warmth of music.



Unretouched photo of actual units taken on expedition.

Even in preparatory stages, "...our Superscope tape unit is going full blast recording music for Base Camp. Our team members like everything from Beethoven to Merle Haggard so the selection process is difficult but our life up on the Savoia Glacier should be a little more pleasant."

During the K2 expedition itself, "...our Superscope units never faltered, except of course when batteries gave out...at 17,500 feet a fierce storm lashed us during a 'concert', knocking over our tent. The CS-200S and speakers, which had been hanging from the now-collapsed tent supports, had to be dug out from under the rubble. When we recovered the Superscope, it played on as if nothing had happened."

Superscope portable cassette tape recorders – the world's finest at popular prices, so rugged they can survive almost anything. See your Superscope dealer now.

SUPERSCOPE®

Listen to us.

©1977 Superscope, Inc., 20525 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA 91311. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Check the Yellow Pages for your nearest Superscope dealer.

OPENERS

Mooches graduates

Don't say "Brother, can you spare a dime?" Say "I've just been mugged. Could you lend me five dollars for a taxi to the hospital, sir?" Rip your garments and decorate your body with plaster, catsup and simulated bruises. Gentlemen should attempt to suggest that physical violence has occurred; ladies, look fraught with emotion and turn on the waterworks.

So much for handouts. The course in professional beggary at New York City's School for Panhandlers costs $100 in tuition but guarantees an income of $500 a week. The trade school is operated by the pseudonymous Omar, who claims to have put 300 graduates on the streets of 28 cities. Omar conducts lessons behind a sinister black hood and an old stogie he found. The mask ensures the privacy of his family, who live in a peaceful suburb on Omar's annual $40,000 in spare change.

During the first two sessions of the course, Omar indoctrinates selected students—no junkies or alcoholics—into the economic, moral and emotional aspects of handling panhandling. The students then begin on-the-street begging, learning about locations and polishing techniques under the critical supervision of the master beggar and four graduate assistants.

A panhandler's working capital is human sympathy and fear, and Omar teaches that turndowns are just another kind of overhead: "Two out of five of the people you approach are going to get the message. Three are going to ignore you. The first two, however, are going to buy their way out of your life."

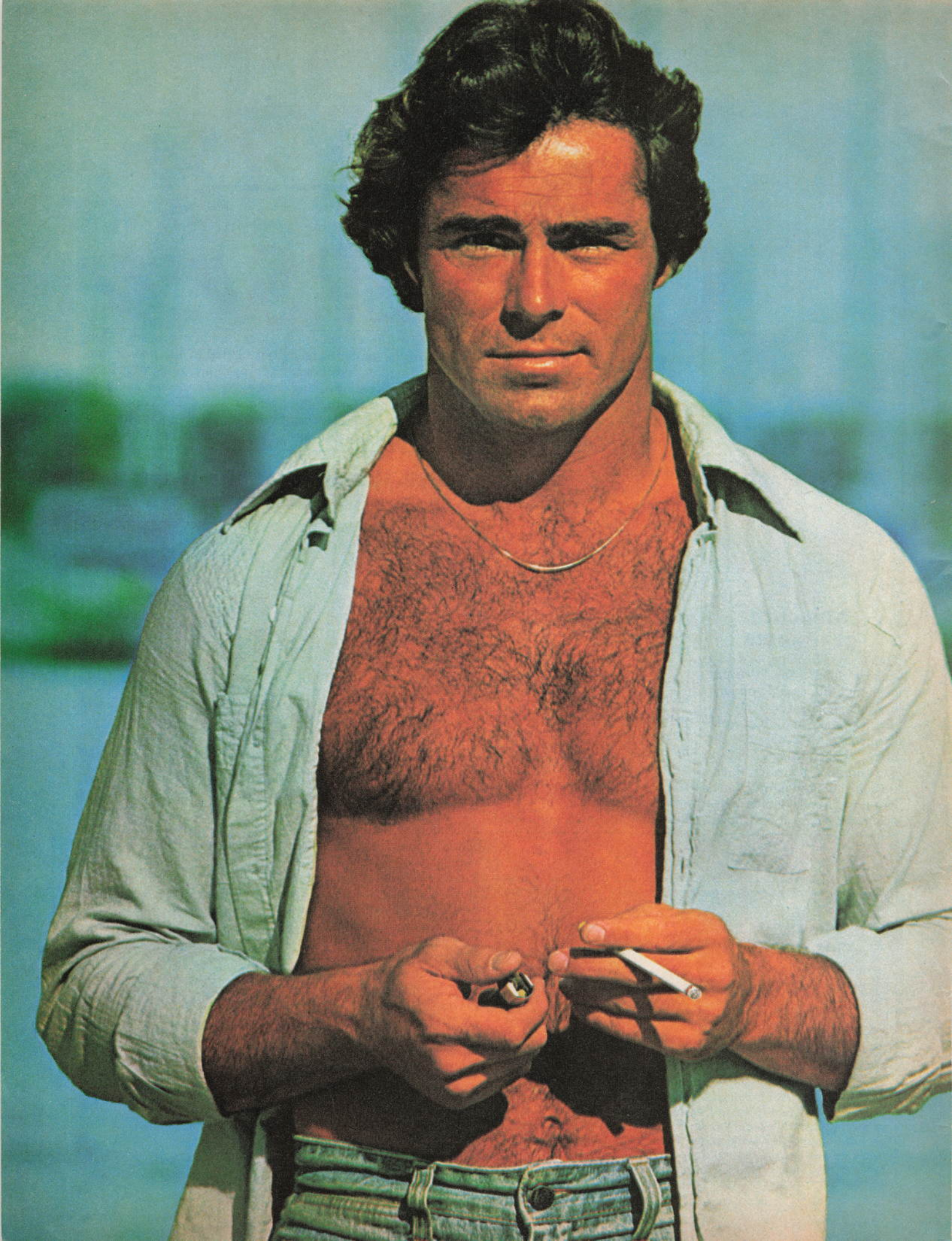
We know a lot about art, but we still know what we like

The avant-garde Italian artist and nudist Chiaro Scuro recently opened an extremely popular show of his works in Rome. Wearing only a loincloth and Gucci loafers, he explained the philosophy behind his art as we sipped Camparis on the Via Veneto. "To cover the human body is to cover a work of art—that's why Michelangelo didn't put David in a three-piece suit, *si*? What I do is merely gild the lily. I began painting upon the bodies of *belle signorine* a few months ago. I had no lire to buy canvas with. But I still liked the *signorine* to come up to my studio and take their clothes off for me. How the American *turistas* love artists! Then, one day, I was staring at this blonde's bush for inspiration, and it came to me. 'Here!' I cried, grabbing her snatch. 'Here will be my canvas!'"

Scuro's work has received accolades from the critics, and the public has flocked to

One woman's make-over

Let's see. The toothy smile that can melt the cast-iron hearts of major network executives is the same. The skin that looks as soft as puppy fur is the same. Those big peepers that could serve as emergency road signals are remarkably similar. But, omigod, the hair! What a difference a hair stylist makes!



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Don't tell me taste isn't everything.

I expect one thing from my cigarette. Taste. And only Winston gives me the taste I like. Winston is all taste all the time. And for me, taste is everything.

Winston King. Winston 100's.

KING, 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

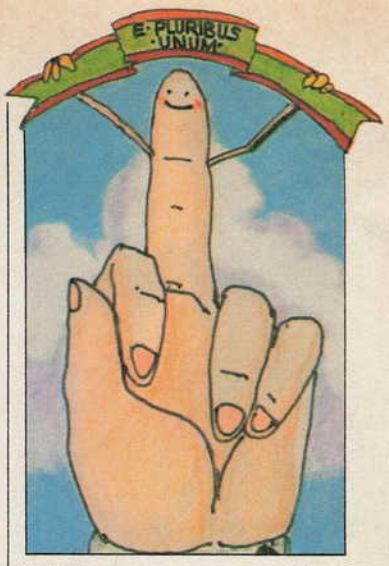
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

see the pubic, despite the no-pinching rule, which had to be invoked when black-and-blue marks started to discolor Scuro's original pigments. Despite much grumbling among the Italians about this rule, it is certain that virtually everyone in Rome has seen the exhibition. Rumor has it that even the Pope has attended the show, disguised as a large English muffin. Scuro's works are for sale, but they want Sundays and half days on Thursdays off and they won't do windows. Scuro does not recommend excessive bodily contact with the "canvases," as this tends to rub the paintings off. Last week the gallery was broken into and two of the paintings were kidnaped and held for ransom; the kidnapers threatened to wash the girls in paint remover if they did not receive Scuro's left ear, a large pepperoni pizza and two tickets to the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus within 24 hours. Two of the requirements were easily met, but Scuro hesitated to part with his left ear, despite pleas from art lovers around the world. The two girls were later found wandering about the catacombs, without artwork. "Needless to say, the poor *carissimas* are heartbroken," Scuro told us. "But I've promised them new paintings. Are you sure you wouldn't like a snake painted all along your *schlongoni*? Who knows, someday you may get lucky and be well hung in the Louvre."

The long finger of the law

If anybody doubts that we're doing our part to uphold the Helsinki accord on human rights, read on.

A 16-year-old Hartford, Connecticut, high school student was recently arrested for giving Nelson Rockefeller's favorite gesture. The student extended a friendly finger in the direction of a state trooper who was following his school bus, and was hit with a $25 fine for violating state obscenity statutes.



The matter was appealed, however, and a three-judge panel was convened under Judge Leo Parskey to review the case. The three wise men ruled that raising one's middle finger in a gesture of contempt was indeed offensive, but not obscene under law.

In writing the opinion, Judge Parskey declared that flipping the bird is illegal only if done in a significantly erotic manner intended to arouse sexual interest. He also cited deep precedent, noting that during Athens' golden age, the philosopher Diogenes once gave an instant commentary on a speech by the demagog Demosthenes, in the form of an eloquent middle finger.

Phew! Now everyone can relax. America is safe for you to display your hard-earned classical education.

Will the dark-haired girl on the right side of this lingerie ad from New York's Alexander's please contact the editor of *Openers*. As soon as possible. The life you may save may be his. No fooling.

Hack writers

A bunch of San Francisco cab drivers were sitting around Original Joe's bemoaning the talent wasted pulling little flags, stepping on it and following those cars. "Let's publish our own magazine!" cried Don Fassett. "Write it, draw it, print it, even sell it from our cabs! It's just crazy enough. . . ."

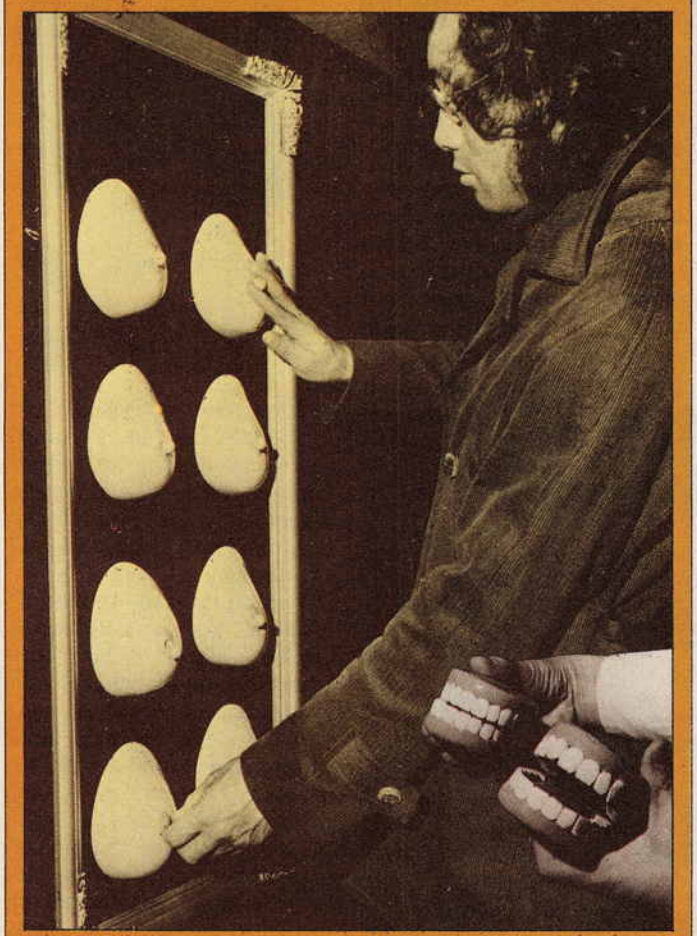
The rest is history, possibly sociology, maybe even journalism and art. *The New Deep City Press* began three years ago as a forum where drivers swapped yarns about a job in which decent pay, freedom and the chance of adventure entailed the risks of robbery, accidents, bad cabs and paranoid passengers who think they are being taken for

THE NEW DEEP CITY PRESS
FROM ROSE PETALS TO BANANA PEELS!
DAVID FRANKEL ON THE RISE AND FALL OF T. ARNISHED SMITH
FLYING WITH THE DUCK!
SACRAMENTO OR BUST
AMERICAN ROOTS: DAVID BOLTON'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD
NEW FICTION!
Higher and Higher, Up Where Man Has Never Fought Before
DRIVER

a ride. *Deep City*'s checkered present includes articles of general interest but features cab-oriented fare, taxi fantasies—mostly about getting riders to Sacramento—and a comic strip called *Maxie the Taxi*. A recent issue had stories about tipping, tequila, Governor Brown, San Francisco's North Beach (by poet Gary Snyder), winning at craps and a diatribe against the city's largest cab company titled "I Am Curious, Yellow." Already hailed as the best-selling "little magazine" at City Lights bookstore, *Deep City*'s editors hope to publish on a quarterly basis and to open its pages to other kinds of working people.

Just remember: Don't swear at the next wild-haired, bleary-eyed taxi driver who snarls fiendishly as he cuts you off. It may be that he's somebody's publisher.

Organ music



No, these are not two sets of teeth or four pairs of glands. They're musical instruments designed by Michi Tanaka, a 27-year-old Tokyo artist who has an ear for music and an eye for bodily charm.

The dentures are Foesteeth Castanets, used in the rarely performed samurai flamenco initiation ceremony. The breasts are part of the Mammatron, a set of *très belles* bells. Mammatron players must develop extraordinary fingering technique to elicit the peals of joy that are the mark of a master nippler.

Another of Tanaka's instruments (not shown) is the Foot Flute, whose unique shape, we're assured, gives the instrument an extra bass scale; yet another is what appears to be a kneeling groupie but is actually a harmonically balanced shell for a pair of bongo drums. This instrument should prove very popular in the music-appreciation courses given at night by the adult-education departments on many urban campuses.

No doubt about it, Tanaka's imagination is fit to beat the band.

—BURY ST. EDMUND

Littlefoot or big joke

Either somebody's pulling our you-know-what or this could be *the* scientific oddity of all time: An 11½-inch-tall woman is reputed to exist somewhere near the town of Del Mar in Southern California. The person who sent us this photo claims to have seen her dance on top of the bar at a local sawdust saloon named The Pony Tail. "Her stage name is Twinkletoes Littlefoot," he writes, "and folks who know about her are very protective; they won't talk about her to outsiders for fear of losing their precious 'little woman.' I had to pay a *fortune* for this photo."

All we can add is that California comprises 158,693 square miles, was admitted to the Union in 1850, and it takes literally all kinds of people to fill its freeways.

Welshing on butts

An inventive, middle-aged photographer was recently arrested in Ebb Vale, Wales, for pursuing his hobby. The man would prowl about the local supermarket, shopping bag in hand. Whenever he spotted a female customer bending over a low shelf, he would nimbly slip his shopping bag beneath her skirt.

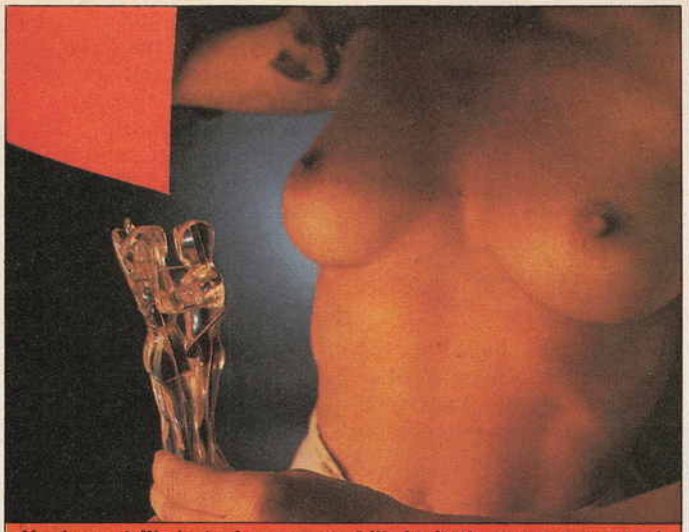
A sharp-eyed store manager knew something was wrong but wasn't sure what. He summoned a constable, who inspected the bag and found a camera loaded with a very fast film. A search of the

photographer's flat turned up a full gross of the periscopic snatch shots.

The man admits to being relieved at having this phase of his career terminated. It seems that the fun had gone out of his hobby when the Welsh lassies discovered the joys of panty hose.

'T ain't funny, McGee

A person can't even laugh anymore without someone sticking a depressor down his throat and studying his respiratory rate. As if there weren't enough sick people in the world to take care of, researchers from all over the world came to Cardiff, England, for the International Conference on Humor and Laughter. Weighty papers were given on such distinguished and urgent subjects as "Elephants and marshmallows: A theoretical synthesis on incongruity"; "Joseph Grimaldi to Charlie Cairoli, a semeiotic approach to humor"; and "Mirth measurement," which, we suppose, was a lecture on how to update that old reliable, the laugh-o-meter. We also noticed that not a single academician prepared a paper on that most ancient of guffaw causers, the dirty joke. One lecture that knocked 'em dead was "Anatomical and psychological examination of eye pouches." There was even a real-live comedian for the researchers to dissect to find out why he is funny, a concept similar to that of dissecting a frog to discover why he is alive. Who knows? We once thought sex was easy, but were we wrong! Maybe it's the same story with laughing. Clitoral versus vaginal humor? Premature joking? Inability to achieve and maintain laughter?



You're not likely to ignore any bill, invitation or memo stuck between the kissers of these plastic, fantastic lovers. Gentle pressure on Mr. Missionary's calves separates the transparent pair long enough to insert or withdraw your own piece of business. This hip clip is guaranteed against defects in workmanship, headaches and shortcomings of any conceivable nature.

Sex in the noose

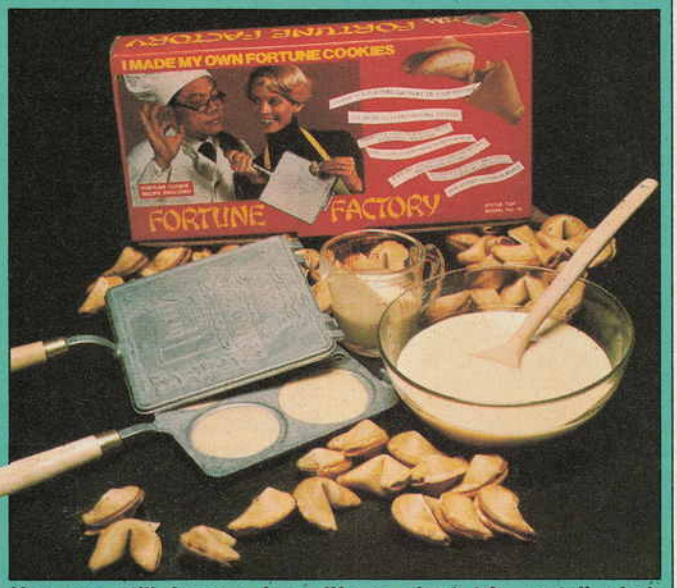
Protest marches, Frisbees and Quāāludes are out. Terminal sex is the in thing for today's college man, who says he wants to hang around the dorm and means *hang around the dorm.*

Pardon the gallows humor; terminal sex is nothing to choke about. Medically known as the sexual-asphyxia syndrome, it involves constricting the blood flow through the carotid arteries by means of a rope tied around the neck, a practice that supposedly enhances the joy of masturbation. Dr. Myron Faber, assistant professor of medicine at Michigan State University—where three students have died of accidental hanging in the past four years—believes that the strangle-dangle may be responsible for as many as 300 deaths a year. These deaths are mistakenly classified as suicide, and Dr. Faber suspects that at least ten to 100 times as many boys, mostly between the ages of 14 and 21, indulge in terminal sex as die from it.

What motivates these self-destructive, flying jerk-offs? Aren't blindness and hairy

One of our favorite San Francisco neo-Dadaists, Irene Dogmatic, tells us that for some thrill-seeking pet owners, the leash is just the beginning of all-out bondage for their little doggies. We will be hearing the same thing from New York in about two years. There will probably even be hydrant bars in the West Village before too long. Rudd Weatherwax had better learn these new ropes.

Do-it-yourself destiny



You can still have a long life, a short trip, a tall, dark stranger and be safe from chopstick slivers, too, with a Fortune Factory cookie maker. Simply pour lucky batter into the Factory's four prophetic griddle cavities, place over providential stove burner, and in three shakes of a dragon's tail you have honorable cookies ready to be folded and filled with inscrutable epigrams. The Factory is equipped with fortunes—"Beware of a bus driver named Marvin"; "You will be asked to audition for an X-rated movie"—but you are encouraged to be creative and write your own. Get your Fortune Factory from the Phoenix Cookie Company of Chicago and do your part, however small, to free the prisoners of those Chinese bakeries.

Take Tracs when you're making tracks.

Hot afternoons on the beach. Cool mornings in a green field. Make beautiful times even better by bringing your favorite music along, or recording special things of your own.

With a portable recorder. And Tracs® blank recording tape.

Recording or playing, Tracs is the blank tape specially made for portable equipment. It's been carefully designed to take the extra abuse that portables naturally get, and to sound good any time, and any where.

Tracs is available as cassettes in hard or soft plastic boxes, and in 8-track cartridge or reel to reel.

And when you see how little Tracs costs, even the price will sound good.

Tracs. The portable recorder tape.

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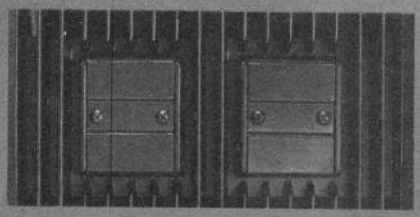
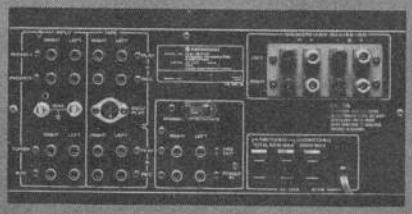
THE INTEGRATED DC AMPLIFIER HAS ARRIVED.





Gone is phase distortion. Gone is time-delay distortion.

The Kenwood KA-9100 integrated DC amplifier is here.

Its response is flat down to 0 Hz. It has three power supplies. The Total Harmonic Distortion is 0.03% over the full frequency range of 20-20k Hz. The Signal-to-Noise ratio is 83 dB at 2.5 mV. It has the best phono sensitivity (0.8 mV) of any integrated amplifier. For better heat dissipation, the KA-9100 has large heat sinks on either side.

It is an amplifier so advanced even the pre-amp has its own power supply.

It is the next generation Kenwood. The unit all others will be measured against. Just as they were when we pioneered dual power supplies.

The KA-9100 integrated DC amplifier. With 90 watts per channel, minimum RMS, at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.03% Total Harmonic Distortion.

And, as if all that wasn't enough, it costs less than $500.*

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*Handles optional.

*Suggested resale price. Actual prices are established by Kenwood dealers.

palms punishment enough? The question "needs closer study," but one researcher's remark just about says it all, as far as we're concerned: "People experiment sexually in ways that seem weird to other people." —T. FISCHER

Diplomats are charged not only with political duties but with spreading their country's culture. Witness the French embassy in Oslo.

The flight of the Hindenpig

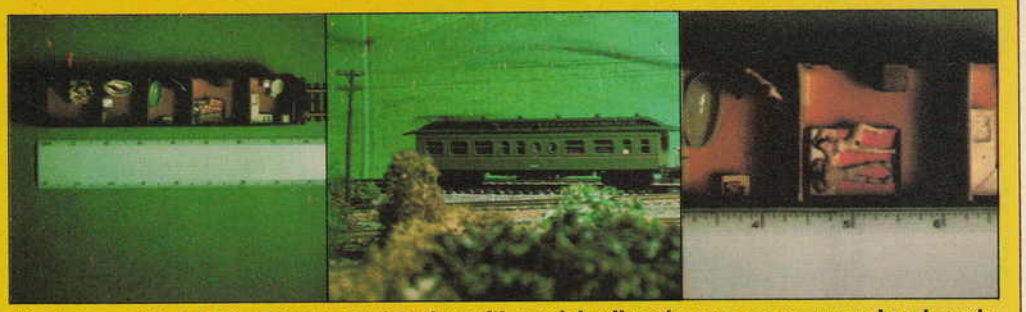
Pink Floyd, those big sillies from the dark side of the moon, have done it again. Their new album was to be called *Animals*, so, naturally, they commissioned a German artist to build them a 40-foot-long, 15-foot-high inflatable pig.

The ponderous porker was inflated with helium at Battersea Power Station on the Thames to be photographed for the *Animals* cover. The event was covered by squadrons of ground and chopper-borne photographers.

Being a rock-'n'-roll pig, however, the beast tore loose from its moorings and began to fly amuck. First, to the terror and delight of thousands of airline travelers, the porker floated over Heathrow Airport. Before the R.A.F. could scramble fighters to intercept, the pig veered south and floated over the Channel to the safety of French airspace.

But no English pig is ever really comfortable in exile. This one took advantage of favorable air currents to recross the Channel. Its safety valve finally popped and—like far-out, it was a very heavy coincidence—Porky came to rest on a farm south of London.

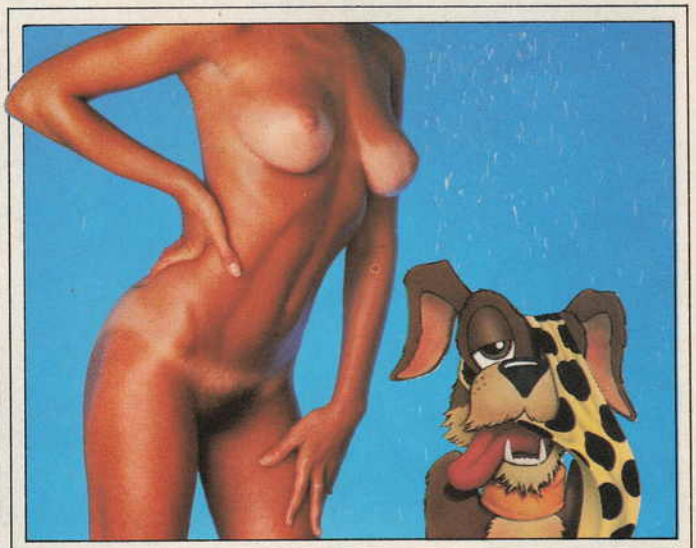
All of which moved the normally staid London *Times* to print the following headline: "SLOW DAY FOR NEWS UNTIL A PINK PIG TOOK WIND." —BURY ST. EDMUND



We bet you think that grown-ups who play with model railroads are square, uncool and nerds. Wrongo! At least Michael Sekulich isn't. From the outside, his H.O. car number 8513 looks rather ordinary except for its brass handrails. On the inside, it's a whole other ball game. The car is a rolling house of ill repute that Michael made for his Fifties small-Midwest-town railroad exhibit. He says, "It took a pair of tweezers and about 65 hours of work to get the ladies on the right track." That sounds like a long time to us, but then again, we seldom use tweezers.

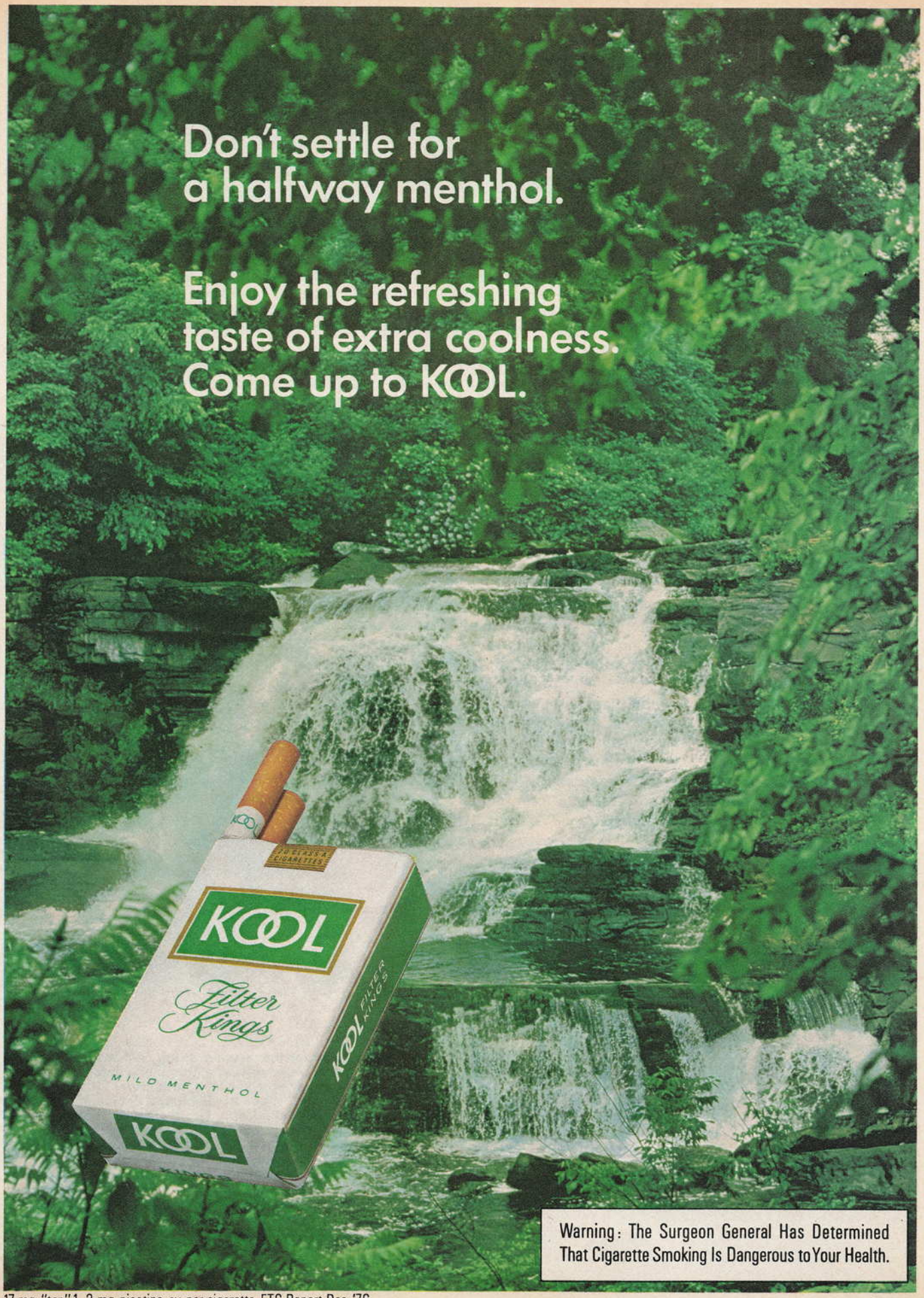
The Eastern stage coach

From the drama desk comes this crib guide to Oriental theatrical styles. During your next Eastern Drama 101 final test, you need only sing the following softly to yourself and you will conquer all but the most obscure of questions: (to the tune of *The Call to Hounds*) "Kabuki, Kabuki, Kabuki; Noh *Noh*, Noh *noh*, noh *noh*. An example of one is *Kanjincho*; of the other, *Kazuramono*." —DAVID MAMET



MERCI

As we settle down for the summer of the century, let's beware of dogs that lose their head over a little piece of tail and praise and reward the following editorial contributors: Carolyn Albritton, Bury St. Edmund, Theodore Fischer, Gay Haubner, Marian Houk, Mark Joseph, John Levin, David Mamet, Susan ("Boxer shorts are great for the beach") Subtle, Gale Wiley and Zodiac News Service. Art credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Fred Nelson; mooches graduates, Sharon Couzin; fingers of the law, George Kenton; welshing butts, Dick Daniels; sex in the noose, Bob Goldstrom. Photo credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Bill Frantz; Farrah before, Harry Benson; Farrah after, Ken Regan; Chiaro Scuro, Pompeo Posar; hack writers, courtesy of Deep City Press; organ music, Keystone Press Agency; Littlefoot/big joke, Bob Knickerbocker; plastic lovers, Ken Frantz; fortune cookies, Garrick Madison; French embassy, Colin J. Cooper; model railroads, Michael ("Mr. Patience") Sekulich.



17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

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SEX TAPES

KINKY SEX

Our heading this month covers whatever doesn't come naturally—that huge, gray, debatable area ranging from harmless fetishes to pastimes that border on criminality—and sometimes cross over. The fantasists who inhabit this no man's land may need bondage and someone else's pain to get their rocks off. They may need to play with an animal or with a close relative. They may need the security afforded by a group ritual. They may need to use gadgets ranging from hot-water bottles to whips and ropes. Some may require a taste of urine—or worse. Chacun à son goût. *In any case, testimony from our readers indicates that, while the Marquis de Sade may have imagined a lot more things than he tried, there are still quite a few people going through some very funny changes in search of sexual release.*

Sarah R., 27, accountant: I've always had a special feeling for my brother Ted, who's three years younger than I. When we were little, we used to inspect each other's privates; we laugh about that now, but there's a particular look he gets that lets me know he's still curious.

One day he called to ask if I'd whip up some dinner for him and his new girlfriend. I'd heard from a mutual acquaintance that she looked a lot like me, and when they arrived, I had to admit some similarity. It gave me an eerie feeling, but she seemed nice enough, and as the evening wore on and I got to know her, I felt flattered that my brother had picked someone so like myself. After dinner we sat drinking and talking, and as Lila got high she started acting very horny. She was rubbing her breast against Ted's arm and letting her hand rest on his thigh, which she stroked slowly. I noticed a slight bulge in his pants and, as I sat there watching, I started getting aroused, too. I could feel the juice coming, so I excused myself and went to the john.

I have a dildo I keep for hard times (or soft times, if you please), and my intention was to get myself off, then rejoin the party. But I changed my mind. I decided to put the dildo in and just wear it. I put on a pair of tight jeans to keep it from falling out, and, as I walked back, I could feel the instrument sliding up and down inside me, the jeans rubbing against my front; I felt so good, I wondered why I'd never done this before. Ted and Lila were doing some deep kissing; he was kneading one of her tits, and I heard her make a throaty little moan as he pressed against her. Between that and the dildo and the jeans, I could hardly choke back a moan myself. For the rest of the evening, I was hot enough to fuck anybody who walked in the door; yet I had to maintain a semblance of composure. When Ted and Lila finally left, I treated myself to an orgasm that I obviously can't forget. You may call it kinky, but I thoroughly enjoyed my private little game; I've repeated it several times since, and it always clears out my mind better than a good hit of snuff, which is saying something. Ted and Lila just don't know what they've been doing for me.

"I decided to put the dildo in and just wear it."

Vicki C., 27, housewife: Tickling has been my weakness ever since I can remember. Boyfriends always found this out, and I would have to hit or scratch them to get them to stop tickling me. When I got married two years ago, I thought I was safe. But one night, a couple of months after the wedding, my otherwise-gentle husband told me that he wanted to find out—of all things—if I could stand being *tickled*. To do this, he would need to tie me up. I thought he meant tying my hands behind my back or something like that, but no—he meant some real Houdini stuff, and it turned out that he was an expert with ropes. His technique involves spreading me out on my back, with my hands fastened around a bar at the head of our bed and my toes tied together at the other end. I'm tall enough so that my feet stick out over the end of the bed, making them all the more inviting to a tickler; and when the ropes are drawn tight, I can hardly move, much less resist. It's a scary feeling.

After my husband ties me up, which he's done maybe a dozen times now, he quizzes me on a subject; whenever I give an incorrect answer, he tickles me. Heaven knows what people think after hearing my shrieks of laughter through the rather thin walls of our apartment. But I guess

there are worse things than being tied and tickled, so long as the person doing the tickling lets you breathe (if he didn't stop from time to time, I would suffocate).

Foot tickling can be sexy if you let it be and don't panic. Being helpless can also be inspirational if you're in the right frame of mind (you have to think of the other person's pleasure). And it can lead to some riotous lovemaking. But you get burns from struggling against the ropes: I, for one, simply cannot lie there passively and be tickled. You would expect me to seek revenge, perhaps, but, though I'm still as ticklish as I was at 15, my husband isn't ticklish at all.

Darby C., 31, mechanic: You might like to hear my side of what my wife has just told you about our ticklish relationship. Everybody knows that bondage is a pretty popular indoor sport, and that women are generally more ticklish than men. Obviously bondage and tickling go well together. So the temptations are clear and, believe me, the laugh of a deeply tickled, well-bound woman is something to experience. You don't have to be a foot fetishist to appreciate the great variety of tickling techniques, each guaranteed to get a strong reaction. The question is whether this is torture, and I think that depends on how ticklish the lady is and whether or not she can see bondage as a legitimate sex game. It took my wife some time to become accustomed to the fact that she couldn't move a muscle and was at my mercy, since she is a rather dominant type, in her way—one of the reasons I insisted on tying her up. If the ropes are well deployed, you see, the helplessness of the ticklee is *absolute* and provides the tickler with deep satisfaction. I don't believe my little sport is cruel in any sense, and if my wife didn't trust me, she wouldn't let me tie her up.

Harvey P., 36, construction engineer: I dated my secretary, who was really into sexual spanking. For the most part, it's pretty harmless foreplay, and it's probably the most widely accepted form of kinky sex. Adele was a bit of a masochist, I suppose; she liked to be dominated and treated like a little girl. Everything was "Daddy, Daddy, don't" or "I'm sorry, I promise to be good." Her father had worked her over plenty when she was a kid. I thought it was all a terrific turn-on, the way she'd wear those schoolgirl outfits, and stretch herself across my lap. I'd pull her panties down and her skirt up, exposing and framing her bottom. I'd play awhile with her cheeks. Then I'd start putting more and more sting into my slaps and she would start her Daddy stuff—but the catch was, she really didn't want me to stop. And soon I'd be going at that white ass like a machine gun; soon it would be as red as a tomato and burning hot. All I'd have to do from that point on was touch her cunt and she'd head for the ceiling. Our fucking was usually sensational after a spanking, because she'd be so extrasensitive that her muscles would spasm like crazy, and she'd come at least a half-dozen times before I shot my first load. Incidentally, her ass was sexually out of bounds except as a target for slapping; any time I went near her asshole with a finger she'd scream bloody murder and turn into an iceberg.

Gloria B., 47, hostess: I met this fruit at the lounge where I'd been working for several years. He always seemed out of place there, as though he belonged on the other side of the street in a gray tweed suit selling tombstones, pink lace panties under the tweed. He had a pale complexion, short-cropped salt-and-pepper hair, smallish hands and thick glasses—like Coca-Cola bottles. That thick. Anyway, one night he started talking to me, telling me what an attractive woman I was and how I'd be *irresistible* in orthopedic shoes and a more severe hair style. And I'm thinking, God, what a creep, it's enough to make a normal person laugh out loud. But then he slipped me a hundred-dollar bill and told me that my next day off would be shopping day and he'd pay the tab, besides paying me for my time and the pleasure of my company.

On Wednesday we went to two stores, buying some weird, brown, eyelet-type shoes, the kind you used to see old ladies wearing on the bus. We also bought two nurse's uniforms, as well as ointment, mineral oil, rubber gloves and various surgical supplies. The clerks seemed to know him; I couldn't help a twinge of embarrassment, mixed with a growing curiosity. A stop at the hairdresser's, where he'd already made an appointment, and I had a Lois Lane–style hairdo, pulled back tight and rolled up into a no-nonsense bun. I felt excited as I put on the corsets, heavy support hose and orthopedic shoes. He kept his eyes lowered, except for a shy peek or two, until I was completely outfitted in a stiff, gray-and-white head nurse's uniform and cap.

He had stripped naked, then slipped into a flimsy white hospital gown. He looked soft and pathetic; I felt a surge of exultation and power, and contempt for his tiny, limp penis welled within me. He was trembling with fear and excitement. I took his temperature with a rectal thermometer; it was a cool 96.4. He then had me prepare a hot, soapy enema—a full three quarts—in one of those old-fashioned, red-rubber hot-water bottles. I selected a seven-inch, oblong, ebony-plastic inserter and greased it with a viscous witch-hazel liniment. He whimpered as I rammed it between his flaccid buns. He moaned with the first deep gurgles of soapy fluid in his bowels. He began to beg for the bedpan, but I warned him to hold his water if he knew what was good for him.

I felt a real thrill at the unexpected tone of authority in my voice. I squeezed his buns together and shoved the hose in deeper. He began to sob and cry. Finally the bag was empty. I gave his buttocks a hard slap; the rubber gloves made a neat noise. As I quickly withdrew the syringe, I rolled him over onto the bedpan just as his intestines erupted with the majesty of a volcano. We repeated the enema, this time using cold water. Then I gave him a prostatic massage with a liniment-greased vibrator. Although his prick stayed limp and tiny, he must have come a quart, in a

"I'd be going at that white ass like a machine gun."

steady stream that just trickled out. I told him he should be ashamed of himself, but that I'd let him off the hook without severe discipline if he'd eat me out, which he did (and I'll tell you, it wasn't bad).

When he dropped me off at my hotel, he slipped me two crisp hundred-dollar bills. We saw each other several times after that, although he never came into the club to drink anymore. On my day off, I'd just show up at his place and we'd have our scene. Then one day I got to feeling really weird about it, as though I was involved in perversion or sodomy. I wondered just what kind of person I wanted to be, and how this enema thing fit in. I stayed away for six months or so. When I finally weakened and tried to get back in touch, I found that he'd moved. I gave the uniforms and shoes to Charity Hospital and eventually went back to my own hair style.

Felicia C., 29, dancer: Manny was pretty far out on a sexual limb, even for San Francisco in the Sixties. His technique for making chicks was simply to put his hands on them and start making love, regardless of where they happened to be. He got slapped a few times; he also got laid a lot, and after he'd pumped most runaways full of windowpane and spent a night or two working on their bodies and minds, telling them that their karma and sexuality were inextricably bound together, they'd be ready to turn him a few tricks. I was. Like about a thousand, from quick hits to overnight jobs, during the course of the following year.

Then Manny—who replaced his broads as soon as they started acting jaded, and had no trouble getting new, young talent—told me he was going to set me free: "You been humping long enough. I don't need you no more." I was more than ready to satisfy him when he asked that I accommodate one last john: himself. Of course, there was a gimmick. He said his only really satisfying moments had come during a few homosexual liaisons early on; he hadn't continued on that route, because fucking chicks was what brought power, and he was more interested in power than in getting his rocks off. If I would do him this little favor, it would satisfy both his ego and his libido, and he'd be pleased to let me go.

"This little favor would satisfy both his ego and his libido."

Besides being an easy way to gain my freedom, it sounded like fun. I'd always wanted to get on the other side of the verb to fuck, which is transitive regardless of how you use it—so I said yes pretty quickly. The next night I donned an artificial penis and assumed the male role as I squeezed it gradually into his Vaseline-softened rectum. Then, gently, I used a variety of strokes on him. I went clockwise; I went counterclockwise; I worked both sides of his street; I went up the middle. He kept moaning and saying things in Spanish that I couldn't understand, but which I took to be obscene. All the while I kept playing with his balls, which were getting very hard, and his prick, which was getting even harder. Finally he arched upward, almost spilling me out of the saddle, and began to come in long, shuddering spurts. I hadn't been directly stimulated myself, of course, but I was so turned on and so attuned to what he was feeling that I had what can only be called a sympathetic climax. At this point, we were both terrifically horny, so he rolled me over and did his more usual number, guiding me slowly through a long, multiorgasmic valley. It was the last time I saw him, and a fitting end to a relationship that could have left me scarred but was, in fact, the equivalent of a graduate course in sexual science.

Laura H., 25, designer: Once, when a client of ours was in town, my boss suggested that I take him out for dinner and some club-hopping. The guy wasn't bad-looking. In fact, he was a far cry from the overweight, cigar-smoking buyers we usually deal with. He also came on like a gentleman, and I have to admit that it was a pleasant change.

He arrived at my apartment with a bottle of top-quality, imported champagne, and we decided to have a few glasses before getting started.

As it turned out, we never did get started—out the door, that is. The alcohol evidently dried up his inhibitions, and I know it made me much more receptive than I usually am on a first date. We rolled around a bit in front of the fireplace; then he excused himself and disappeared into the bathroom. I heard running water, then silence. After a while I decided to check on him. Could he have had a coronary?

Well, the guy was not on the floor turning blue. He was in the bathtub, up to his neck in bubbles. And he wanted me to join him. I said no; he said yes. Before I knew what was happening, he had grabbed me and—with surprising strength—pulled me in, clothes and all.

"Are you angry?" he asked. I said, "You bet your ass I'm angry." And then he popped the question: "Will you pee on me?" Can you believe that? I told him he was out of his mind and tried to get out of the tub. He pulled me back. Then, reaching under my ruined, three-hundred-dollar Gucci original, he started playing around with me—fingering, licking and washing me out with soap.

The warm water and the suds and the wine and this guy were too much. I start to quiver and pant when I really get hot, and it's easy for a guy to tell when he's got me going. He leaned back in the tub and pulled my hips toward his face. Then he sucked on my clit, teasing it with his teeth—oh, so lightly and gently.

"Come on," he said. "You can do it. Just let go. Let it fall like the gentle rain from heaven."

All of a sudden I did let go, and sprayed his face with my urine. He opened his mouth and let it fill up. I tried to pull away but he wouldn't let me. He pressed my cunt tight against his mouth until my bladder was empty. Then he let me go and leaned back, seemingly exhausted, against the rim of the tub. After a few moments, he washed his face in the suds. I was really upset; that whole trip seems disgusting to me, even if you give it a pretty name like golden showers. A piss by any other name is still a piss. I don't know what he did to make me have to go that bad; I just couldn't hold it. Maybe he's into hypnosis. Later on, he told me that he gets off on the different tastes piss acquires, depending on what the pisser has drunk, and champagne is as much of a treat for pee freaks as it is for the rest of us. ▣

SEX TAPE LETTERS

"Sex Tape Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

Sex and food

The *Sex Tapes* dealing with sex and food reminded me of this really wild Armenian boyfriend I used to have who would start talking about food whenever we were in bed, naked, and ready to get it on. "I'll bet you like Sara Lee cakes as much as I do," he'd say, just as he was entering me. Or he'd have my legs up over his shoulders wheelbarrow style, and he'd be really plowing into me, screwing like crazy, so that I would literally have to hold onto the bedposts to keep from getting battered into the headboard, and he'd start moaning and talking about rice pilaf or chicken gumbo. The first time it happened, I remember thinking, This guy's a nut; I'm gonna end up bound and gagged in the refrigerator. But there was nothing violent about him, except his style of fucking. He was a damned good lay, but—let's face it—it's a bit disconcerting to have someone whispering in your ear about roast beef, mashed potatoes and broccoli while you're being utterly devastated by his upthrusting penis.

PENNY L.
Boston, Massachusetts

Unless you're talking about aphrodisiacs and things like booze and grass, my experiences combining sex and food have been negative. Well, almost. The fact is, I had one of the most embarrassing experiences of my life in Rome with an expensive callgirl I'd picked up on the Via Veneto. I took her to dinner at a plush Italian restaurant near the Piazza del Popolo. She was really a knockout: dark-eyed, pitch-black hair, luminous olive skin and a husky voice that sent chills through me.

After the antipasto and the pasta and the scaloppine and the fruit, cheese and wine, Aldina was fairly seething with passion. Before she was sexy, but now she was horny. The combination was almost lethal.

"OK to screw now," she said in a loud voice, polishing off her vino. Everybody in the restaurant turned toward our table. "Ah, *Americano*, look at them. They are all jealous. We go to make love now. It is good exercise. It will keep us from getting fat."

The truth is, I was too weighed down by the pasta to do any fancy fucking, but when I told this to Aldina she was furious. No matter, I had paid for the dinner and had given her the $35 beforehand, so whether I liked it or not we were going to spend the night together. She felt it was her obligation.

As soon as we reached the hotel room, she stripped. No question about it, she was built like the proverbial brick shithouse—all voluptuous Italian curves like a series of miniature ski slopes, big, bouncing boobs and a lusciously rotund mound of Venus with a patch of black hair shaped like a heart.

I couldn't get a hard-on, but the *signorina* was undaunted. As I lay there dozing, Aldina pulled at my clothes and tugged my trousers off. Then she took my hands and pressed them against the ripe strawberry nipples of her mammoth boobs.

"Eat me, *Americano*," she said, and she leaned down and pressed the soft mountains of flesh into my face. I sucked obligingly at her tits like a tired baby home at last between momma's mammaries. It's a great place to be, even if you're not horny. Aldina, on the other hand, couldn't have been feeling raunchier. Christ, I barely touched her and she was groaning and heaving, her succulent body crawling all over me. "*Si, si, si*," she whispered hoarsely, digging her fingers into my flesh, clawing me and, I found out later, even drawing a little blood. Pretty soon she began to suck on my floppy cock. It began to rise despite my condition.

"Ah, *che salsiccia*," she murmured, her mouth full of rising erectile tissue. Incidentally, roughly translated, "*che salsiccia*" means "You've got one hell of a sausage there, buddy." I felt sluggish and clumsy and pretty much like putty in her hands. I relaxed and decided to let her do it her way. Did I have a choice? Aldina straddled my hips, spread the lips of her gorgeous pussy with her hands and sank down slowly on my cock, murmuring over and over about how terrific my *salsiccia* was. Then she reached behind, scooped up my balls and began to squeeze them. After a moment, she began to rotate her body; when her back was toward me, she stopped and began bouncing up and down on me in a frenzy, still hanging onto my balls. Her *(Continued on page 132)*

Illustrations by Leon Tadrick

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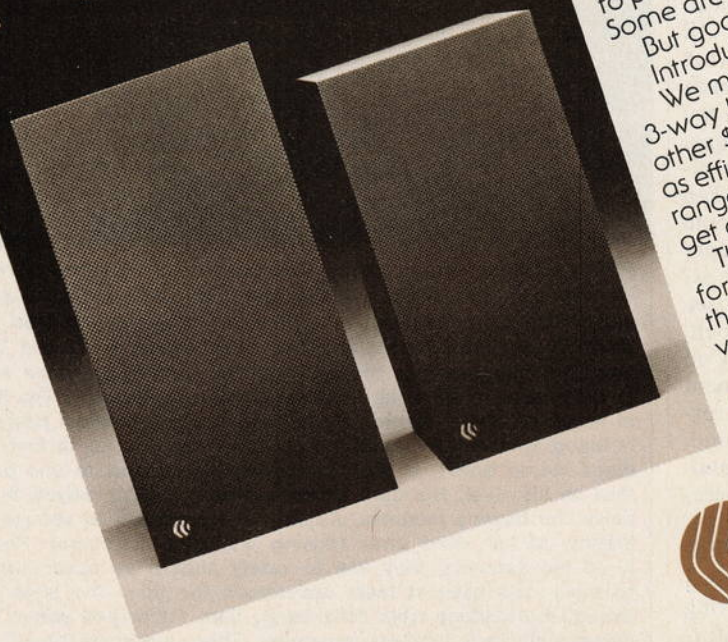

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REVUE

Mano fingers his *Sandstones*

California. You know what they say in California: It's more *natural* to go around stark nude. And I say rabbit pellets to that sentiment. Naked, there's no place for my BankAmericard. Naked, I stick to Naugahyde and, rising from it—ssssh-up—sound like radial tires on a wet pavement. In one month, upholstered furniture will stink worse than a wino's sneaker. Insects will mainline everywhere on you. Large-breasted women will get the old one-two when they run. Men sitting down without care will clap their gonads together. Cigarette ash will brush-fire chest hair. The famous last drop drips down your leg, not onto your Jockey shorts. Furthermore, you never look different. Clothes aren't just fascist repression, aren't just new fig leaves turned over. We dress to assert various states of self. The nudist might as well be wearing his pajamas all day long.

Which is why people in **Sandstone** don't seem liberated or natural. They seem absurd, pretentious, gross. Imagine standing in line behind (and I mean *behind*) 20 nude people at a buffet. All that cellulite. Pfaugh! Enough to whet your appetite for good. Waiter, there's a pubic hair in my soup. *Sandstone*, the documentary film, is about Sandstone, the commune (in California), where alternate love styles are tried on. Ten people live there full time; others come (and come) and go. They resemble apes trying to look invited at a Vail *après ski* party. And, as among apes, you see constant social grooming: touch, touch, touch. Stroke-pat-rub. Cop a feel. Cop a wife. Sandstone features a basement room, mostly mattress, where some fornicate while others pretend not to mind. The cinematic texture is strictly hand-held stuff—and hand-held by a cameraman with Parkinson's disease at that. *Sandstone* will remind you of old Fifties nudist-camp flicks: In junior high, I used to go six weeks without shaving just so I could watch ten naked Californians play volleyball. What California needs is a decent winter: One New York January would saltpeter the whole state.

They strip off for another reason: to distract, so you won't notice their minds; NO SALE rung up behind the retinas. California dialog is all "Far-out—unreal—dynamite—fantastic" and a particularly incisive "Oh, wow" for special occasions. One nude woman has gone back to get her locket: She "felt naked without it." *Sandstone* is by no means porn—how can you make porn if you can't focus a lens?—obscenity lies in the trivial consciousness jargon. I once saw roaches copulate in my toilet tank: It was a cleaner thing. These are white rats, ejaculating (all together, now) for the *Zeitgeist*'s Pavlovian bell. A 40-year-old woman came "to learn what I was going to be when I grew up." Then there's the man who had been jealous of his wife (in Sandstone's basement room) until he understood that "She was being loved and cherished, not just balled." Use that one-liner next time your mistress' husband comes home early from work; it'll reassure the hell out of him. What I can't stand is people trying to find themselves—like so many Easter eggs—on *my* time. And God help us if these zeros ever do find their real

PREVUE: After a long drought in the French cinema, *Barocco* should have been the big one. It teamed, for the first time, Adjani and Depardieu, who were now indubitably superstars not only because they had had their first names (Isabelle of *Adèle H.* and *The Tenant* and Gérard of *Going Away* and *The Last Woman*) taken away but because they brought genuine electric presence and superb acting talent to the screen in ways that had not been seen in years. The film tells a strange story of a pair of lovers desperately fighting ruthless political powermongers in a city that is topographically recognizable as Amsterdam but is, in fact, anywhere. Depardieu, a blond-haired boxer, is shot for selling his support to one political candidate rather than to his rival. His dark-haired assassin is also played by Depardieu, who hunts down the boxer's mistress, Adjani, who proceeds to seduce him into taking on the identity of her dead lover (dyeing his hair, of course). Pursued by the men who hired the assassin, they flee to safety aboard an ocean liner. If you find this plot baroque, you have at least understood the title. The style is a surreal mixture of explicit borrowings from Fritz Lang, Sam Fuller and some Thirties directors whose names only their mothers remember. There are some breath-takingly beautiful shots on a railroad platform, a municipal sauna and a quayside, all of them urban arenas of chance encounter. There is no denying the powerful impact of this bleak, bleak movie, but one is still left with a sense of ultimately incoherent style rather than that satisfying marriage of form and content we are still waiting to see again in French cinema.

—JACK ALTMAN

selves. They'll want a refund from the Government.

Anyhow, it can be hazardous, cruel. The social tissue is as tender as a cornea. John and Barbara Williamson (they founded Sandstone in 1969) don't carry malpractice insurance. Scene: "Nancy is balling Kit and Tom is very upset." Cool, open, with-it Tom: Now he has more hang-ups than an obscene phone caller. He will beg John for help. "You want the great state to intervene." No help. Remember mutual commitment and responsibility? Items that once you might require of a partner? They're called guilt trips now. Tom and Nancy admit that the relationship has been hurt. Down at my cement factory they won't let us sell waterproofing unless it has been packed in containers that 85 percent of children can't open. (I'm serious. Which means that the smarter 15 percent are more likely to get poisoned. That'll improve our genetic stock.) But where is Federal regulation for Williamson? Swallowed whole, his seductive pander's creed could be a lot more dangerous than waterproofing taken straight.

"Monogamy as we know it," he gloats (I hate people who gloat nude), "the family as we know it, the work ethic as we know it—they aren't working, and they'll work less in the future." Williamson would like that prophecy to self-fulfill: It'd boost attendance. Well, my wife and kids are OK, but that work-ethic stuff. . . . Morality is your business; inconvenience is something else. Williamson had better be ready to mow my lawn and do a valve job on my car when all his white rats get liberated. Or I'll break his sandstones. —D. KEITH MANO

Kinks you can dance to

In every interview Ray Davies gave during the Kinks' 1977 winter tour, he managed to drop Noel Coward's name. Coming from any other rock musician that would be gross. Coming from a witty, honest, bisexual, egocentric, vulnerable and highly professional young English writer, it's apt: Davies wants to make sure that folks know what he's aiming at.

He just may hit the target someday. Davies is rock's most polished lyricist, one of its premier entertainers and its only real dramatist. Most of his songs are actually short stories that happen to rhyme. Many Kinks albums are actually scores for cunning, raucous musicals. Which explains why you may not have heard much of the Kinks on your car radio since 1964's *All Day and All of the Night*.

Except for Dylan—every rock generalization should start with "Except for Dylan"—rock lyricists haven't had much

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KINGS
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After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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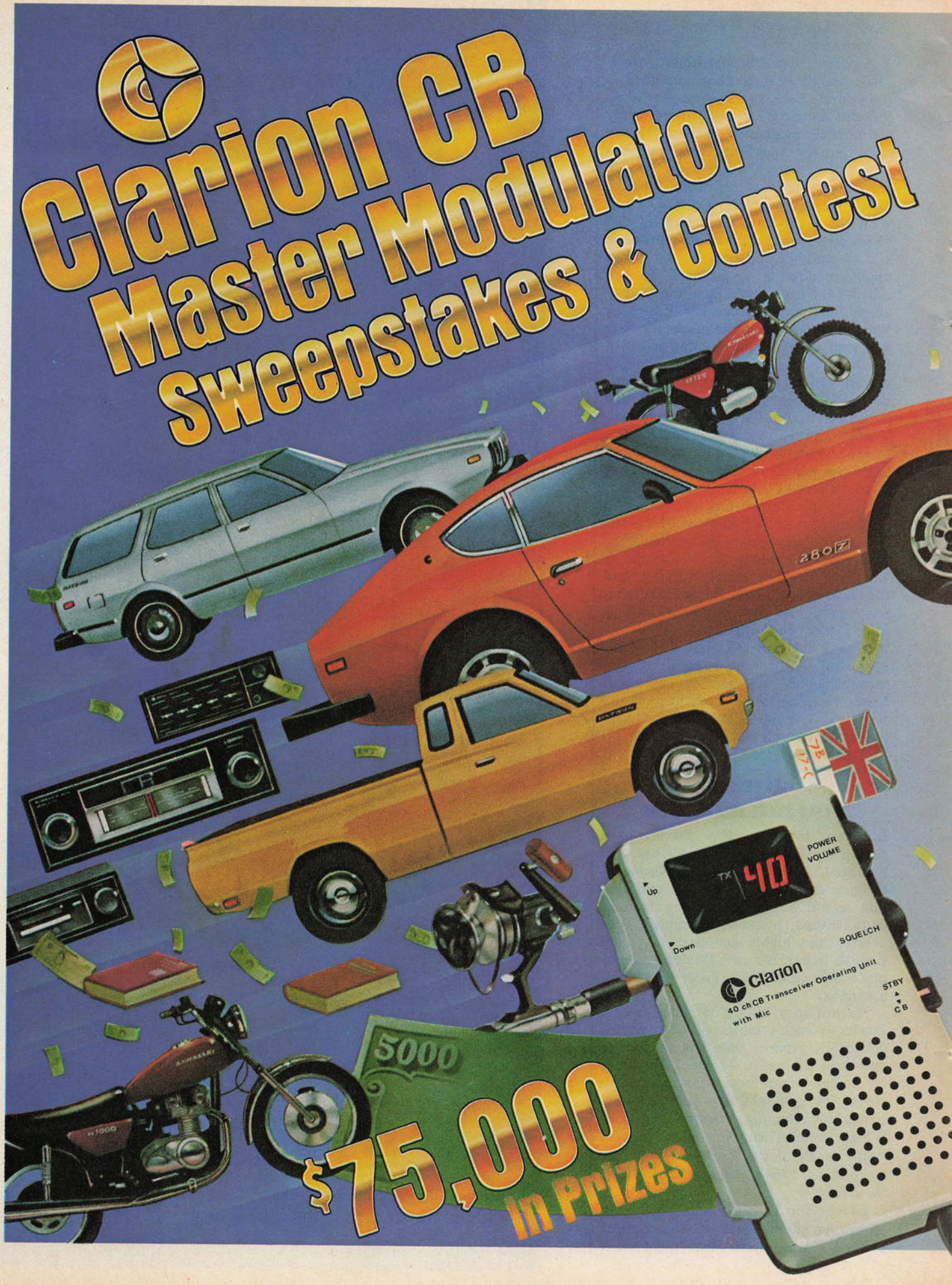
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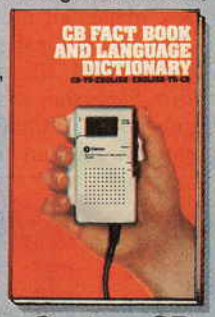

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to say. Ninety-nine percent of all the pop songs by men add up to: (1) Fuck me, or (2) you fucked someone else, bitch. Those by women say: (1) Fuck me and love me, or (2) you fucked someone else, bastard. On 1967's *Something Else* (Reprise), Davies was telling tales about a married housewife jealous of her swinging sister, about his favorite brand of cigarettes, about nagging in-laws, about the day-to-day fantasies of day-to-day people. The music itself had taken a lighter, whimsical turn, drawing heavily on English music-hall styles. The album also introduced Davies' knack for writing wryly poignant ballads, including one about lovers named Terry and Julie, who bore a distinct resemblance to Terrence Stamp and Julie Christie in *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

The next LP, *The Kinks Are the Village Green Preservation Society* (Reprise), contained brilliantly arranged pop portraits celebrating traditional English life. Among Davies' subjects were God, old trains and plain folks on holiday—"People taking pictures of each other/ Just to prove that they really existed."

Then it was back to hard rock for *Arthur (Or the Decline and Fall of the British Empire)* (Reprise), a score for a TV special tracing a working-class family from the death of Queen Victoria to the present. Davies has never been sharper, turning Churchill's "finest-hour" speech into a classic rocker, skewering suburban life and, with *She Bought a Hat Like Princess Marina*, recording the first rock-'n'-roll Charleston.

The Kinks broke through to the Top Ten again in 1970 with *Lola Versus Powerman and the Moneyground* (Reprise), an autobiographical album that is as funny and complete a statement about life upon the stage as any from Noel Coward himself. Davies takes us from his scuffling days waiting in line at the union hall through his fame and fortune and the lawsuits that go with them. There is not a weak song or a padded arrangement; from delicate love songs to infectious pop riffing to snarling guitar rock, *Lola* does it all, the lyrics touching on all your favorite topics: love, money, power, sex, music, family, stardom. A definitive recording.

When you're hot, etc. So it wasn't surprising that the next time out, on *Muswell Hillbillies* (RCA), Davies weighed in with a craftsmanlike set that included a melodrama about the dangers of alcohol, set to a tango rhythm; a rant about the dangers of dieting; a ballad about a teenaged girl who dreams about living in the movie *Oklahoma*; and a hilariously bleak track about paranoia—"The milkman's a spy, and the grocer keeps following me./The woman next door's an undercover for the K.G.B. . . ./ I got it, you got it, acute schizophrenia blues."

And when you're cold, you're cold. The next album, *Everybody's in Showbiz—Everybody's a Star* (RCA), was dispensable except for an epic ballad, *Celluloid Heroes*, in which Davies strolls down Hollywood Boulevard musing about the stars whose names are written in concrete. ("Rudolph Valentino looks very much alive/And he looks up ladies' dresses/As they sadly pass him by.")

Then came 1973's and 1974's *Preservation Act I* and *Preservation Act II* (RCA), the basis for the most sophisticated rock concert I've ever seen. It's a full-length musical, heavily influenced by Brecht and Weill, about an England of the near future. The Prime Minister is a hoodlum used-car dealer named Mr. Flash, who is overthrown by a fascist fundamentalist named Mr. Black.

The piece is performed oratorio-style, the Kinks augmented by a horn section and girl singers. There are a tongue-in-cheek plot line, dialog and action between songs, costume changes, huge, stylized props and an enormous rear-projection screen on which a filmed Mr. Black makes all his appearances.

Preservation is the first workable fusion of rock and drama. *Hair* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* were merely traditional dumb musicals done up loud. *Tommy* is great music, but incredibly crude in

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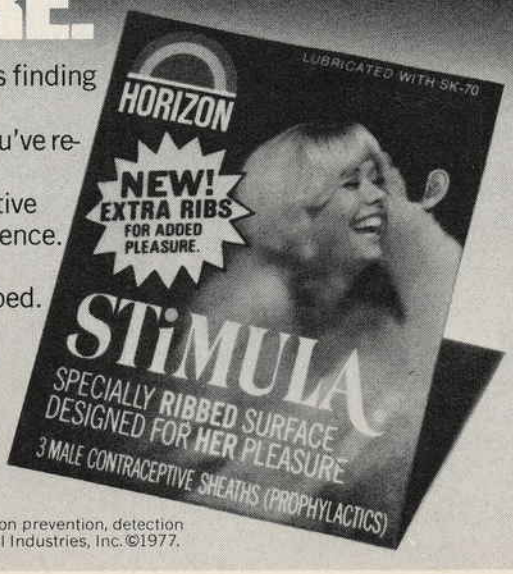

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terms of character development and storytelling compared with *Preservation*.

Davies followed it with *Soap Opera* (RCA), another rock musical, similar in theme to *Lola*, that enjoyed a brief run on Broadway before doing a standard tour. The final Kinks album for RCA was *Schoolboys in Disgrace*, another concept album. This one was about growing up in an English boarding school. It featured Davies stretching his limits as a writer on *Education*, a song that starts with a cave man tormented by his inability to communicate and ends with nuclear physics and biology, still unable to "Tell me why I am." And you can dance to it.

All of which brings us up to 1977 and the band's first record for its third label, Arista. **Sleepwalker** is a collection of lushly produced, moody rockers. Davies' material retains its sense of humor, but now there's a bitter edge—"It was almost enough to contemplate suicide./I turned on the gas, but I soon realized/I hadn't settled my bill, so they cut off my supply./No matter how I try, it seems I'm too young to die."

The year before the album was cut, Davies' wife left him, and at the end of a British tour he tearfully announced his retirement. But he's back up off the mat in the guise of the Sleepwalker, who stalks the night waiting to "come in for a bite, oh yeah-ah." Perhaps that's because, as we learn in *Sleepless Night*, Davies is kept awake by the sounds of his ex and her new man shaking the bed in the room directly overhead. Trouper that he is, though, Davies dismisses his problems as just another *Full Moon*. This is rock 'n' roll, but it's not for the kiddies.

Sleepwalker is also the most eloquently textured musical statement the Kinks have made, thanks to some impeccable work by keyboardist John Gosling and Ray Davies' younger brother Dave on guitar. If Ray is the brains of the band, Dave Davies is its soul, the catalyst who whips band and audience into one bopping boogie beast. Dave's solos way back when, on *All Day and All of the Night* and *You Really Got Me*, were the embodiment of limited musicianship transcended by raw teen fury. (Today's self-conscious punk-rockers sound like overamplified Mouseketeers in comparison.) Now that he's matured, his playing is marked by statuesque, Claptonesque lead lines that soar magnificently but never lose touch with their kick-ass roots.

The Beach Boys have stayed pretty, The Who have stayed slashing, the Stones have stayed dirty, but no group has stayed so damned interesting for so many years over so many albums as the Kinks have. Someday, young writers will be dropping Ray Davies' name.

—BURY ST. EDMUND

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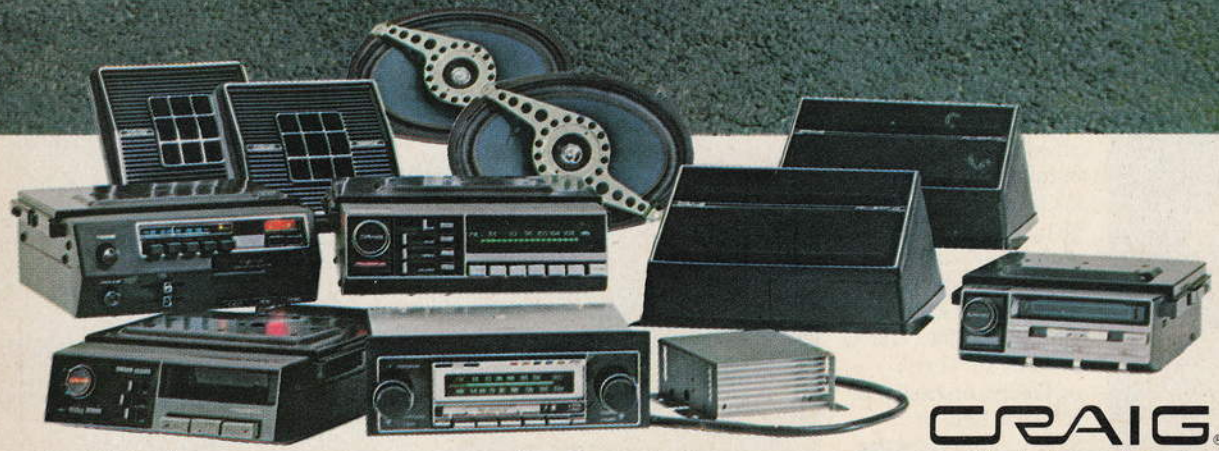

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TOM HER FATHER WANTED A BOY

Actually, Tom is short for Thomasina; and, realistically, Thomasina isn't short for anything at all. She's not exactly tall, either. In any case, she could hardly be called average. Tom is just the name she goes by. Thomasina was for her mother's sake. But that name hangs on the tongue the way brown sauce clings to a wooden spoon when you lick it. It's too rich for normal discourse and inappropriately cumbersome when, as in a heated argument, you have to tell her things she doesn't want to hear. "Now, see here, Thomasina!" versus "Go soak your head, Tom!" See the difference? On the one hand, civility prevails; on the other, interpersonal communication occurs in all its shimmering uniqueness. Besides, it's fun being a girl going through life with a guy's name. Especially when the name isn't sexually ambiguous, like Dana, or Jean, or Terry, or Gerry, or Leslie, or Kim, or Lee, or Sandy. Tom likes the butchness of her name and the way it nicely offsets her

Photography by Geoff Howes

profound softness. She likes to dress in linen and silk and tweeds and then go off to bars and meet men and talk dirty and act tough. The men are usually charmed beyond their wildest dreams, even though some might come away from the encounter with a bloody nose. Tom, in reality, is fraught with tenderness. The kind that welcomes discussion, analysis and laboratory tests. Her toughness is a carefully calculated thing; sometimes she handles herself with kid gloves. Only when she's almost naked—enjoying the studied insolence of her interior decoration, reading ancient, bearded Russians who seemed to know what it was like being a woman—do her guard and her dukes come down. And then she becomes not only Thomasina but a real ripe tomato, too.

THE DEVIL IS AT WORK IN GOD'S COUNTRY

BUSHWHACKERS VERSUS BACKPACKERS

ARTICLE BY JOHN VATER

Americans are rediscovering their wilderness heritage in greater numbers than ever before, and as more and more weekend woodsmen pack in, ominous rumors are coming out.

Manufacturers of camping equipment, for example, have traditionally made tents, sleeping bags, packs and other items in bright colors that can be seen by rescue searchers; now they are responding to an escalating clamor for olive-drab or even camouflaged gear for backpackers and other outdoor fetishists. Part of the demand is aesthetically motivated, the unnatural neon colors being considered obtrusive and glaring detractors from any pristine landscape. Today's backwoods trekkers want to slip through the wilderness tastefully—and unnoticed.

"That's what I'm buying when I get around to replacing my gear," said veteran back-country trekker Tony Rozzi, interviewed in the Sierras as he kneaded the kinks from his calves after laying down 65 miles of dust waffles on High Sierra trails in three days. "There's no need to let the whole outdoors know where you are. It just invites a rip-off or worse. There are bad people out there, too."

A rip-off or worse? Bad people? Yes. Consider the menace of *bushwhackers.*

Modern-day troglodytes are relieving campers of cash, binoculars, cameras and camp gear; women are raped and are lucky if there is no further embellishment upon this ancient theme of master/victim. Freeing men from the restraints of society—as happens when men step into the woods—results in a return to the eat-or-be-eaten ethic of the wild; to Darwinian politics. There's simply no one around to interfere. If you scream, no one will

R·GIUSTI

BUSHWHACKERS VERSUS BACKPACKERS *Many counterculture types in remote regions have found the locals to be hostile. There is danger out there that women, particularly, must be aware of.*

hear you and it may take days to hike to a point where a crime can be reported. Not that this is anything new. Highwaymen, bandits and other backcountry bad guys have always been with us, but when cross-country traffic shifted from the foot trails to the Interstates, their business suffered. Now it's picking up again.

"I heard about some weird stuff going on in British Columbia last year," Rozzi continued. "People were getting stabbed to death in their sleeping bags, and stuff like that." Rozzi looks like the type that Kodiak bears would step aside for. Surely he isn't worried? "You can't be too careful or too sure out here," he says.

Those purists who will huffily deny the possibility of backwoods malevolence should talk with University of California students James MacCabe, Jeremy Grainger, Laura Goldman and Eanswythe Leicester, all of whom are lucky to be alive. In May 1976, these four 19-year-olds were cooking dinner at a Lake Shasta campground when they were approached by two strangers who they thought were "real nice fellows," until one pulled a gun. The students were forced to disrobe and were then trussed up like hogs ready for bleeding. The nightmare had just begun. MacCabe was thrown over a cliff; then, lying broken at the bottom, he heard four shots before losing consciousness. The other three were all shot and seriously wounded, but miraculously survived the gruesome ordeal. The two men were later arrested and charged with armed robbery, kidnaping and attempted murder.

The citified Sierra-Club types usually pin this sort of violence on the countryfolk, who often seem hostile to backpacking outsiders. The good countryfolk, on the other hand, attribute the violence to the influence of the urban scum who every summer creep out of the malignant cities and into the seclusion of the deep woods to contaminate wholesome country youths.

This is all as illusion-shattering as learning that the sweet trills of bird song along the trail are actually territorial snarlings. We were brought up to believe in the renewing wholesomeness of the great-outdoor ethic. This mystique of outdoor godliness is actually a new concept, however, projected from the idealistic imaginings of urban-befuddled romantics who have never actually grasped what wilderness is all about; namely, that wilderness has a long and gory tradition as a place to commit foul deeds.

The term wilderness comes down to us from early Teutonic and Norse tongues: *Wild-deor*. From *will* came *wild*, a word to convey the concept of being lost, unruly, disordered and confused. In Old Swedish, *wild* was used to describe boiling water and dementia. In Old English, *deor* meant beast. *Wild-deor* were creatures not under control; *wild-deor-ness* was a similar condition.

For early Christians, wilderness was a potent metaphor for moral chaos. Wilderness was not created until Adam and Eve had tasted of sin. In the imagination of old Europe, wilderness was a dark and malignant region into which fearful people could project the sinister fiends that haunted them.

Such was the intellectual legacy of America's founding fathers, as they stepped ashore in the new land. When William Bradford stepped off the Mayflower, it was onto a land of "hideous and desolate wilderness." Those who settled our Western regions risked their souls in assaulting them. Yale president Timothy Dwight expressed the true sentiment of his generation when he regretted that, as the pioneers penetrated farther into the wilderness, they became "less and less civilized men."

Romanticism softened this attitude at approximately the same pace that the wilderness receded. Even so, Thomas Cole, America's most celebrated wilderness landscape artist of the 1800s, admitted that, though he loved the wilderness, he always had a "presentiment of evil" and sometimes dreaded the wilds. And Henry Thoreau, remarking on the comparatively puny woods around Walden Pond, confided to a friend that he was growing "savager and savager every day, as if fed on raw meat, and my tameness is only the repose of untamableness."

Despite Thoreau's setback, the romantic notion appealed to a people increasingly dissatisfied with civilization as they knew it. America was ripe for the illusion of the uncivilized virtues. At the turn of the century, the outdoor movement flourished, thanks in large part to outdoorsman President Theodore Roosevelt and to organizations such as the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Campfire Club and the Boone and Crockett Club.

Today the swollen cities ooze human slugs out into the countryside on asphalt rivers, gasping for fresh air and bird song. There, they run head on into the solid countryfolk who know they have a good thing going and don't want it fucked up. NO GAS. NO FOOD. NO LODGING. So say the roadway signs at the approaches to many towns in the Western states. HAVE A NICE VISIT BUT DON'T STAY say strategically placed posters in many of these same states.

Some communities situated near large metropolitan areas—such as tiny, unincorporated Bolinas, near San Francisco—have actually put up roadblocks to keep people out, sometimes claiming a fire danger or water shortage as justification. Some local businessmen depend on tourist business, however, and fights have broken out over the issue at the Bolinas barricades, as well as in town.

Most of the antagonism is between the locals and the outsiders, however. Jerry Hoy bought a small cabin on McCoy Creek in California's Mendocino County, thinking it would be a hideaway from the stresses of his job as a psychiatric technician. Now he's thinking that he may be forced to sell. "Every time I go away, the place gets ripped off," he complains bitterly. "The locals can watch it from the mountainside, and when they see that no one is there, they just help themselves. I'm pretty sure who it is—a bunch of redneck low-renters who live in a run-down place a few miles from here. I've been to the sheriff, but he won't do anything."

Jerry's long hair and weekend-hippie habits may turn them off, too. Many counterculture types have wound up in remote regions and have found the locals to be hostile to them; in fact, many rural people consider counterculture types to be the worst element the city ever produced. Of course, this theme was explored at length by James Dickey in his best-selling novel—later a movie—*Deliverance*. Dickey pushes the ancient theme of master/victim to a sadoimaginative climax, far beyond what most *macho* wilderness trekkers would probably care to contemplate. There is danger of violation out there that women, particularly, must constantly be aware of.

Sheri is a good-looking blonde with the wholesome outdoor ruddiness that cosmetics try to emulate. She's also a forest ranger assigned to the Desolation Wilderness area of Eldorado National Forest in the California Sierras. No riding around in pickup trucks there; Sheri packs into the wilderness alone for ten days at a time, protecting the backpackers from the wilds and vice versa. I interviewed her on the trail to Dick's Pass.

Malicious mischief? She thinks that most outdoorspeople are a mellow lot, albeit sometimes stupid. However, come to think of it, in her area there *is* a problem in *(Continued on page 118)*

HOUIV

PRESIDENT JIMMY: THE OUTSIDE STORY

America's top undercover journalist reports from the nation's capital

ARTICLE BY ABBIE HOFFMAN

It was a real marrow-searcher: the coldest winter since people had begun keeping score in 1895. There was talk of entering a new ice age. Prophets of doom were saying that we stood at the door of Armageddon; that this was, in fact, nothing less than the end of the world. How would the powers that be handle such a thing? Would the Government try to keep the lid on? Who would get the first leak? Would the networks preempt prime-time shows? Who could you believe these days, anyway? Of course, the fugitive had been suspicious of Government long before Watergate and the CIA revelations (the latest of which was that biological weaponry had been used to decimate the pig population of Cuba in 1971), for he had seen many of the dirty tricks up close. Still, he had heeded their word on the impending swine-flu epidemic and had gotten the shot. But there weren't 10,000 dead, nor were policemen hurrying through the streets wearing gauze masks. He should have believed the *National Enquirer* when it said the whole thing was a hoax. Two more hours of 55-mph Top-40 A.M. driving and the fugitive and the Angel would be in the nation's capital—the world's greatest hoax-hatching center. They were going to watch the Government rotate. The forces of power were changing partners. With an allemande left and an allemande right; and swing your corner round and

Below and right: The author imagines throwing himself at the Prexy's feet and wailing "Sets me free, massa Carter, sets me free."

Illustrations by Julian Allen

round. Down with Pepsi! Up with Coke! Texaco's out and Exxon's in. And promenade around the hall.

Didn't Ford say as much last night? His final address: "There are no soldiers in the street. The opposition doesn't go underground [it goes to Palm Springs to play Celebrity Golf]. The mantle of power is gracefully and peacefully passed on." The last time a relatively normal transition took place from one party to another was 16 years ago when Eisenhower passed the global ball to Kennedy. Ike had used the occasion to warn the country about the growing power of the military-industrial complex. Quite an honest revelation for a general, but one that went unheeded in the J.F.K.ing of the New Frontier: Kennedy had campaigned hard on the pledge to close the missile gap. Ford, on the other hand, chose to warn Americans that we had been paying too little attention to our military might, that the Russians had been strengthening their capabilities and we were about to become, if we weren't already, the Avis of the nuclear-arms race. Le grand hoax number one. Overkill. If you can exterminate life on the planet 87 times over, you are superior to an opponent who can O.D. the joint only 72 times.

O Washington! O Washington! Great White Phallus of the Potomac rising out of Chocolate City. Seat of Government. Defender of the Constitution. Keeper of the secret files. Home of the button. Where power brokers hidden behind banks of security guards decide whether you should get a swine-flu shot or a sweetheart deal; whether it's recession or inflation; whether maraschino cherries are bad and air bags good. That it is OK to sell wheat to Russia, torture devices to Iran and Reggie Jackson to the New York Yankees. Buggers' paradise. Where the classified document meets the leak. Where every motel room tells two stories, hers and his—currently in that order. Gossip city. The fugitive would have *(Continued on page 121)*

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MY HOPE FOR AMERICA

Love it or leave it, boys and girls

ARTICLE BY JERRY RUBIN

My love affair with Jimmy Carter began in a Boston radio station. I was there to discuss integration of political action and things spiritual, as exemplified in my last book. It was April 1976. The radio announcer had interviewed Jimmy Carter the night before. The Massachusetts primary was coming up. Carter looked like a long shot for the nomination. But the announcer told me: "Watch out for that man. It's not a political movement he's running. It's a spiritual movement. His workers look to him as a guru. He's not a politician; he's a religious figure. His people are hypnotized by him. He's a dangerous man."

That description of Carter intrigued me. I decided to look closer. I heard Carter say that he would never tell a lie. I heard him tell audiences that he loved them. I heard him talk about trust, togetherness, unity. What? The first candidate from the human-potential movement? Was Carter really Werner Erhard in disguise? Had the consciousness movement of the Seventies finally found its ideal spokesman? Was Carter articulating some truth of Christianity? Was Carter one of us? I wondered.

My respect for Carter grew as I watched him gobble up the nomination in a poetic display of spirituality and effectiveness. Was idealism enough? No. George McGovern was an idealist but he did not develop political muscle. Carter was a winner. Apparently by means of some inner source of power, Carter convinced the American people that he should be their President. He persuaded and persuaded and finally convinced people, because he believed so strongly himself. Carter exemplified the power of positive thinking.

Then came the election. I was living in Los Angeles at the time and thinking of leaving. I told friends, "If Carter wins, I am definitely moving back to New York. Carter will shift the energy back East. New York is going through a renaissance. If Ford wins,

Left (left to right): Paul Krassner, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin—the former executive committee of Yippie International—reunite at the anointing of the Christian President.

MY HOPE FOR AMERICA *I have a vision of America in the last years of this century. An ex-Sixties activist will be President. The Cabinet will be full of ex-idealists, veterans of the moratorium.*

then there'll be a lot of attention given to Jerry Brown. If Carter wins, California will be just a lifestyle story again."

I became obsessive on the subject of Carter. I stayed on the phone for days trying to convince apolitical, anarchist, ex-radical friends of the importance of voting for him. One particular friend, a brilliant Eastern writer who had resettled in Los Angeles to write a book, called me every two hours on election day. "Tell me again why there's a difference between Carter and Ford."

"John, Carter is going to heal the wounds of the Sixties by bringing America up to date with the world. He is going to cool the militarists and turn the corporations and the tax structure around. He is going to reverse American support of right-wing dictators abroad. He is going to reduce American pretensions to power. He is going to bring American troops home. He has learned the lesson of Vietnam. He is going to end the Cold War."

Indeed, that is the secret message of Jimmy Carter. Maybe it was symbolized by his quoting Bob Dylan to close his acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention. Maybe it's the pauses between words. Maybe it's his dope-smoking children. Maybe it's his association with rock culture. Maybe it's his inner strength. Maybe it's his sense of purpose. Maybe it's the look in his eyes.

"But—but—but—but—" John said.

"Carter has a program that demands complete change; but he knows that change must be gradual and be put in unthreatening language if people are going to accept it. A Northern liberal wouldn't stand a chance with Carter's ideas. Carter's genius is combining right-wing symbols and liberal-left ideas, so that he can push people beyond their programed political habits!"

John was still not convinced. I let loose with my secret punch. "John, either way we can't lose. Carter may turn out to be a great President. If he turns out to be shit, he will have at least raised people's hopes. The Republicans lulled us to sleep in the early Seventies with cynicism. Carter is promising a radical transformation of the political mood. He is promising to reverse years of discrimination. He is promising change. If he lets us down, people may be ready to protest again. It's as if we were getting another Kennedy. Kennedy helped create an atmosphere of idealism that in turn inspired the mass political activism of the Sixties."

I really saw Carter as another Franklin D. Roosevelt who would unite the country for justice, equality and fair relations with world neighbors. His tools would be charisma and a direct relationship with the American people.

Carter would complete another cycle of political change: revolution, reaction, reform. The Sixties stirred things up. The early Seventies tried to reverse the Sixties. The late Seventies would integrate Sixties protest into the institutions of society. The Sixties stood for revolution; the Nixon years, reaction. The Carter years would stand for reform—or redemption.

•

Carter's election confirmed my enthusiasm. The white middle class deserted Carter and went for the security of republicanism. Whites defeated Carter 52–48. Only a united and mobilized black vote pushed Carter over the top. Carter owed the margin of his victory to the ghetto slums. The Southern plantation owner was being commissioned to end the vestiges of slavery. And only a Southern Baptist could do it. Carter was magic. America was lucky.

•

"You know one reason Carter chose Mondale? As a message. Kill me, you get him: Carter knows that a conspiracy killed Kennedy. He's no fool. He hasn't secured power just by winning the Presidency. He's involved in a struggle. The real government, the government of murder and espionage, the invisible government of the Cold War, still has the power."

This was my friend Don speaking. Don has close ties to the House Committee investigating the assassinations.

"The only way Carter can really be President is by smashing the power of the fascists in the CIA and FBI. His only weapon is information. He's going to declassify the files of the FBI and CIA. He's got to purge the holdovers from the J. Edgar Hoover–Allen Dulles period of Cold War madness. For his own personal survival.

"Jerry, we won! Don't you see? We won! We won the war of the Sixties. Vietnam and Watergate turned it around. We convinced the American people that we were right about Vietnam and right about the Nixon crooks. The American Nuremberg trials are about to begin. You should be feeling proud, Jerry. We won!"

Don's enthusiasm fit my own historical analysis. The United States has been run on the antiquated ideas of a bygone imperialism. But the Sixties social explosion shattered those ideas. The Vietnam war was the pivotal event. The early Seventies followed the revolutionary-radical outbursts of the Sixties by masking fascist reaction with deceptive political calm. But the Watergate crisis unhinged the fascist consensus. The dam broke.

"Does Carter have the guts to take on the killers?" I wondered.

Quietly, activists of the Sixties are taking over American institutions. The process is subtle, almost invisible. Nobody wears his politics on his face anymore. The key years were 1970, 1971, 1972. During those years, we were, as a generation, locked into our own myth of dropout. The line was Don't work for the Government, don't make money; instead, oppose, confront, tear down.

Then, slowly, for personal-survival reasons and without announcing themselves as a movement, thousands of activists rejoined society, went back to school, entered business, got jobs, joined the establishment. You could call what happened a mass sellout or, maybe, mass infiltration. Those thousands of activists are now developing the skills and the contacts to run America.

By the Eighties, recent history will be reversed. The protest of the Sixties will be seen as patriotic, and the war in Vietnam will be remembered as a crime against national interest—just the opposite of the dominant thought of the period. People are quiet now, afraid to lose their jobs. But soon, the generation that sees Chicago 1968 as its own Battle of the Bulge will be in power. The extremists have become moderates. The activists of the Sixties are trying to implement the values of the Sixties in an orderly way. The dropout generation is taking over.

I have a vision of America in the last years of this century. An ex-Sixties activist, someone who spent time in jail protesting the war, will be President. The Cabinet will be full of ex-idealists, feminists, veterans of the moratorium, the be-ins, student protest. The Cold War will be over. And the country will be united around healthy values and healthy respect for country, old people, law, school, children, family.

From the perspective of 1999, it will all look so logical—and obvious. The political protest of the Sixties will have been seminal. And Jimmy Carter, the transitional President, will be the man who understood the young and brought them back to government.

I heard a rumor that Bob Scheer, the man who interviewed Carter for *Playboy* and intellectual leader of the movement in Berkeley during the anti-war years, was hanging out with Carter during the *(Continued on page 102)*

"I did like you said, Mother Cecilia . . . I turned the other cheek."

THE MILD ONES

NINE LITTLE BIKES THAT GET OPEC'S GOAT

Some people think that minibikes are wild and wicked because of their resemblance to their distant cousins, the hogs. In fact, minibikes—mopeds to their intimates—are conservative vehicles. In Europe, where there are almost 18,000,000 of them, accountants and bank clerks ride them to their offices. In the U. S., nonconformist suburbanites ride them to the train station. (The biker friends we've persuaded to pose here would like

you to know that they normally straddle heavier metal.) Mopeds have two-cycle, one-cylinder engines that don't foul the atmosphere and don't waste energy: They all get at least 100 miles to the gallon—some, over 200. They make less noise than power mowers and, at a top speed of 30 miles per hour, their potential for destruction is limited. Left to right: the Puch Newport is trimmed like a luxury car and starts with a simple switch, squeeze and push ($494). The Vespa Ciao combines compact architecture with quick acceleration ($495). The Batavus HS-50 has self-adjusting drum brakes, a heavy-duty finish and rubber engine mountings ($499). Peugeot's 103-LVS has a double-spring saddle and five-way reflectors ($460). The Honda Express is the easy-starting economy moped that's been taking the West by storm ($295).

Even though the moped is the obvious end product of Western civilization and America its farthest outpost, these deceptively modest vehicles did not get a free pass at Ellis Island. Our state legislatures do not agree on what a moped is or how to treat one. In Florida, Hawaii, Indiana, Michigan, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, South Carolina and Virginia, you need no license at all to drive one. In Iowa and Kansas, you can get a special license if you're over 14. In Arizona, California, Connecticut, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nevada, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, any operator's license will do. New York has different requirements, depending on the maximum speed of the vehicle. Left to right: Batavus had the American market in mind when it designed its VA Go-Go with the engine mounted on a swing arm, for maximum com-

fort ($459). The Puch Newport is identical to the one previously shown, except for the finish. The Snark Deluxe model has a tubular frame and spring-loaded brake levers ($495). Motobecane's 50VL has a variable-ratio drive that helps on steep hills, a stainless-steel fender and chrome luggage carrier ($519). Now, meet the gang—actually not a gang at all. The Falstaffian gent twirling the Puch is named Jingles. He owns a Long Beach bar called The Brass Rail. Our other models—Scotty, John, Fly, Jimbo, Douglas, Willis, Ben, Spam, Jodi, Rosie and Leslie—are all friends of Jingles. They hang out in The Brass Rail, where they spend a lot of time discussing motorcycle metaphysics. If you'd like to stop by the Rail and debate the virtues of mopeds, they'd probably be delighted. On second thought, maybe we've already bothered them enough.

Photography by Gary Heery

HERBS, WITCH DOCTORS AND THE ROSY FUTURE OF PAGAN MEDICINE

Is Mother Nature, M.D., the best doctor in town? The author's experience indicates that the answer is yes. ARTICLE BY ROBERT GOVER

Witch doctors are essentially psychic healers. Their herbs, chants, dances, trances and such are the tools of their trade. They use these tools to affect their patients on a subtle level, stimulating that miracle called healing. Herbs, chants, dances, trances and such can also be used to get high.

What Americans call medical doctors approach healing differently, and they usually don't approach getting high at all. Which, I think, is unfortunate, because getting high is the opposite of getting sick.

I think of it as the Superstition Barrier, this split between ancient herbal and modern scientific approaches to healing. Growing up in our society, we are exposed to all the scientific reasons why medical doctors think witch doctors are a lot of bad words. Rarely, if ever, do we hear from the other side of the Superstition Barrier.

To understand herbalism it is necessary to hear from this side, because herbs are not used the same way that manufactured drugs are used. Whereas medical doctors use drugs to attack disease entities—germs, bacteria, viruses, *things*—witch doctors use herbs to deal with what *causes* these things. Witch doctors relate to nonthings of energy/consciousness/spirit/mind.

Imagine the Superstition Barrier as a huge, invisible wall. On one side—side A, we will call it—are those who hold to the Western scientific point of view, and on the other—side B—are those who doubt the truths of Western science. On side A, the mere idea of herbs-as-curative is considered suspect; on side B, the considerable achievements of Western science are considered to have awesome side effects. On side A, you have the when-in-doubt, cut-it-out school of medicine, and on side B you have the doubt that cutting it out should even be called medicine. Side-A people believe that medicines heal; side-B people believe that medicines simply *stimulate* the body into healing itself. Side-A people are generally considered to be sane, rational and normal in America today, while side-B people are generally considered to be off the wall, a little nuts, unscientific and superstitious.

I am a side-B person, and I'll tell you how I got that way.

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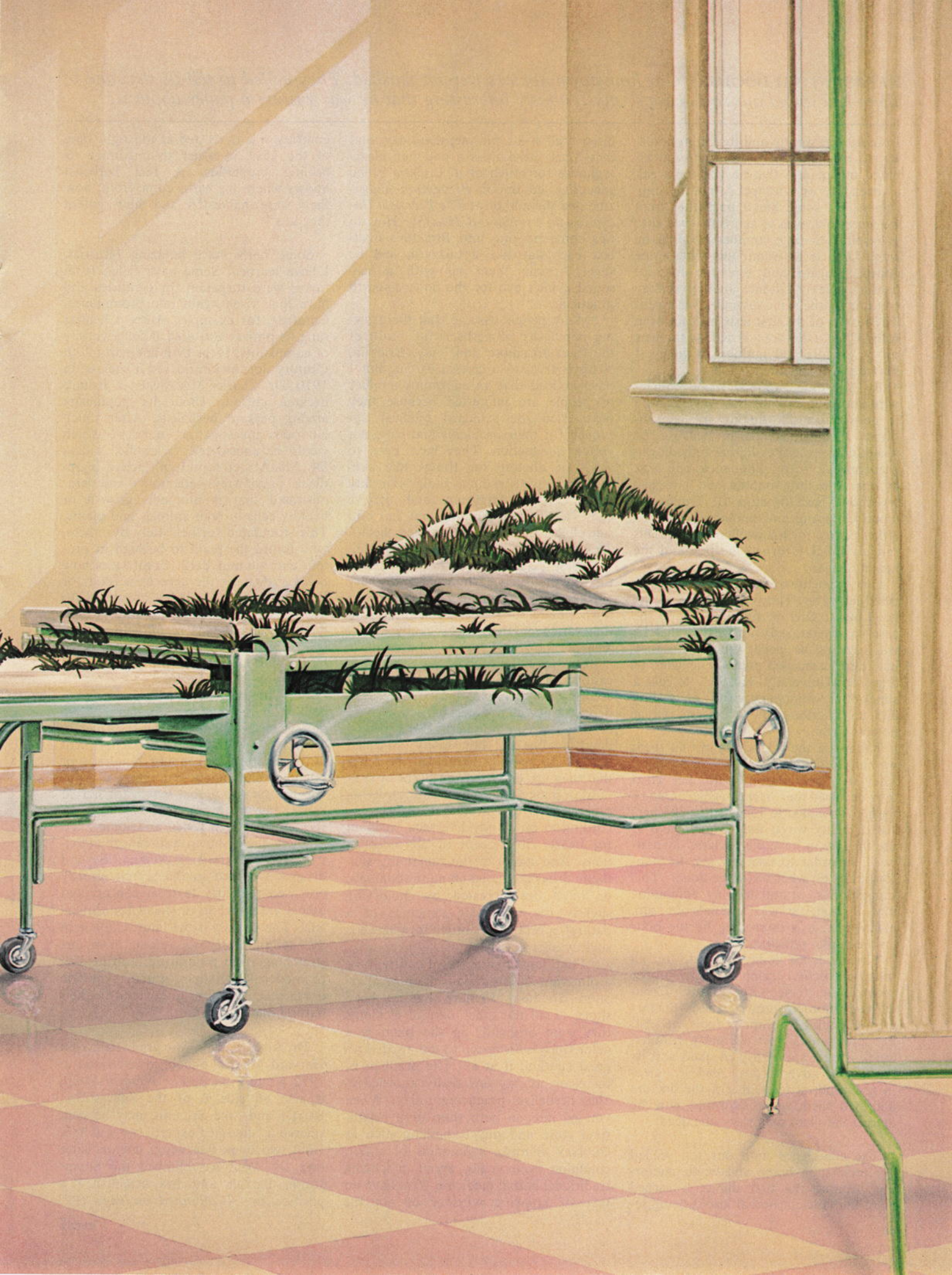
Five years ago, when our son was a year old, he came down with a strange but persistent fever, so my wife and I took him to that famous fellow, "the best doctor in town," who ordered him into a hospital for tests to find out what the trouble was. Since my wife was nursing our son, she went into the hospital with him, and this led to the first battle. The doctor accused her of "irregularity," said that nursing was a "thing of the past" and that, even if a mother does nurse her baby, she should do so for only so long and no longer. She persisted in her "irregularity," and they put the little patient into an "isolation" room with a jaillike cell of a bed and strapped him down to a cart whenever he was wheeled away for tests.

And they tested and tested. Our son's condition grew worse, and still they tested. They tested until he was on the brink of death. After a week of this torture, they knew no more than when they began, so they advised either an "exploratory" operation or a liver biopsy. They were all experts and specialists, they assured us, and had all been trained; what their training had trained them for was to assume the worst, and they were proceeding on that assumption. I kept offering the "unqualified" opinion that neither the patient nor his parents gave a damn what the name or number of the ailment might be; all we cared about was restoring health. But that was "improper," they said, because proper procedure called for diagnosis to precede treatment. Without diagnosis, how could they treat? they asked.

A week of this was all I could handle:

Illustration by Mike Presley/The Sketch Pad



HERBS, WITCH DOCTORS *Our hometown doctors weren't finished. They called to tell us that one of them had found our son's case so mysteriously interesting that he was writing a paper about it.*

I picked our son up and took him home. By this time, they had vampired so much blood out of him that he was too weak to even cry or whimper. And the only way to get some blood back into him, we were told, was to put him back into a hospital. So into another hospital he went for a transfusion; this whet some appetites again and sent the medical doctors quickly off into another ecstasy of testing—the same tests all over again! The results of the first tests had not been transcribed, we were advised, so the new set of doctors had nothing to go by. I snatched our son away again.

By this time, we had made contact with Giovanni Boni of Los Angeles, who is considered unorthodox by conventional medical standards because he sometimes prescribes herbal remedies in homeopathic form. Boni took one look at our pale little bundle and administered one herb (tincture of Thuja) for blood cleansing and another (*Cianothis Americanus*) for his swollen spleen. This remedy quickly turned the tide and the healing began.

Our hometown doctors weren't finished, however. They called to tell us the good news: One of them had found the case so mysteriously interesting that he was writing a paper about it; they had also persuaded their colleagues at Stanford University Hospital to do a super-duper-whopper round of testing and an "exploratory" operation, all at no cost to me.

I thanked them kindly and told them we had no further need of their services. They tried to "reason" with me. Then they declared me "irresponsible." One of them even called to suggest that if I persisted in my ways, they would have to use the law to have me declared mentally ill, in order to take my son to Stanford and "do what has to be done." This suggestion so stimulated my adrenaline that I probably *was* insane; our son, meanwhile, was improving by the hour on the herbal remedies.

The evidence today is that, for all their university training, their proper procedures, their Greek- and Latin-derived mumbo jumbo, these doctors were a pack of pompous fools, at best. For our son is now vibrantly healthy, quick-witted, spry, rosy-cheeked and irrepressibly adventurous. And it's clear in my mind, at least, that if the doctors had had their way, he would now be among the silent majority—the dead.

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The experience with our son seeded my interest in herbs and witch doctoring. Among the first things I learned were that ancient herbal lore is being rediscovered at a rapid rate these days and that Mark Bricklin is a one-man clearinghouse for much of it. Bricklin is the executive editor of *Prevention* magazine and the author of *The Practical Encyclopedia of Natural Healing*. How-to tips come pouring into Bricklin's mailbox each day like a blizzard, and he sorts through them all with a seasoned cynic's eye for the down-to-earth practical.

"Many people assume that the growing popularity of herbs is the result of the 'back to nature' fad," says Bricklin. "This is true, to a certain extent. But I have noticed that an enormous number of people are interested because they have tried the standard medical approach for their problems and have not gotten satisfaction. They have been to scads of doctors for things like skin rash, hay fever, asthma, indigestion and other chronic problems, and they've come away with nothing but harmful side effects and stacks of canceled checks. This goes for young people as well as old.

"These people turn to herbs in much the way that people who've been to every chiropractor and orthopedic surgeon in town finally turn to acupuncture. And they discover that herbs really work! They do the job where drugs have failed.

"I'm not talking about anything very exotic; I'm talking about herbs such as comfrey, slippery-elm bark, goldenseal, peppermint, camomile, garlic—just to name a few common herbs. Most people don't realize it, but many so-called 'drugs' are actually herbal, in the sense that they are derived from herbs or contain an ingredient from a natural, living organism. Drugs in that category, according to one study I've seen, account for nearly 50 percent of all prescriptions. And many of the remaining synthetic drugs are based on natural models, or have been created by modifying slightly the molecular structure of a natural substance in order to achieve a slightly different effect.

"Traditional herbalists, of course, take a dim view of any modification or alteration. To them, an herb that has been shorn of all the other natural elements that were originally in the plant is a deleterious substance, to be used with great caution, if at all. The problem is, there are mighty few really knowledgeable herbalists practicing today. When you go into an herb shop or a health-food store and buy something such as comfrey to make a poultice for a skin condition, you really aren't practicing traditional herbal medicine. You have no way of knowing whether or not the comfrey was harvested at the right time of the year, in order to maximize its healing properties. A real herbalist knows where his herbs come from, how they were harvested and how potent they are."

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Some herbs have amazing histories, I have learned. Some have fallen from favor, were forgotten for centuries and have then risen again into prominence. Comfrey, for example: Ancient healers sang its praises and used it for a variety of complaints; 18th, 19th and early 20th Century doctors considered it useless; in 1910, Dr. Charles MacAlister of Britain became curious about its popularity among peasant herbalists. After much laborious investigation, none of which would be considered "scientific" today, Dr. MacAlister found an "active ingredient" in comfrey—allantoin—and demonstrated that it promotes growth of healthy cells in both animals and plants. This stimulated further study by others, who found the plant to be high in protein and vitamin B-12. Comfrey is now being grown by the acre as a food for farm animals, and there are plans to grow it as human food as well. A synthetic of allantoin is manufactured and sold, which is "good business," since the herb itself is free for the picking and preparing.

Even the medical establishment is becoming more interested in herbs these days. The National Cancer Institute, in conjunction with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, is sending hundreds of botanists and others out into the fields and forests in a global search for herbal cancer cures. "More than 25,000 plant species have been tested and some 2200 of them have shown anti-cancer activity," reports *Cancer News*. "Several drugs discovered in the search already are used regularly to treat cancer, and others are either in or slated for clinical trial. The project is the latest chapter in the long history of plant medicine, stretching from prehistoric herb healing to modern-day, sophisticated, synthetic drugs that were first discovered in their natural plant form."

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Dr. Andrew Weil, who graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1968 and in 1972 wrote a book, *The Natural Mind*, is also on side B of the Superstition Barrier and, like Bricklin, may be considered a "qualified expert" (we will hear from two bona fide witch doctors later on). Dr. Weil has climbed the Superstition Barrier and has established a position in *(Continued on page 127)*

BIBI
LOSES HER BABY FAT

Photography by
Eric Müller

HER PAST IS NOT LONG; HER FUTURE IS A FIREWORKS DISPLAY WAITING FOR A LIGHT.

She lives in a land of wooden churches and malevolent spirits. It's a very old, cold country that's famous for the unself-conscious sexiness of its women, as if their purpose in life were to make up for the surrounding sterility. Bibi is no exception. The daughter of a wealthy glassware manufacturer, she's been meticulously nourished with the best of everything, from grade-A schooling to the summertime cruises on her father's ocean-going yacht. Last year they went to Trinidad, where the people were impossibly demonstrative; she came back with a new respect for the stark beauty of her home and a flock of pagan images for her dreams. Lately she's been dreaming a lot, and the other girls at school have found her unusually quiet. She has been reluctant to exchange confidences; her participation in sports has become grudging; her sportsmanship, at times, tenuous. Her Spanish

teacher found a notebook under her desk one day after class and opened it when he saw no name on the cover. Then, embarrassed, he closed it and put it back. Luckily he didn't read anything about himself; Bibi happens to like his classic, Latin-lover looks. On one page of her book, she wonders what his olive-hued flesh would feel like. She wonders about his experiences and his predilections. She wonders how the Spanish fly. He, of course, is the soul of Catholic propriety, all the more dogmatic for being stuck in a Lutheran land. He'd be horrified if he could open the beautiful head of this teenager who sits before him three hours a week. She's been thinking about sex a lot since her mother started suggesting that she take a lover. Mother didn't know about the American engineer in Tobago, or what really happened between her and the law student—the one with the Porsche and the credit cards, who dated her last fall till she decided he was too fickle. Her mother's interest

puts her off; Bibi doesn't want to provide anyone with vicarious pleasures. And there was nothing new, either, about Mother's interest: Two years ago, she had explained to Bibi the mechanics of love and, with the help of a mirror, the mysteries of her own architecture. It would be better, perhaps, if Mom herself just ran off with her Sunday backgammon partner, a pipe-smoking radiologist. That, at least, would allow Dad to stop feeling guilty about spending his time sailing or looking for new precedents to shatter in glassware. With Mom in Paris looking for gowns, he'll be locked in his office all day today, which gives Bibi not only the run of the house but also the time to let her fancy flow. It's a good day for savoring her own indolence and the slow seepage of time. Her moods stretch out and *segue*. She tries to imagine the bedroom antics of people she knows. She pictures the gardener coupling with the maid, whose ugliness makes it comical. Then her mother does a sexual saraband with

her doctor friend. In the next reel, a pair of her gray-skirted schoolmates go to a *disco* and meet a pair of fast-talking Americans, with whom they get embroiled in a midnight orgy. The expansive—and expensive—pale flesh of the schoolgirls blends with the lean, dark stuff the Americans are made of in a cacophony of ecstatic squeals. There are no misunderstandings or recriminations in these happenings. No drink is ever spilled; no face ever slapped. Weakness of body or spirit is unknown; everyone pulses with barbarian energy. Including her Spanish teacher. She pictures him detaining her a moment after class; then, when the others have left, leaning over her and mumbling something about his unmet needs. He smells faintly of cloves; his saturnine features begin to glow. She does not jump when his finger tips suddenly find the backs of her knees.

HER ANCESTORS RAPED SOUTHERN EUROPE.
BIBI HAS WET EYES FOR HER SPANISH TEACHER.

oui

HAUS
BELLEVUE

CONVERSATION WITH

THE KING OF THE GYPSIES

Wilhelm "Botchoori" Weiss, rug peddler, survivor of Nazi atrocities and the first elected president of Gypsy International, defends fortunetelling, knocks birth control and advocates a new gypsy consciousness

On a cold October night in 1972, Wilhelm "Botchoori" Weiss was elected king of the gypsies. Although Weiss ran unopposed and no press covered the ceremony, news of his election swept the gypsy world. Only minutes after 60 gypsy elders from clans throughout Europe had cast their unanimous vote, the orange telephone in Weiss's Frankfurt, West Germany, apartment started ringing with congratulatory calls from gypsies as far away as Santiago, Chile. Indeed, it was an auspicious occasion. For the first time in the gypsies' long and mysterious history, one man now represented all gypsies around the world. Weiss was not just king of the German or the European gypsies, he had become king of all the gypsies in the entire world.

Weiss is an unusual king with an even more unusual kingdom. His subjects are scattered across Russia, Eastern and Western Europe and both Americas. They number in the millions, although no one is sure how many there are exactly. Most of his subjects cannot read or write, but invariably they speak at least two languages: the language of the country in which they live and Romany, the ancient tongue spoken by all gypsies and whose roots are traceable to Sanskrit. In general, Weiss's subjects are mistrusted, hated, feared and discriminated against by the outside world, the world of the gajo *(Romany for non-gypsy). Police in America and Europe allege that gypsies are masters of shoplifting, fraud and robbery. Weiss says this is nonsense.*

As king of the gypsies, Weiss holds no court, issues no decrees, enjoys few privileges and exacts no tribute. Three fourths of his life is spent on the road, traveling throughout Europe in his Mercedes coupe to meet with his people, act as advisor and judge in their disputes and preside at their weddings, births and burials. He also works as a rug peddler, as do many other gypsies.

Like the Mafia's godfather, Weiss grants favors and imposes punishments. Although he cannot read or write, he is the human switchboard for all critical gypsy communications, advising gypsies around the world from his orange telephone. Finally, as a survivor of the Nazi concentration camps, he is a living monument to the 400,000 gypsies slaughtered by the Third Reich.

Weiss believes that his most important job as king is to eliminate discrimination against the gypsies. To that end, he has become diplomat to the gajo. *He has updated and modernized the gypsy image by officially registering himself as president of a new ethnic union called Gypsy International. The organization helps gypsies to gain citizenship in countries where they are considered aliens, to obtain reparation payments for their years in the concentration camps and to enjoy equal rights with other citizens.*

"There is no doubt about it," says Hans Jeworutzky, chief detective with the Frankfurt criminal police. "Wilhelm Weiss is the godfather of the gypsies. He is a very powerful man. Everything that happens to gypsies somehow filters back to him. Within hours after we have booked a gypsy, Weiss is there with the bail money. Where he gets all his money is still a dark mystery to us."

Free-lance writer Gale Wiley tracked Weiss down at the Haus *Bellvue, an old, converted Frankfurt hotel where Weiss, his wife Ilsa and their three children live in a seven-room apartment. Wiley writes:*

"It is the day after Weiss's 64th birthday, and he has been up all night with his friends and relatives. Seven men who look like extras from 'The Godfather' sit around the table with him. In the kitchen, Ilsa, dressed in a green, red and gold-threaded gypsy dress, peels potatoes.

"Weiss looks like a happy Twenties mobster with his rumpled hat, wide-lapel suit, broad-bush mustache, heavy eyebrows and sparkling black eyes. At 5'6", 220 pounds, he is broad-shouldered and built like an Angus bull. He chain-smokes Marlboros and Reval cigarettes, which are brought to him periodically by one of his children. His voice is raspy and high. On a finger of his right hand he wears a huge gold ring emblazoned with a large diamond and gold crown.

"It seemed logical to begin the interview with a question about the extent of Weiss's empire."

OUI: How many gypsies do you estimate there are in the world?

WEISS: Three and a half to four million in Europe; maybe 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 world-wide.

OUI: Reportedly there are about 60 different gypsy tribes in the U. S. Are there more tribes than that in Europe?

WEISS: What do you mean, 60 tribes? You must be talking about 60 families or clans. There are only three or four gypsy tribes in Europe or anywhere else. First, there is the Rom tribe. The word *rom* means man in the gypsy language. They were horse dealers. The second tribe is the Sinti, the musicians. Then you have the Kalderash tribe, the tinkers. That's what the names mean.

OUI: Weren't there other men who called themselves gypsy kings in the past?

WEISS: Yes, but you have to understand something about our history. All of the gypsies in the world originated in India and first migrated during the 12th Century. Over the years they wandered to Persia, Hungary, Italy, Germany, Belgium, France, Holland, Spain, even to America. Since those early beginnings, any time there was a group of gypsies traveling across country—say 20 wagons together—the police would come. Perhaps only one of the gypsies knew the local language. He'd call himself

Illustration by Eraldo Carugati

chief or king or mayor, whatever the *gajo* wanted to hear. But over the centuries there was never anybody who was recognized as king of all gypsies. My great-grandfather had a crown, but he wasn't registered with the authorities. I, by contrast, am officially registered as president of Gypsy International. If you go to the U. S. and ask the gypsies if they have a king, they will all say, "Yes, we have a king. He lives in Frankfurt, Germany. His name is Wilhelm Weiss and his gypsy name is Botchoori." Everyone knows this.

OUI: In Peter Maas's book *King of the Gypsies*, Steve Tene Bimbo says that he's the king.

WEISS: That's nonsense. He may call himself king, but he was not officially elected, as I was.

OUI: What are your duties as president of Gypsy International?

WEISS: To help my people. In Germany, most gypsies can't speak German. I can, and it is up to me to represent them if they get in trouble with the authorities. Let's say that a gypsy does something wrong and is put in prison. I go and bail him out.

OUI: Don't you also impose occasional punishments on wrongdoers?

WEISS: When necessary, yes. If a man leaves his wife, for example, that is against gypsy law. We force him to go back home and pay a fine. He is told to think of his children and never to stray again.

OUI: And he does what you tell him?

WEISS: Of course. There is a code of honor among gypsies. There are also, of course, a few who don't believe in traditions—young gypsies who go out at night and have other things on their minds. Last summer there was a fight between two gypsy families in Stuttgart. I didn't get involved. Women were the cause of it. Somebody flirted with somebody else's wife—a married woman with children—and finally he ran away with her. Other gypsies found the two, brought them back, and that's when the fight broke out between opposing families. They wanted me to intervene, but I didn't; the people involved were too excitable. A fight attracts reporters and police, and I didn't want to have a policeman say to me, "How can this happen in your presence, *Herr* Weiss?" Gypsies have quick tempers; we still have blood feuds today. If somebody insults me and I swear that I will beat him up for it, I'll have to do it, even if ten years pass until I get the chance. That's our tradition.

OUI: How is it that gypsies all over the world know about you, even though most of them neither read nor write?

WEISS: We do everything by telephone. If I have news to spread, I telephone two or three people and each of them telephones two or three people and soon everybody knows everything. Say that somebody dies and the family is looking for relatives. They will ask, "Do you know where so-and-so is?" I tell them to call back tomorrow, because by then I will know. A gypsy recently died in the U. S. He'd come from Czechoslovakia. His brothers from Italy and France went over and brought him back on the plane to have him buried in Czechoslovakia. Other relatives came to the funeral, too, of course. Many could not attend, because they had come from Czechoslovakia and would get fined if they were caught there.

OUI: Would you say that Germany has a favorable policy toward gypsies today?

WEISS: West Germany does, perhaps because the country is occupied by the Americans. Germans today don't dare harm gypsies or Jews, but I think that if you Americans left we would not be treated so well. I know that there are many former Nazis who still hold government jobs. And there are some subtle forms of discrimination left, of course.

OUI: Like what?

WEISS: When we want to rent an apartment, for example, we have to say that we are German gypsies. Then they tell us that the apartment is already rented. Whenever a crime is committed, people always say that a gypsy did it. Gypsies don't murder or attack people on the streets. No gypsy does this. We are not allowed on public camping grounds, so we have to go to farmers and pay a fee in order to spend a night on the road. When people see us, they often say, "There, the gypsies are coming to steal our children." But, you know, a lot of gypsies already have six or seven kids. Why would we want more? As long as the world has been in existence there have been gypsies. We do not fight in wars or belong to political parties. But no gypsy in the world has suffered the way the German one has. The Swiss ones were not in concentration camps. Neither were the Italian gypsies. Hitler wanted to destroy us the way lice are exterminated. I tell you that if the American military were to leave Germany today, it wouldn't be six months before the Germans would put us away again. I swear to that. I know the German people. Always they have had a hatred for the gypsy. They say we stink. They despise us. You wouldn't believe the way life was under the Nazis.

OUI: How long did *you* live in concentration camps?

WEISS: From 1940 to 1945. My first wife died in a gas chamber in Auschwitz. About a third of the gypsies under Hitler's control died in the camps, about 400,000 gypsies altogether. And do you know that gypsies are Aryans? We used to be a very pure race and most of us still are. A girl from the Rom tribe, for example, was not allowed to marry a man from the Kalderash tribe. The Nazis did biological studies on us. They checked our hair, measured our ears, mouth, nose, chin, fingernails, even the men's members. The Nazis themselves came to the conclusion that gypsies are Aryans, that we are Indo-Germanic people. Yet they swept all this information under the table and treated us like Jews. Hitler did that.

OUI: But you survived.

WEISS: Just barely. In Auschwitz, Birkenau was a separate camp just for gypsies. Gypsies ate bark off the trees, and grass. The Jews had food. Gypsies had it worse. If a baby just whimpered a little, an SS man might snatch it from the mother and smash it against a tree. I don't like to remember. I could write a book about these things. My wife's sister had a cold. The guards caught her when they were taking roll. They wrote down her number and she had to stand there. Two SS men were holding her arms and a third poured gasoline over her head and she was burned alive.

OUI: Do you feel that you are first a gypsy and then a German, or is it the other way around?

WEISS: I am first a German, because I was born here and I grew up here. I know only German customs and German traditions and laws. We speak the German language. This is my *Vaterland*. I couldn't live abroad; I would get homesick. If a spy from abroad were ever to approach the gypsies and try to get some information from us about our *Vaterland*, we wouldn't tell him anything. We would stick with the German people as we have always done. The Third Reich was a terrible time, but after 30 years you have to forget.

OUI: Why did you find it necessary to form Gypsy International?

WEISS: We needed an official voice in order to talk to the authorities. Many gypsies who were in concentration camps, for example, have yet to receive their reparation payments. Many of my people lost *(Continued on page 105)*

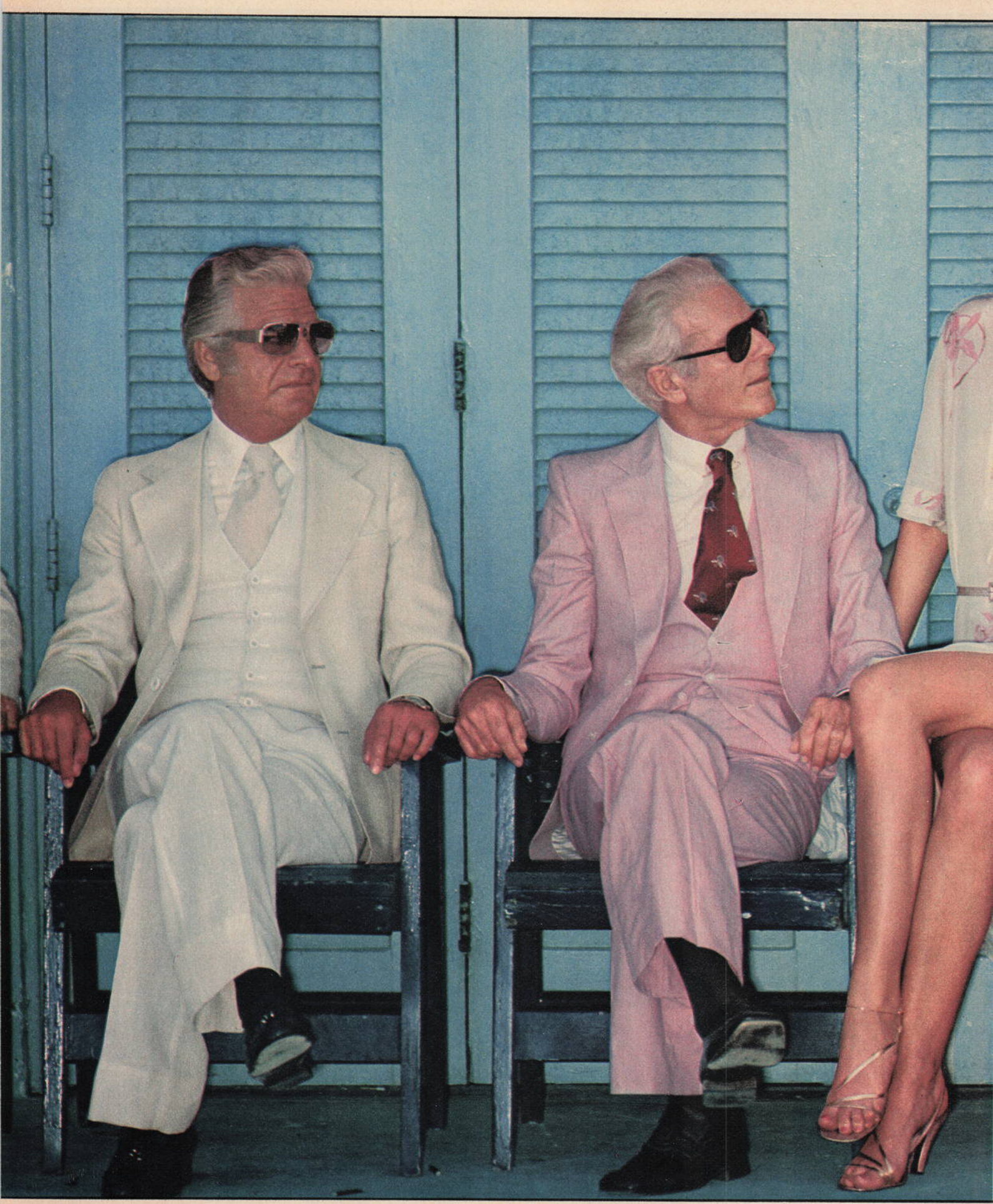
"Virtue is often merely local."
—Samuel Johnson

CLASS ACTION SUITS

WATCH CAREFULLY TO SEE WHICH CLOTHESHORSE GETS THE ACTION

Three little millionaires all in a row. And three more after you turn the page. Except one of these men is not a millionaire at all. He's a muffler salesman from Detroit who's giving his creditors the slip by hiding out in Palm Beach. But not even Columbo could spot him. In a good suit, everybody looks like a million bucks. Suits—those "three-piece strait jackets" we used to laugh about—have survived all the palace revolutions of male fashion. They are clean-cut and as effortlessly elegant as Cary Grant, the ultimate suit man. As you see on these pages, today's suits are tonier than ever, and the colors for summer are as pale as Italian ices. And just as cool: slim seersuckers, shaped linens, tailored silks. Add a tie and a tan and you've got it made in the shade, Jack. And there's something new, too: the composé look, which means the three pieces of the suit are made of separate fabrics and colors that play off one another. The look—as you see on the first millionaire on page 76—is solid without being boring, contemporary without being funky. The composé suit seems to say, I know how to play the game, but I'm not afraid to break the rules. The very attitude that prompted our muffler man to dip into the company cash register and go beachcombing with the 400. Which of the six is he? Study the line-up. Millionaire number one wears a linen Tillman Organisation suit ($175), Creighton Shirtmakers shirt ($17) and Robert Stewart silk tie ($15). Millionaire number two, who prefers the stock section in *The Miami Herald*, wears a silk Le Mans suit ($285), Cesarani Ltd. for Creighton shirt ($22), Eros for Tucker tie ($15) and silk Ashear pocket square ($8). Millionaire number three is in a linen suit ($380) and silk hankie ($15), both by Alexander Julian, Holbrook shirt ($18) and an Eros for Tucker tie ($13).

The Miami Herald
Rabin Fires Ministers;



Photographed at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami/Hair by Didier Malige/Make-up by Wendy Whitelaw

And the search for the muffler salesman goes on! Millionaire number four wears a Christian Dior Sport composé suit ($155), Bert Pulitzer shirt ($23) and a linen Eros for Tucker tie ($13). Millionaire number five is in a seersucker John Knight Ltd. suit ($140), John Henry shirt ($17) and an Eros for Tucker tie ($15). "Millionaire" number six—that's right, he's our muffler man—tries harder; he *has* to, and thus comes off with such swank and suave that all the girls eat out of his hand. (*En garde*, Columbo.) Our well-intrended impostor wears a pink linen Cesarani Ltd. suit ($160), Creighton shirt ($17) and Eros for Tucker tie ($18). The cream-silk Calla Lilies dress is by Franck Olivier. The print chiffon skirt and top are by Valerie Porr. Where-to-buy information on page 131.

HOW TO SLEEP WITH TWO WOMEN AT ONCE

WORDS OF ADVICE FROM A MASTER PHILANDERER

ARTICLE BY MONICA CABLE

Yale Dartmouth is a 42-year-old Washington lawyer, very successful, very married. He has a libido so large that it can be seen only from the air. During 20 years of marriage, he has perfected the art of playing around. He clearly deserves to be in *Who's Who in American Philandering*, because he has thought through, understood and become totally at home with the fine points of chasing the ladies.

Of course, I'm not going to describe the man in any detail. I will tell you just one thing about him, which, in turn, will tell you many things (you might want to cross-reference this detail under "sexual chic"): In his lavish office is a telephone. It has a ring that can be heard only by Dartmouth when he is at his desk. It is hooked up to no switchboard and it is used exclusively for incoming calls. It is not a private line for his wife or favored clients; it is a phone used solely by—ladies.

"Carrying on," as my grandmother used to call it, has become so extensive that the sociologists have now given it a more Seventies name: sportfucking. The behaviorists believe that married men with lots of ladyfriends sportfuck just as other men play golf or tennis or badminton.

Were I to try to explain the attraction Dartmouth has for women, I would probably home in on the feeling he gives them of money. He is done-it and been-there. He is tweed, not leather, and well tailored. His conversation reveals a couple of things: One is a superior intelligence, processed through the finest schools. The other—and I think more important for women—is that he says outrageous and wonderfully self-confident things, such as "Once I've been with a woman and it's good, I own her forever."

I met Dartmouth at a dinner party and was fascinated when he made the observation that a wife was imperative for a player. I made an appointment to tape his answers to my questions about how serious players operate, along with his thoughts on marriage and romance. Don't ask what I had to do to get him to talk to me.

CABLE: Please explain why a player needs a wife.

DARTMOUTH: If the desire is to

Illustration by Peter Lloyd

pick up a lady in a bar for a one-night stand, a man doesn't need a wife at all. Or if the desire is to go into a hotel and ask the bell captain to send up a lady of the evening, again, a wife isn't necessary for that. What you need a wife for is if you want to sleep with two women at the same time—or four, or six. I am talking about involved emotional relationships, the number of which is limited only by your energy and the time you have available. The indispensable ingredient for multiple romances is a wife, simply because a wife gets you through the problem of Saturday night. The problem of Saturday night is one that every bachelor faces: Which girl will he see? If you have a wife, you never have to face up to that problem, because on Saturday night you leave lady number one—or two, or three—and she understands that you return to home port.

CABLE: Do you, in fact, go home, or is the Saturday-night ploy simply a way of choosing which lady you want to see?

DARTMOUTH: No, you do return home, because you would set a bad precedent by seeing a lady on Saturday night. You would destroy the whole purpose of having a wife. There are exceptions, however, such as when you're out of town, or out of the country, in the company of a friend. I don't mean to indicate that a wife is useful only for Saturday nights. She can also be very useful on Tuesday nights. If a girlfriend wishes to be with you and you would rather not—maybe because you have plans with another ladyfriend—you just say, "I can't. I've got to go out with my wife and some friends." And it is accepted.

CABLE: Does this mean that when it's curtains, you simply say, "Look, honey, I'm going to try it at home again."

DARTMOUTH: I am not looking for "curtains." I am interested in sustained relationships. The real point is that a wife is a built-in excuse: It is what the bachelor doesn't have. What the bachelor does have is the Saturday-night dilemma. He also has the problem of who's going to move in with him. What does he do? Once he gets into a love relationship with a woman, how does he explain that he is not going to allow her to move in with him? A married man may have just as many girlfriends as the single guy—or more—but he can effectively balance them all, because no one can take him over. And certainly nobody can move in with him, unless his wife is a little freaky.

CABLE: Do you ever speak of ladies to your wife?

DARTMOUTH: Of course. Do you think we speak only about men?

CABLE: You know what was meant. Do you ever speak about *your* ladies?

DARTMOUTH: Of course not. Why would I wish to offend her?

CABLE: What do you think her attitude would be if she knew for sure that you carry on affairs?

DARTMOUTH: It would pose a harsh dilemma for her. I can't predict what her attitude would be, but it would most likely require her to engage in some very difficult face-saving devices.

CABLE: Would you say that you have a tacit understanding with your wife?

DARTMOUTH: I would say that we have tacit understandings. For example, she doesn't ask me what I've been doing when I come in at three in the morning.

CABLE: Does she do anything that compensates for your absences?

DARTMOUTH: She's very preoccupied with her artwork. For her, it's a full-time avocation. It is my feeling that she has almost totally sublimated her sexual self.

CABLE: How do you explain being away at night?

DARTMOUTH: Business, clients. My business gives me a blanket excuse. And there's also been a long history of unquestioned absence.

CABLE: Do you always sleep at home when you're in Washington?

DARTMOUTH: Yes, except for those times when I'm believed to be out of town.

CABLE: Do ladies ever call your house, either from desperation or a desire to make mischief?

DARTMOUTH: Never.

CABLE: It hasn't happened even once?

DARTMOUTH: I guess it has happened, but never with any lady with whom I've had a relationship.

CABLE: Have you ever begun to care for someone so much that it's crossed your mind to divorce?

DARTMOUTH: Divorce crosses my mind all the time, whether or not I care for someone. I suppose the more you care, the more likely it is to cross your mind.

CABLE: But you deal with it and dismiss it.

DARTMOUTH: I have dealt with it and dismissed it by balancing what is best for me.

CABLE: Where does "falling in love" fit into your affairs?

DARTMOUTH: I have taken the concept of falling in love and perfected it. What can be more delicious than being in love and seeing the person you love once a week—or twice, at the most—and eliminating the drudgery of living together, the drudgery of overconcentration? My way, you have all the pluses and none of the minuses.

CABLE: Clearly you have no burned toast in any of your relationships. But you at least have the sense that you *are* in love?

DARTMOUTH: Love is a delusion.

CABLE: Then there is no such thing?

DARTMOUTH: There is such a thing—but that thing is a fantasy.

CABLE: Do your ladies fancy that they are in love with *you*?

DARTMOUTH: I find that men and women really have different attitudes toward being in love, if that is what you want to call it. I think that a woman can be totally fulfilled by being in love with one man. She can easily focus all her energies, sexual and otherwise, on one man. But I do not think that men are capable of that. And I think this stems from a very basic fact. Throughout puberty and on into manhood and womanhood, the woman is constantly the chooser and the man is the pursuer. That is the way our culture is structured. The man is constantly chasing many women. The woman is always making a choice: "I will choose this one; I will not choose that one." The man will pursue a woman and he will finally score. A woman never scores. She chooses. This creates a whole attitudinal thing that is very different in men and women. It means that, as a woman grows up, she places no great premium on sexual activity. What she does place a premium on is getting involved with a man. She then devotes 100 percent of her sexual life to that man because he is the one she has chosen. She has always known that she could have had any one of 100 other men—whereas the man, having constantly been the pursuer, the scorer, the winner, after he has finally won tends to thirst for the game again. And he is again put out into society, where there are any number of women waiting to be scored upon. Almost to fulfill his societally imposed concept of manhood, he is required to score again. And that is why men are promiscuous and not monogamous.

CABLE: Where do you find your ladyfriends?

DARTMOUTH: I don't think there are particular locations.

CABLE: Well, is there a pattern? Say, friends' offices, airplanes, parties?

DARTMOUTH: You can find them anywhere. You find them just by being exposed to people. Expose me to a woman for a certain amount of time and I will own her.

CABLE: How many hours a day, on the average, do *(Continued on page 126)*

WHO RUNS AMERICA?

THEY DO. AND HERE THEY ARE.

HUMOR BY DON NOVELLO

ABIGAIL VAN BUREN
Advisor-at-large, wife of former President Martin Van Buren
For only three cents more than a phone call to Help Line, you can get advice from *Dear Abby*, the woman who made the rules we all live by. For example, she told us when it's OK to let your daughter's boyfriend sleep in your daughter's bed (when the daughter is out of town) and when it's OK to floss at a wedding reception (after eating corn on the cob).

BERT PARKS
Mr. Miss America
Did you ever wonder what Bert Parks does during the 364 days a year on which the Miss America pageant isn't held? The day following the pageant, the charming m.c. starts training—rest, facial care, vocal coaching, cell therapy—for the next year's pageant.

BERT CONVY
The new Bert Parks
Only a heartbeat away from Atlantic City.

RAY KROC
More than 21 billion sold; less than four billion to go
With the cooperation of the Teamsters Union and hundreds of thousands of cows, Kroc plans to turn McDonald's into a patriotic-oriented political party sometime after more than 25 billion are sold (projected date: 1980). He feels that donating his 3750 restaurants to the Government for use as mini-nuclear plants is just the right

Above, top row: Cosell, Anderson, Funt, Parks, Perkins; bottom row: Van Buren, Hackett, Kroc, Convy, Captain.

gesture to win over the votes of the *real* Americans.

THE CAPTAIN
The power behind Tennille
He's no Ike Turner.

MARLIN PERKINS
The Ken-L Ration connection
Traveling around the world wearing the standard CIA-issue mustache, Perkins has infiltrated almost all Third World countries under his *Zoo Parade* and *Wild Kingdom* fronts.

HOWARD COSELL
Former variety host and father of comedian Gabe Kaplan
His recent past has been a roller-coaster ride on a career named Desire. Cosell's life has been a cornucopia of triumphs and tribulations—the ups and downs of this crazy pastime we call life. It kind of makes you wonder—is it worth it?

RALPH PERK
Hottest man in politics
Perk is the honorable mayor of Cleveland and a charter member in the Politician's Hall of Fame since setting his hair on fire while trying to work a blowtorch at a metal-workers' convention. Insiders say Perk is just using Cleveland as a steppingstone, looking forward to the day when he can fight fires full time, as U. S. Fire Marshal.

ROBERT VESCO
Banana Republican
Former secret head of the CIA and present (unofficial) ambassador to Costa Rica (a "forever" position), Vesco, with an elitist secret army of 500 former mutual-fund salesmen, claims he will keep peace in Costa Rica "by force, if necessary, I hope."

REX HUMBARD
Bigger than the Beatles
From his opulent Cathedral of Tomorrow, this Akron, Ohio, evangelist claims to head the largest TV network in the world—sending the word of God (as well as his post-office-box number) out over 400 stations in the U. S. and beyond.

SALVATORE "JELLY" BUDONE
(AKA BUDDY HACKETT)
Mr. Big
More powerful than the President of the U. S. and the premier of Russia combined, *capo* Buddy (sometimes called Don Bud) has been the number-one *mafioso—capo di tutti capi*—for more than ten years. Hiding behind a brilliant comedic façade, he just jokes when people question him as to his true identity.

ROBERT ANDERSON
Bombs away
It's said that Rockwell International's Anderson can say "Wanna buy some bombers?" in more than 20 languages. Besides selling billions of dollars' worth of planes to foreigners, he hopes to be starting soon on a possible 22-billion-dollar order from the U. S. Congress—building 244 Gucci-style B-1 bombers, thus saving the U. S. the embarrassment of dropping bombs from outdated B-52s.

JERRY LEWIS
Cinderfella
The man who was farsighted enough (1956) to pick muscular dystrophy over polio as his favorite charity.

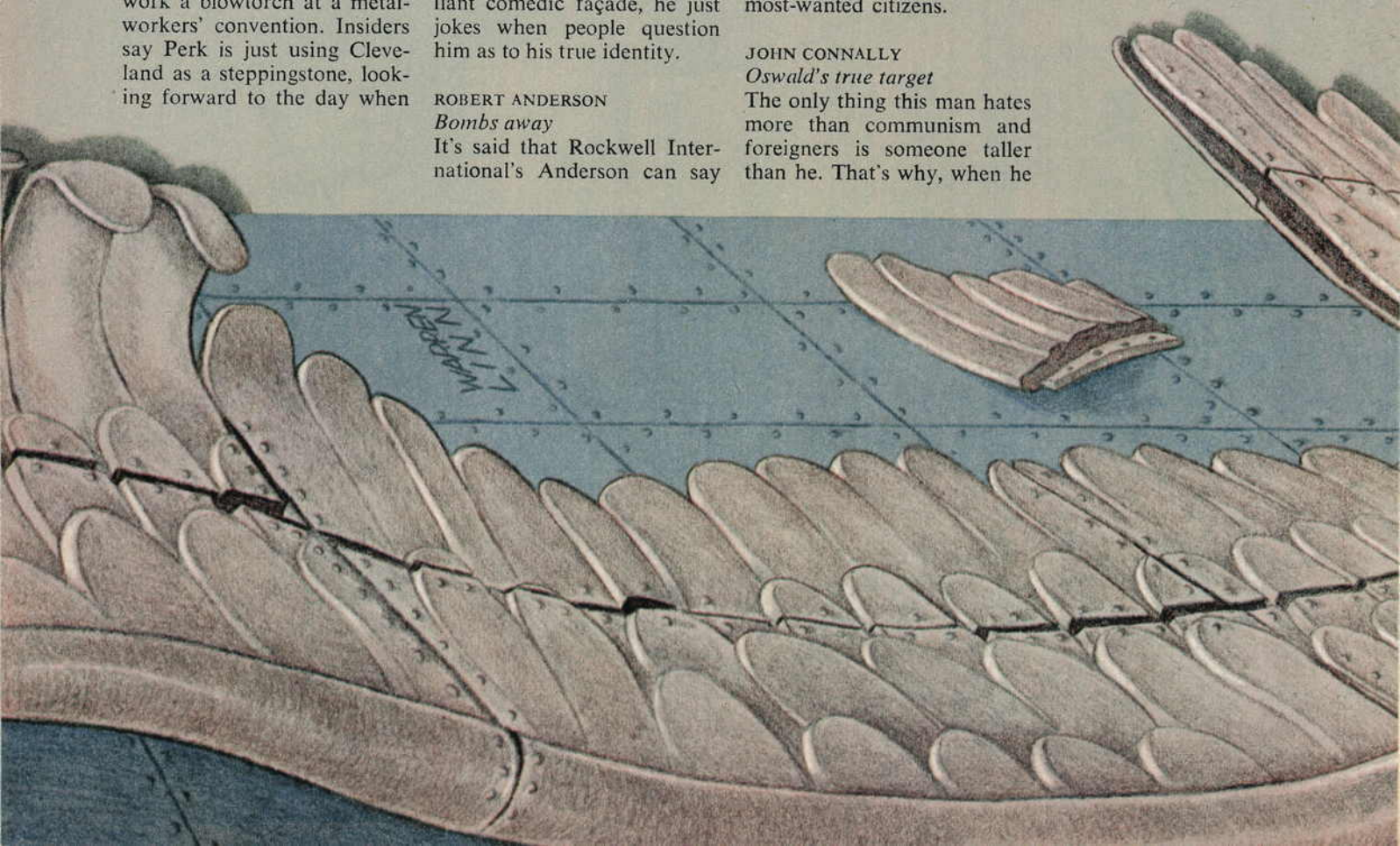
JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER
Grand old grandchild
Granddaughter-in-law of one of the most popular Presidents in our history.

ALLEN FUNT
(AKA EFREM ZIMBALIST FUNT)
Candid agent
The man who is always changing his co-host but never changing his suit has been spying on millions for years. In the name of fun, and with the code words "Now watch this," he has been tipping off the FBI as to the whereabouts of some of America's most-wanted citizens.

JOHN CONNALLY
Oswald's true target
The only thing this man hates more than communism and foreigners is someone taller than he. That's why, when he was governor of Texas, he insisted that all of his Texas Ranger bodyguards be shorter than he—and why, even today, you'll find all the tall Rangers just hanging out in diners on Route 66.

MURRAY THE K
The man who put the co in disco
For $7500 you can get your own "Murray the K's *Disco* on Wheels" package, including four (4!) Power Audio speakers, one (1!) BGW 250-B power amp, two (2!) Technics turntables, one console with (with!) case, headphones, a laser-light unit, standard lighting equipment, cables!, your own territory (an area with a population of 500,000 or more), T-shirts!, decals!, some 20 albums and 30 singles and "image and prestige as well!"

FRANK RIZZO
A man for all seasons
"I'm not sure if the death penalty is a deterrent," said the mayor of the City of Brotherly Love, "but I know one thing—when they pull that switch, he's not around to commit another crime. And I'll tell you this—I will



personally pull the switch if *they* run out of people who want to do it. I'm available."

MORTON OSWALD MARTEEN (AKA JIMMY OSMOND)
Mormon manipulator
Marteen, a 42-year-old midget, is the Mormon agent assigned to keep an eye on the Osmond family. Afraid of losing the family the way Motown lost the Jackson Five, the Mormons have Marteen, disguised as one of the brothers, checking in daily with superiors in Salt Lake City.

DANNY THOMAS
"Ah . . . . . that's good."
Made famous for *spitting out* coffee, as spokesman for Maxwell House, he now persuades people to swallow it. How times change, eh?

BARBARA WALTERS
America's top female anchorperson
Making $19,230 per week but having trouble adjusting to regular working hours, Walters continues waking each morning at 4:30 craving fresh doughnuts. It's rumored she can't get back to sleep until she's interviewed someone and sold some Alpo.

CHARLES "CHUCK" COLSON
Born (to run) again
Samuel Johnson was wrong when he said, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." He should have said, "Patriotism is the second-to-the-last refuge of a scoundrel." Even Charles Colson knows that.

HERB ALPERT
Music's George Hamilton
Once upon a time, *Alley Oop*, by the Hollywood Argyles, was number one in Los Angeles, and Alpert found that it wasn't being played in New York. He "covered it" by assembling Dante & the Evergreens and putting out a version from offices in his one-car garage. Then came *The Lonely Bull* and *Karen and Richard Carpenter*, and today A&M Records has parking for more than 30 cars. ▣

Right, clockwise from upper left: Connally, Wawa, Alpert, Thomas, Rizzo, Lewis, Vesco, Perk, Eisenhower, Humbard.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING MANNEQUIN:
SUDDENLY SHE REALIZES SHE'S ALIVE AND STANDING STARK NAKED IN A DOWNTOWN DEPARTMENT-STORE WINDOW

The first thing the living mannequin wants to do is jump out of her skin. She's been in the same position since the Sixties. Ah, there, that's better. She lets her arms drop, stretches her neck muscles. Her hands linger on her sex. It's so warm down there that it makes her shiver. She explores the matter deeply. A delicious tickle shoots up her spine. And then another. And another and another. This is fun, she says to the other dolls with her eyes. They remain frozen in a department-store frieze. She tries to walk, but loses her balance and lands on her hands. She laughs. Her eyes go wide with surprise. She didn't know she could laugh. She tries out her voice again. And again her eyes go wide. Joyfully now, she screams her little mannequin heart out. She tries to get the others to join the party. The dolls remain blank-eyed. She walks—successfully this time—to the window and looks out. The streets are empty. Not only is it midnight, it is a holiday weekend; the city is as deserted as Mars—but how is the living mannequin to know this? She tries to question the mannequins in the department store across the street. They do not answer. But then, why should they? Does Macy's tell Gimbels?

Flooded with sensations, the mannequin finds that her impulses are violently sexual. She mounts another doll and tries to whip it to life but succeeds only in arousing herself.

Photography by Helmut Newton

The living mannequin thinks that by grinding against the laughing doll she can get its blood up. But her partner just smiles on and on in plaster silence, and all the mannequin gets for her effort is a rope burn.

The living mannequin tries to make the others come to, rubbing one against her warmest part. But the doll remains as cold as the diamonds it wears, and the mannequin thinks what a lonely thing life is.

The mannequin puts her heart next to the doll's and then her nipples harden. She wonders if she is turning back. She would cry out if she knew words. Instead she brushes her nipples till they redden.

She hugs the man doll and suddenly something starts warming, hardening. She kisses him furiously. He kisses her back, but it's too late. The living mannequin already tastes the plaster forming in her mouth.

The man doll likes the way the mannequin feels, but then she stiffens. Soon he will stiffen, too. Tomorrow they will be found in this position. The window dressers will giggle and the salesgirls will blush.

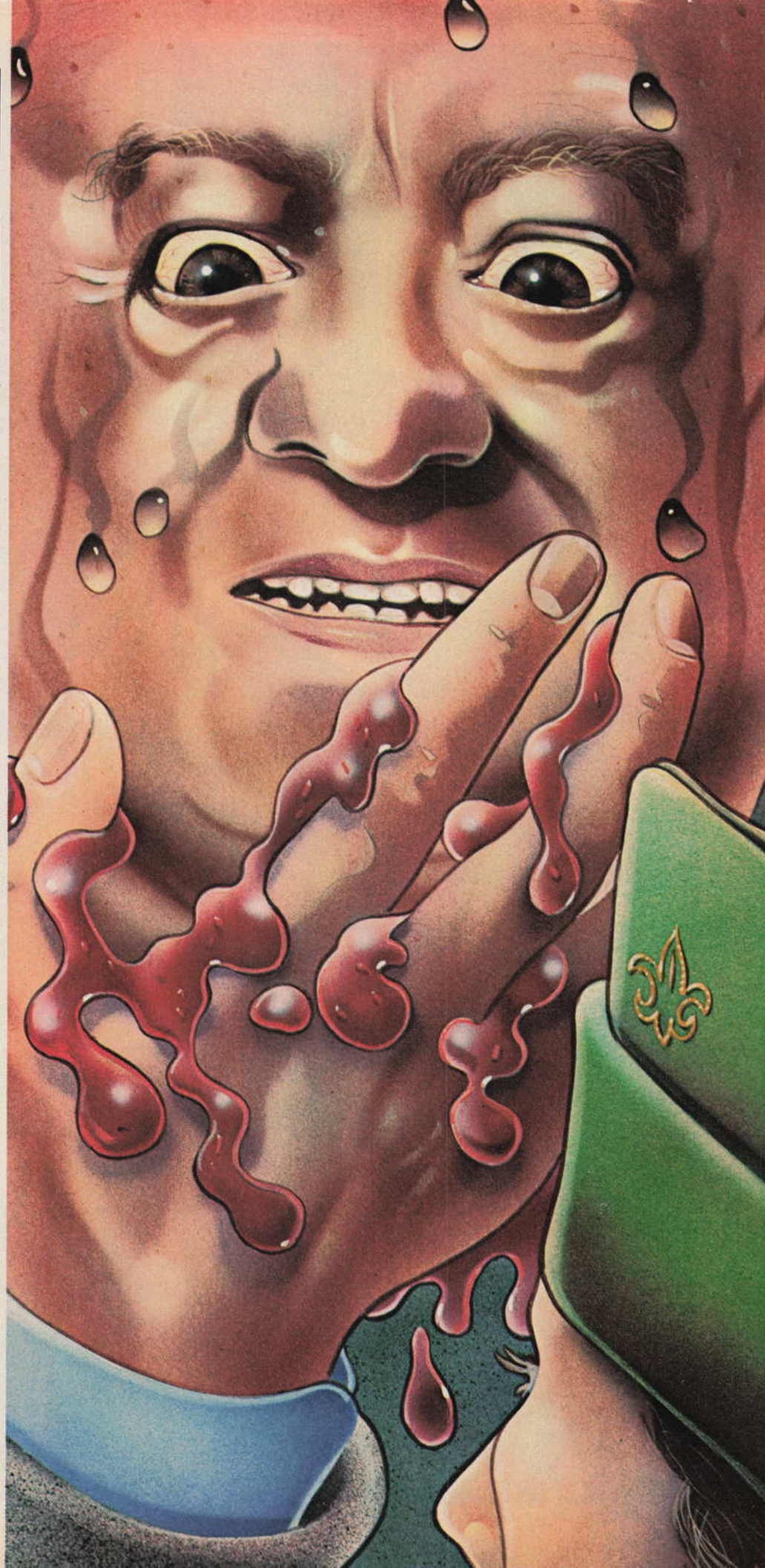
DOM-INT

THREE FACT-FILLED SHORT STORIES FROM GOVERNMENT SPY FILES

BY ED SANDERS

The three stories on these pages are from a book to be titled *Dom-Int*, which I have been working on for the past three years. *Dom-Int* might be termed a cluster novel, since the stories it contains cluster around some dominant themes of our recent past. Dom-Int is a code abbreviation for Domestic Intelligence, a subject heading that includes the use of electronic-surveillance techniques, secret-police disruptions and other means by which, at the Government's will, our lives are made to lie in total nakedness. *Dom-Int* is the world of 1984 stripped of its masks and placed in the sweaty, often humorous, situations of the past few years.

In *Operation Grease Hand*, a hard, satiric look is taken at the paranoia of highly placed Government officials. In *Love, Dom-Int Style*, we see what might happen if secret agents of the Government were to fall in love. In *A Day in June*, a more serious story, the Government pressures an American veteran to inform on groups the Government wants to monitor. And you thought the struggle was nearly over.



OPERATION GREASE HAND

In early 1969, the Army's 116th Military Intelligence Group became aware of Operation Grease Hand from a bug placed in the offices of the *Red Grass Gazette*, an underground newspaper, crash pad, proto-commune and print center housed in a three-story wood building near Dupont Circle in Washington, D.C. The *Red Grass* house contained enough electronic-surveillance hardware, placed there by some 16 police and intelligence agencies, that it probably emitted a sort of electromagnetic aura generated by radio waves, bug babble, TV-surveillance transmissions and top-secret laser equipment with which the CIA monitored windowpane vibrations under the assumption—and hope—that the *Gazette*, and indeed the entire D.C. peace movement, were creations of the Rumanian Secret Police. The total value of the surveillance equipment used against the *Red Grass Gazette*, counting kickbacks from equipment manufacturers to Cointelpro and Chaos officials, was more than $175,000; the *Gazette* itself was barely able to raise $500 to pay its rent and phone bill each month.

The Army's 116th Military Intelligence Group was superbusy those winter months of 1969, trying to monitor and even to sabotage the activities of peace groups that were preparing a counterinaugural to uncelebrate the first Nixon crown-assumption. Many of the men of the 116th were not amused by Operation Grease Hand; several were, however, and they kept their own copies of reports regarding the caper that—thanks to conversion to left-liberalism—have been graciously supplied to form the substance of the tale to follow.

For the etiology of Operation Grease Hand, we must journey back to the fall of 1968 when, just after the elections and with the forces of the warrior caste still jumping for joy over the results, a young man received an invitation that began as follows:

> The National Eagle Scout Society, Potomac Region, cordially invites you to a reception in honor of the visiting Eagle Scout Association of Taiwan. . . .

At the bottom of the card was a list of guests of honor, arrayed alphabetically; the only H was that belonging to J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The young man receiving this invitation happened to be a recent addition to the editorial board of the *Red Grass Gazette*. The war had ripped his family apart, and he was on his own. His father, at that time, was a powerful member of the warrior caste, the type with vague CIA-like gaps in his employment record as printed in *Who's Who*, and whose cover in the fall of 1968 was that of "high-level State Department official," a formula that always accompanied his name in news stories.

One night the young man arrived late for an editorial-board meeting and, to overcome his slight embarrassment, he tossed the invitation on the table. There was always a climate of tension in the *Gazette* office, but the excitement created by this engraved card was a veritable underground ballet of jubilation.

The ballet, to be sure, was joined on a stark stage. The *Red Grass Gazette* resided in a headquarters similar to other struggling underground papers across the land: barren walls and yellowed window shades and posters on cracked plaster of Che and Janis and Jimi and others dead too soon, and pot lodged beneath the floor boards awaiting a typesetting break, and Mimeographs squeaking by day and by night, and meetings till four A.M. followed by paste-ups at eight.

The paper had lately printed a series of articles on J. Edgar Hoover and the Bureau and was naturally eager to take advantage of any occasion offering a public confrontation with the dour scowler himself. But what to do?—that was the question. One of the first ideas, of course, was to approach Hoover and to harangue him in public about his support of the war; but they felt that this would backfire against them, that the headlines would be hostile and the impact negative. The last thing they wanted to do was to create sympathy for the legendary slouch-jowled grouch; so they decided to try something more subtle, something that perhaps only Hoover would recognize—something, say, that would trigger his famous paranoia, or cause a public outburst without apparent cause. But what?

One of the *Gazette*'s articles about Hoover had noted that, of the many, many things that he hated, one of the most hated was to shake hands and encounter upon the underside of the proffered pinkies a film of perspiration; or, worse yet, of perspiration mixed with grime. FBI agents learned at training school always to wipe their hands before entering their leader's office. And, in case they should forget, it was reported that Hoover's underlings would warn them in this regard in the outer office.

One of the board members remembered this particle of information and made a proposal. The young man who had received the invitation should approach Hoover at the reception for the Taiwanese scouts and shake his hand, having coated his own with a suitably griseous mush-gush. Thus, the editor argued, the great leader might be caused—who knows?—to undergo a psychotic–Cold War interlude, or to bespeak the floor with his cookies, or to start to mumble incoherently, and so forth.

The proposal put the young man squarely on the spot. The editorial board looked at its freshly acquired colleague and waited for his answer. How could he refuse? Do not our beliefs require us to journey to the edge of risk? What about the war and Nixon and the revolution? He paused for a second to think how, by this one act, he might severely retard his father's meteoric career in the State Department. In the end, there was nothing else he could do but to agree.

They worked hard on a proper mixture. They wanted at first, out of homage to one of Lenny Bruce's routines, to slap five with Hoover with a palm surfeited with Brylcreem. But this seemed somehow too genteel. "Not weird enough," the editor in chief commented. Next, they tried a little strawberry Jell-O mixed with cold cream; but in a trial run, the red Jell-O/cream ran down and dropped off the finger tips, and when the hand was held up, it ran upon the shirt sleeves. That wouldn't do, all agreed, feeling that security forces would be alerted if, when the young man approached the grease target, the floor beneath him were beglopped with gush. Besides, it also smelled much too pleasant for the purposes of Operation Grease Hand.

They kept trying various combinations. They gathered an assortment of substances from the *Red Grass* kitchen and finally came up with a viscid mixture of tomato soup and Vaseline. Now they were getting somewhere. The next trial palm paste consisted of tomato soup, corn oil, Noxzema and, with brilliant inspiration, hamster droppings.

This was it! they all decided, laughing, applauding and slapping one another on the back. The paste was wrapped in Saran Wrap and put into the freezer to await its use.

The day of the reception quickly came, and several hundred eagle scouts

Illustrations by John Youssi

from the mid-Atlantic region were gathered to welcome the deputation from Taiwan. The guests of honor were standing together near the sparkling punch bowls and shiny silver service in the reception room. Among them, attired impeccably and presenting one of the driest hands in the history of western civilization to each of the young men, was Hoover.

The young editor had been one of those scouts so dedicated as to have filled up not one but two merit-badge sashes. He had received his eagle-scout insignia less than 24 hours after it had been chronologically possible to receive it. His uniform was still kept spotless and well-pressed in his closet at his parents' house, so he looked totally perfect among his brother eagles.

And so it went. At last the moment arrived, and the young man approached the stately leader, who was just shaking the hand of the last of the scouts from Taiwan. The young man checked his appearance for a final time. The sacrilegious among the staff of the *Red Grass Gazette* had attempted to pin extraneous items to his merit-badge sashes, such as roach clips, SDS pins and Snoopy medallions; but he had removed them, not only because of a lingering pride and respect for the boy scouts but because of fear.

And now, as he reached the feet of the legendary police statist, he was more than happy he had removed them. And then he enacted Operation Grease Hand. Not a drop of mush-gush was wasted as he literally ground all of it into the great leader's arid mitt. Then he waited.

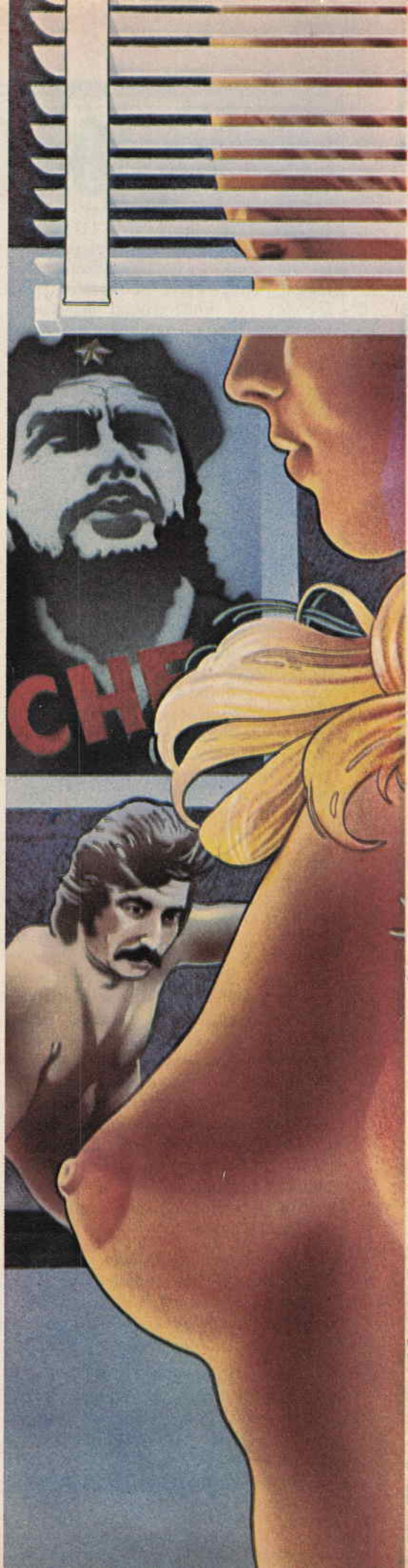
It was horrifying. Hoover could, under normal conditions, scowl from every part of his visage. His face, considered as halves with an axis running from hairline to chin, was such that the halves could, as on trundles, collide at will upon the axis, creating the San Hoover fault, which made a deep canyon of displeasure running north from the nose bridge. His lips could sport a wide variety of sneers. The upper lip, for instance, could slide out and down over the bottom lip, with associated scowl lines surrounding it. On other occasions, the lower lip somehow puffed up almost like a frog's throat, and the upper lip would then tuck itself down into the frog throat. There were also several types of Hoover lip puckers, in which the tongue cocked them apart upon a deprecating declination. His tufty, hispid, interrupted eyebrows he could also arrange in various angles and wavings—as if they were scattered parts of a police Identikit—or as if to garnish various degrees of disapproval, such as "Why don't you shut up, Mr. Congressman. We have you on microfilm wearing only a skirt of snake whips."

But it was Hoover's eyes, however, that could create the greatest fear. Cult leaders could well study wire-service files of Hoover photos to acquire the correct glowering, blinkless gaze. Beneath the eyes were the smooth valises of overwork and excess, mottled like apple cores, brown and withering. One has to stay on top of things, doesn't one? Therefore, the eyes must suffer, mustn't they? The young editor who presented the hamster hand to Hoover could have sworn, as he later related to his colleagues (and incidentally to the Military Intelligence tap), that just after the grease-grasp, he saw the bags of the eyes begin to float, or even to try to leave the vicinity of the eyes, or to jiggle on their own, like energetic worms trapped in a twain of Baggies.

A good mime can carry the muscles of his face through a quick arpeggio of emotions; so it was with J. Edgar. When the oleaginous hand slid into his, the great leader's face muscles were arrayed as near to a smile as possible—sort of a deflated basketball with a hint of upturned mouth corners. His quick mind immediately knew what was going on, flashing a signal that went something like "Great God! What fool mortal dares to proffer me a palm of untidiness!"

He stared at the young man standing before him and his face went into quaggy motion, running through a spectrum that included surprise, bafflement, despair, insanity and, finally, great and total anger. The young man bowed to the leader and executed a spiffy about-face, just as he had been trained to do after fingernail inspection at scout camp, and strode—trying not to break into a 60-yard dash—from the room.

His comrades were eagerly awaiting his return to the *Red Grass Gazette*, where an ounce of gold and several cases of Tree Frog beer were stashed for a victory celebration. To borrow a phrase from Samuel Pepys, a "glut of mirth" did wantonly resound from the room when, still attired in his uniform, he arrived and began to debrief himself for the delighted brothers and sisters of the struggle. The needles in the sound-level meters on the tape recorders fed by the various bugs in the room kept bouncing into the red as shrill laughter filled the room. As a result, the conversation was poorly recorded and agents had to spend several extra hours trying to decipher the tapes for their various national-security reports. A monitoring military officer had to pull his headphones away from his ears, so repugnant to him were the guffaws, shrieks, splurps of opening beer, hisses of pot-toke, thrill-squeaks and moans of sides aching with laughter and temporary happiness. ▣



LOVE, DOM-INT STYLE

The applause at the SDS convention had been substantial the week before, when a complaint had been made that the residents of the building housing the Burning Tower Caucus had been "un-Leninist" in the casual way they had invited a dope raid through open use of hookahs, hashish brownies and cannabinaceous cuisine, notably a recipe of steamed gold seeds and ziti.

The convention had been raucous, convoluted and immensely inspiring to the young man whom we shall call Tom.

Tom filled up several spiral notebooks with a debate-by-debate and personality-by-personality analysis of the events. At the beginning of the week, his notes had been precise, with much dialog quoted verbatim and personality sketches well-penned and to the point. By week's end, however, his prose had grown rather chaotic; there were notable lapses in his reportage, numerous doodles and a general lack of focus in his observations, which proved to be a pain to several people who counted on Tom to be psychologically acute and extremely detailed as to plans and projects underwritten by the Students for a Democratic Society.

At the party hosted by the Peace and Freedom Party candidates on the conference's final night, an intense young woman named Georgia invited Tom, who was due to return immediately to Pittsburgh, to remain a couple of extra days in Ann Arbor with the Burning Tower Caucus. It was the weirdest of aleatory occurrences, as just that afternoon Tom had been instructed to gain the young woman's confidence and to assess her personality and background.

He stayed a couple of days and nights at Burning Tower, and then a week; at the end of this time, he was in love with fiery Georgia—so much so that he was a fit subject to be inserted in Shakespeare's *Seventh Sonnet* on the tender slavery of love.

The room of their love was always chilly. There was a sort of Ann Arbor permafrost that abstracted in beautiful crystals on the lower parts of the windowpanes, though few paused from the hectic rounds of revolution to study them. Each room in the Burning Tower Caucus house was illuminated by naked light bulbs downscoped from the ceiling. The tiny Burning Tower chambers were often overcrowded, and the bare bulbs shone upon faces with a stark sharpness. Often people seemed whitened, as with the floury make-up of a mime, so bright, so glaringly bright it was.

In Georgia's room, a row of books sat against a baseboard between the closet and the radiator. Literature, as such, was banned. There were no novels, no books on the modern theater, and the only poetry was translated from the Vietnamese. The books were on social problems, the rise of black power, political history, Cuba, an eight-volume collected Lenin, a batch of issues of *New Left Notes* and a scattering of the various newspapers of the left. On the closet floor beneath a sparse but weighty wardrobe, designed to ward off the cold, was a cardboard box filled with gas masks, arm bands and four or five construction helmets painted intricately in the mode of paisley penury. And a desk, and a couch, and a filing cabinet, and that constituted the furnishings of Georgia's room at Burning Tower.

After his week there, Tom received a couple of anxious phone calls and was forced to plan his journey home. There were school to worry about and a friend impatiently covering for him at his job, and, most important, the spring antiwar campaign, just weeks away.

Georgia and Tom spent a final night together. First they made love. They had borrowed a record player—money for a concert was out of the question—and made it all the way through the Monterey Festival record, The Doors' second album and most of *Rubber Soul* before they retired from the marvelously bouncy former doctor's waiting-room divan and began to talk, sitting on the floor in the glow of a candle lantern wrought from a Lincoln Park tear-gas canister.

Belches are firmly retarded on such an occasion, and Tom's throat was soon burning with refused fluids, for there was something troubling him to the pit of his soul. It was as if he had witnessed a hideous crime and knew the culprit and still let the culprit stalk the street.

He knew he was risking a lot, even violence. Georgia was the most intelligent, forceful and formidable member of the Burning Tower Caucus. He loved her and his stomach was twinging and aching the sweet, heedless ache that, once felt, was very likely to lead to sore travail before even a temporary amorous happiness.

He tried to begin, but all he could do was stifle another belch. All the guilt and loathing of self seemed to bubble from throughout his being onto the top of his tongue, where he would have bet a month of high-risk pay that a green-grim grime of poison lay upon the pink.

I am going to be free again, he told himself. Pure. No more contamination. No more moral botulism. Free from the strangling, swallowing shirt of guilt. And then he heard the chant again.

Last week at the convention, right around the time he had first been introduced to Georgia, a silly rhyme had come into his head—a rhyme that kept compulsively reappearing. He couldn't escape it. Even in his dreams. A thousand times he must have whispered it, but never for the ears of his love. And now, standing there near his darling, he said it again, almost loud enough to be heard: "I hate my deeds. I hate my creeds. I hate my seeds." Did she hear? he wondered. There was no turning back now.

He knelt down in front of Georgia. He grabbed her hands in his and then felt himself somehow unable to speak during Lennon's rendition of *Norwegian Wood*; he switched off the record and reached for her hands again.

"I have something to tell you. Uh, I don't, don't know quite how to say it. I will say in front that I am going to beg you to forgive me."

By this time, he was on his feet and pacing. She said nothing. She did nothing. She waited.

A gasp of air. "I am an informant for the FBI. But the nightmare for me is about to be over. I swear. I am giving it up. I beg you. I love you. I have found a home in the movement; it's the only time in my life that I have been treated with seriousness. I have fallen so deeply in love with you. It can never be the same. I will never be the same. You said you loved me. Oh, how I beg you to continue your love for me."

She said nothing during the pause. She did not know her mouth was open. She stared at the filing cabinet: The drawer was half-open, the membership lists inside. She thought at once to get up and shut the drawer. To start screaming, perhaps. To press her legs together. To drive away the wedge that had caused them to spread.

She rose halfway to a standing position, stopped; she let a hiss of air escape her mouth, then slumped back to the floor. She waited silently for about 15 seconds. To Tom, it was an hour of prayer and agony. Finally she took a deep toke of the chilly air, stood up, walked to the cabinet, put her hand on the drawer, paused, then left it open; she walked to a large Grove Press poster of Che, touched his face and literally ran to the door, bolted the lock and walked over to the window. She began scratching lines in the frost with her fingernail, her back to him.

And then she said, "I am also." ▣

A DAY IN JUNE

It was an afternoon built for reverie, in bicentennial June, and self-satisfaction filled his soul. So fulfilled felt he that had he believed in the evil eye, he should have spat over his shoulder, twirled stamping his foot and uttered a spell of ward-off.

The mountains in the distance faced off with the sky in a waving, complicated line that only a universal genius could have drawn. Right in back of him were a tree-rounded top at 4000 feet and limestone cliffs at 3000, which were especially beautiful on a moonlit wintertime night when a glaze of frozen spring water lay upon their faces. Beneath the cliffs were thousands of acres of beech and pine that bordered his land.

Some of his Army buddies called the deserts of Utah heaven. Or the northern coast of California, or the little towns above Colorado Springs. But to Smith, these small mountains near Amberville were paradise on earth.

The key word was abundance. He had his Gladys, two kids—one already in school! Damn, time doth truly peel out like a rail job! He lived in a trailer, sure. But it was a two-bedroomer and the furniture was as good as anybody's; and there was a wonderful camper unit—a custom job at that—built upon his pick-up truck. And a couple of trail bikes for him and Gladys to work the mountain trails. And a boat. A Sony Trinitron. The whole damn house was virtually an appliance store.

Three acres they had, two of them woods, and a white-water stream good for state-supplied rainbow trout the year 'round. And apple trees that attracted droves of deer in early-morning fog. A garden each year with the best tomatoes and the biggest pumpkins you could buy—and so abundant that he and Gladys set up a weekend stand by the driveway to hook the *turistas* on their way to sun-fun or autumn leaves.

He'd had a job since the day he flew back from 'Nam, and worked four days a week at Tech-Rec, a firm making service parts for recreational vehicles. This meant that he could get parts for his trailer and camper at cost, or even free. Gladys worked part time, too, as a mail sorter at the Amberville post office. They got by real well. They liked auctions and over the months filled the garage with what auctioneers call boxes of contents. When the garage bulged, they held summer lawn sales, to which the *turistas* flocked like gold panners.

Who could have wanted more? he asked himself. America was the place. He was beginning to feel a bicentennial patriotism he hadn't felt since he was a kid in the Sixties.

He spotted white Government plates on the car pulling into the driveway. An Army officer and a man wearing a business suit got out and walked toward the trailer.

Uh-oh, he thought, what do these guys want? Probably to cut down my GI benefits, he laughed to himself. He remembered the hassles he had gone through to get the money to attend the local community college. What's that one carrying? An attaché case? The better to zap me with.

He let them knock. And opened. "Good afternoon, can I help you with anything?"

"Mr. Smith, my name is Mr. Pultz, Special Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation." He opened a greasy-looking black I.D. booklet and stuck it into Smith's face, as if he thought Smith were nearsighted. "And this is Major Korfu, United States Army. May we come in?"

They didn't waste time. No one could have been more direct than these guys. "We'd like you to take a look at this, Mr. Smith," the major said, handing Smith two packets. One was adorned with the official seal of the Department of Defense, the other with that of the Department of Justice.

The heading on the Defense Department packet read "Village: Vo Lac, Democratic Republic of Vietnam, August 3, 1969. Subject: death of civilians. Report on participant: Louis L. Smith."

Smith was stunned. He pretended to read, but skimmed. The last paragraph ruined his life:

"It is the finding of the Civilian Termination Inquiry Panel that Corporal Louis L. Smith did commit on the afternoon of August 3, 1969, forty-seven (47) unlawful acts of murder; to wit, that Corporal Louis L. Smith did cause the deaths by fire of automatic weapon of forty-seven (47) human beings in or near the hamlet of Vo Lac, Republic of Vietnam, as described above in interviews number 7, 9, 11, 14, 15, 33 and 41. It is the finding and recommendation of this panel that Corporal Smith be charged with murder."

Smith glanced at the Justice Department papers. They were a recommendation for a war-crimes indictment. He looked at the last page and nearly fainted. It was a typed and signed indictment. "God help me," he whispered.

Smith felt cloudy-minded. He had always blanked 'Nam out. Not that he had come home 'Nam-numbed and freaky; it was just something he wanted to forget. He didn't have the world's greatest memory, but as he read the documents, he could still recall that day even though he'd forgotten the name of the village. The memory was mostly one of frozen mental images: people lying dead; puddles of blood in sunshine. A buddy's neck had been shot away as they jumped from helicopters on search-and-destroy near the hamlet. They killed them all, burned the houses—piles of stilled children in the hot sun. He never thought about it—a fortress in the psyche held it back.

Gooks, Slopes, Commies, these were words he'd never use now in Amberville and did not even like to hear tossed around in drunken reminiscence sessions at the V.F.W. hall. Smith would have sworn that his life from now on was going to be 50 years of quietude before they opened the sod for him at the cemetery.

The two men were talking to him, but he wasn't really listening. He heard them mention Lieutenant Calley and the world-wide publicity that would bring headlines and reporters to Amberville. And how would Amberville receive a murderer of women and children?

This is going to blow my life apart, he thought, looking out the window upon his favorite view of the cliffs. He was happy that Gladys was at work and that Billie was at school. Little Marie was asleep in the bedroom. Nobody would know, at least for a few hours. That would give him time to figure out what to do. Call the V.F.W.? Maybe he should ask these guys if he could make a phone call. On the other hand, he wasn't being arrested, as far as he could tell. He'd watched thousands of hours of detective shows, and nobody was reading him his rights off a small card, and he wasn't about to give them any ideas, so he kept his mouth shut.

Instead, he listened. "You're in big trouble, Mr. Smith," the agent said. "A murder charge, especially one involving women and children, is going to give you world-wide publicity. A lot of people are going to be on your side, but the liberals are going to get all over your ass like flies on a fly strip. You haven't lived till you live through that."

"It's just something you're going to have to suffer," the major piped in.

"There is," the agent continued, "a

possible way out. It's not certain, but we think we can help you. That's why we drove all the way out here. Frankly, we hate to see decent, law-abiding people like you and your wife go through this. As I said, we can help—*if* you're willing to help the Government."

"The Government?" Smith asked. He paused, thinking. The price is going to be high. "How?"

"We want you to join a local organization and develop some information for us. If you can't do that for us, we feel that the Government will go ahead and indict."

"What group?" Smith asked suspiciously, thinking perhaps they meant the local consumer group. Hell, even Gladys belonged to that. "Hey, I'm no killer. You know that. Go ask the guys at the state-police barracks. Hell, we go hunting together. You know there were plenty of other guys over there doing that. Besides, that was *over there*. I'm here now. You can't indict me for something that happened in another country!"

"Believe me, Mr. Smith, we can and we will. You're putting us in a touchy position. You may have to come away with us."

"But what about all the other guys who were in 'Nam? I saw *plenty*."

"We know. You're not the only one we're giving a break to with this program," the Army man told him. "There are guys like you all over the country."

"Giving a break to?" Smith shot back. "You're going to ruin my life!" And again he asked, "What group?"

"The Klan."

"The *what*?" He was not sure of what he heard.

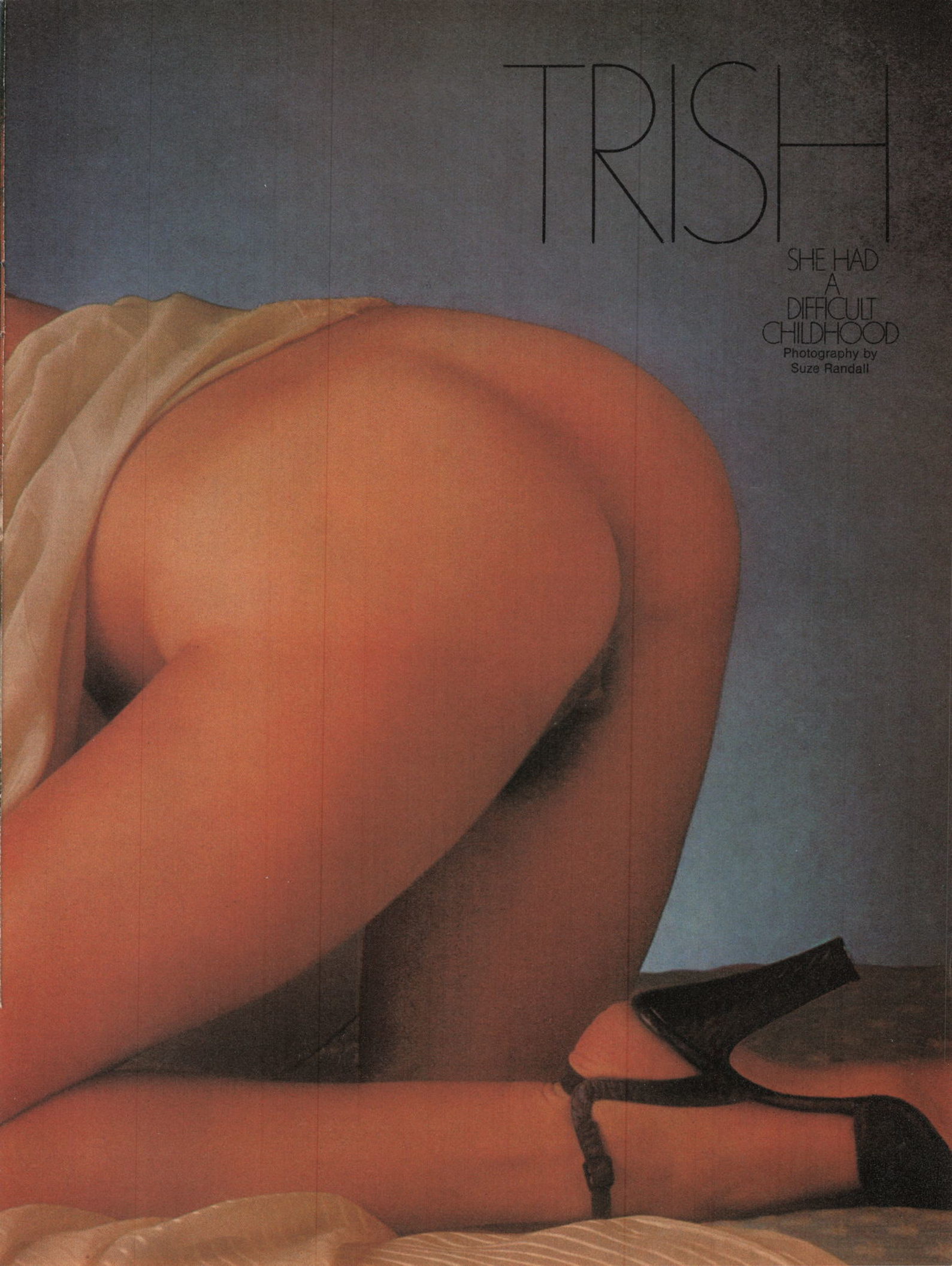
"The Klan."

"Oh, no!" Smith groaned. "Why me?" Smith knew what they were talking about. The Klan *had* become a problem again around Amberville. Sometimes you could hear them firing their machine guns in back of the local grand dragon's house. And there had been a murder—a black vet with a white wife—that he had heard rumors about. They had tried to recruit Smith several times, but he had laughed at them. Damn! He despised those scummy yuk-yuks. And now he was going to have to steal some sheets from Gladys.

"You have no choice, Mr. Smith. We'd also advise you against complaining to the V.F.W. We've got a lot of friends there, too. Here's my card. Call me on Monday morning, and we'll set you up with a code number. You'll be safe and protected. Don't worry."

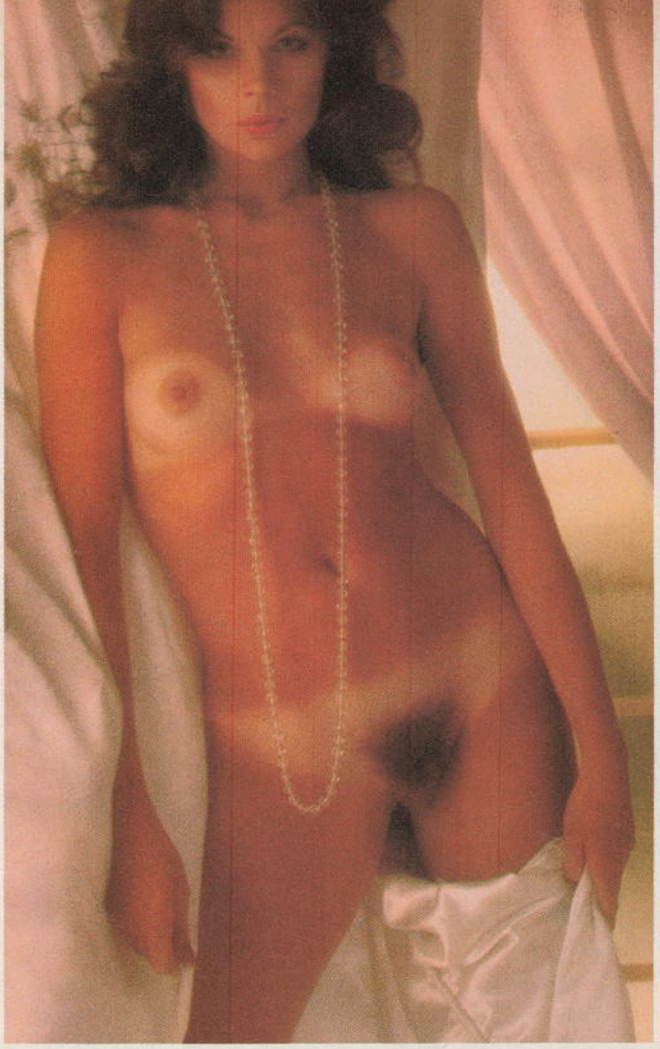
"How long am I going to have this hanging over—have to do this?"

"Not long. Just for a few months," the agent lied. ■


TRISH
SHE HAD
A
DIFFICULT
CHILDHOOD
Photography by
Suze Randall

"I used to be really modest," says Trish Van Fleet. "You wouldn't believe how uptight I was about my body. I come from a small town—Mount Upton, New York, population 500—and in high school, I was tall, skinny and completely flat-chested. I never went out much and I especially didn't let guys touch me. I wore padded bras, you see, and I was terrified that some guy would reach his hand in there and find out and tell everyone. I used to cry about it, honest. I thought I was so ugly. But then, four years ago when I was eighteen, I sprouted breasts suddenly. It made all the difference in the world to me. I stopped wearing bras and began wearing halter

"IN HIGH SCHOOL I THOUGHT I WAS UGLY."



tops instead of loose blouses. I went to modeling school, moved to Cincinnati and did a TV commercial with Johnny Bench, the catcher for the Cincinnati Reds. He's a real sweetheart." Did she get to know him very well? "Let's just say that we were good friends. I worked in his restaurant, Johnny Bench's Home Plate. He used to give me and the other girls free tickets to the games." And how did she get to OUI? "It was amazingly easy. I sent in a nude picture of myself on a dare and Ingrid van Eckert, OUI's photo assistant, called me up and said, 'You're it.' I thought it happened like that only in the movies."

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MY HOPE FOR AMERICA *Even though I am pulling for Carter, I see the need for pressure from the left.*

(Continued from page 50) election and was in line for a possible undersecretaryship of state for Latin-American affairs. Nothing ever came of it. But I had believed the rumor. It made sense. Who would be better able to guide American foreign policy in the Seventies, Eighties and Nineties than the people who fought against the Vietnam war and understand the lesson of it?

•

After arriving in Washington for the Inauguration, I remarked to Abbie Hoffman, "Abbie, what hath we wrought?" I was thinking of the Yippies, who have survived the Seventies and remain one of the few energetic, demonstration-oriented groups on the left. Yes, I was proud of the Yippies, the only group in Washington during Carter's Inauguration to say publicly: *no*. Using marijuana as their cultural sacrament, they torment candidates, make noise, get press attention and keep the theater spirit of politics alive. They produce a national newspaper, the *Yipster Times*. Some of their theater for the Seventies may be tasteless, like "Wheelchairs for Wallace," but they are one of the few unpredictable elements left on the political scene. They asked me to speak at their counter-Inauguration press conference and at their counter-Inaugural party.

I agreed. Even though I am pulling for Carter, I see the need for pressure from the left. If all the pressure comes from the Pentagon and from big-city bankers, Carter will be stuck. He needs intellectuals on the left to define a new perspective for the nation. He needs propagandists touring the nation to propose a new value system. And, every so often, he needs a good kick in the behind.

So there we were, the refugees of the Sixties at the press conference. Paul Krassner and I went there after lunching at J. Edgar Hoover's coffee shop in the Mayflower Hotel, though passing up his dish of cottage cheese and catsup. There was Bob Fass of radio station WBAI and Wavy Gravy, who provided the electoral-politics program of the counterculture by creating the candidate Nobody. ("Nobody can save your ass. Nobody can make you happy. Nobody can curb the power of the big corporations. Nobody can end all war. Nobody should have that much power.") There was Aron Kay, the fierce pie-killer whom Daniel Moynihan called "the hit man of the Yippies." There was Ben Masel with 46 arrests and Dana Beal, the Bakunin of the Yippies, a determined Marxist underneath his anarchism.

In a way, it was sad. Nobody (not Wavy Gravy's candidate) came to hear us. No TV camera crews came. The press is not programed to promote protest this year, and the Yippies are too discordant a note in the general symphony.

Nevertheless, the Yippies became the first group to protest against Carter as President. Ten hours after Carter issued his incomplete amnesty, eight Yippies went to the White House. They were there for 30 minutes before U. S. Park police arrested them. In court, all charges were dropped. Nevertheless, Ben scored another arrest, giving him a record which some people say surpasses Abbie Hoffman's.

Abbie Hoffman? At that precise moment, in another part of town, a Jesuit priest is drinking orange juice. He adjusts his collar, looks into the mirror and smiles a wry smile. He is really no longer Abbie Hoffman. Yet, somewhere under the disguise, Abbie Hoffman still lives. We embrace. Yes, it's a risk for Father George to come to Washington. Yes, he's as courageous as ever. Yes, he's happy. Father George reminds me of Abbie Hoffman in his ability to unleash energy in the people around him. His sense of humor, his vitality, his spirit, energize me. I'm astonished that no one looks at Father George and says: "Aren't you Abbie Hoffman?" But believe me, it never happens.

Inauguration Day: a very surreal eight hours. I drive Father George to the Capitol and we separate. I use my press pass and my wits to wiggle up close. I want to see Jimmy with my own eyes and hear his words without the intervention of media. Enough of media! These days I don't know what I know from reality and what I know from the media. At this moment, I am 75–25 in my head against Carter. I'm feeling as if I've been conned. I listen with my third ear to Carter's speech and, man, does he need a speechwriter! Dull. Not a single memorable line. Pious. Not a phrase to warm your heart. Only one specific about seeking nuclear disarmament. I walk through the crowd until I run into Father George, Paul Krassner and five other veterans of the Sixties who shall remain nameless. We are the Gang of the Sixties and we hang out in the crowd talking to people.

There's Billy Carter in suit and tie! I rush over to shake his hand. "Billy, I'm sorry that Jimmy did not appoint you Attorney General." He says thanks, runs away from photographers, handshakers, groupies and radicals-in-disguise. He looks uncomfortable in his suit—and in his role. Father George

"Amigo, you don't woo a good woman or make a good tequila overnight."

"Some things in life are extra delicate. Like my Two Fingers Tequila and every woman I ever knew."

An old desert rat and his wife remember Two Fingers telling them that.

They figured he was a strange dude with a name like Two Fingers. But he sure sold a macho tequila.

"My boys and I squeeze this tequila out drop by drop," he winked.

And that's as far as he would go on details about making his tequila, or about himself for that matter.

"Like my tequila, like me," he once told a storekeeper in Flagstaff, Ariz.

Two Fingers and his tequila made a lot of friends in the late 30's. Folks would see his truck—Two Fingers gripping the wheel with Honey at his side—and the word would spread fast.

"How come you deliver your own tequila?" It was a question Two Fingers was always asked.

"Cause I know it gets there just fine. And I spend a little time wooing Honey. Get it?"

Our sources say Two Fingers made his trips north of the border until the end of the 30's. The last man we could find who spoke to him was a retired Colorado state trooper. He helped Two Fingers fix a flat in the fall of '39 (Two Fingers gave him his last bottle as thanks).

After that not a word. And nobody's quite sure why.

They don't make them like old Two Fingers anymore. But luckily for us his tequila lives on.

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MY HOPE FOR AMERICA *Jimmy Carter is putting spirituality back into religion; he is the perfect President for a country that is going through a psychological-spiritual-therapeutic wash.*

jaws with a man from Plains and then we hear the crowd's energy on Pennsylvania Avenue rise dramatically. Everyone starts running to the street. We run, too. What is it?

The President is coming.

I expect to see an army of Secret Service men surrounding a limousine with the President hiding inside, and someone shouts: "He's walking! He's walking!" I peek through arms and legs to see Jimmy Carter jaunting joyfully down the street holding hands with Rosalynn and Amy. My heart warms.

I turn to Krassner. "I love him. He's so brilliant. What a stroke! He's so real! He's one of us! He's going to transform the Presidency! He's going to show what it's like to have a human being in the office! *Viva* Jimmy!"

Krassner shouts, pointing to Father George: "Jimmy, did you get my letter? You can pardon him right now! He's right here!" But Carter does not hear. And nobody else in hearing range has the slightest idea what we're talking about. The Gang of the Sixties follows Carter down the line of march. We move through hundreds of people. The irony is delicious. How many people in Washington would have believed whom they were walking next to? Father George munches a hot dog and it's a picnic. We walk together until our feet get tired. What a beautiful reunion! It's a lucky day, the Inauguration of Jimmy Carter, and perhaps a positive omen.

When Sixties veterans take responsibility for the institutions of America, there is going to be a prize for Abbie Hoffman. He will go down in history as one of the country's patriots. Statues will be built to him and streets will be named after him. He will be acknowledged as one of the people who saved America and the world by mobilizing energy against the Vietnam war.

Within the next year, an Amnesty Abbie movement will mount pressure on New York State to throw out the charges against him—there were police irregularities—or at least to welcome him back with no more jailtime than Claudine Longet got. (Abbie has three children, too.) A free Abbie in the streets will mean a better America. He might end up as host of NBC *Tonight* (after Sixties-generation graduates take power at the media helm); or he might take a scholarly route at a university; or he might run for political office.

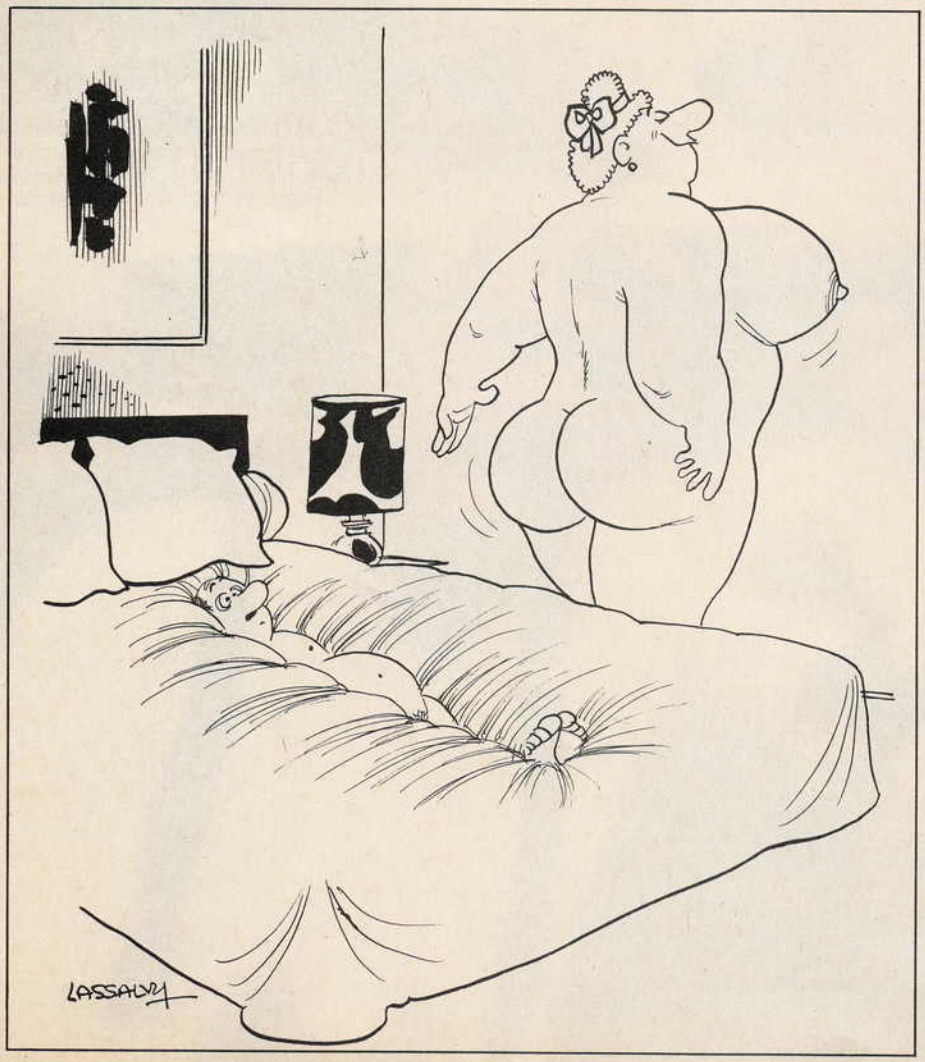
The reunion had, for me, an overcast of sadness. Soon we'd be separating. I wouldn't be seeing the good father for months, maybe years. I can't call him on the phone. I don't know the location of his parish. I miss him. But I've got to live my life and he's got to live his. The Sixties are over. Bye, Abbie. I wave and we part once more.

•

In retrospect, the effect The Walk had on me is amazing. It transformed my feelings. I love Jimmy again. By the time I returned to my New York home, the headlines read: "AMNESTY." Carter did it ten minutes after taking office. Perhaps someday Jimmy will have a fireside chat on Vietnam.

Jimmy Carter is putting spirituality back into religion; he is the perfect President for a country that is meditating, re-examining its basic principles and going through a psychological-spiritual-therapeutic wash. Jimmy wants to create a Government that expresses the best instincts of the American people. But can he transform America successfully? Can he purge racism from our souls? Can he cleanse us of our desire to fight and kill? Can he manage a spiritual transformation despite the media image of him?

As someone who has gone through his own post-Sixties spiritual evolution, I find myself responding positively to Carter's spirituality. Listening to his Inaugural speech, I was struck by the words "We learn that more is not necessarily better." Carter is the first President to acknowledge the counterculture of the Sixties as a genuine interest group. Will he be willing, when necessary, to act boldly—in advance, politically, of the American people? The issues of the Sixties have to be settled and integrated. What we did eight years ago as outsiders and extremists is now mainstream. Watergate confirmed the Sixties. Carter must be more than a President; he must be a spiritual leader. He will be successful if he persuades the country to prefer spiritual values to material and power considerations, to reverse the country's direction of the past 20 years. America is going through spiritual renaissance and political reformation. And, by the way, Jimmy, I'd like a job. ▣



(Continued from page 72) their citizenship during the Third Reich, even though they were born in Germany and are Germans. The law says that people who were in concentration camps should be paid reparation, but because gypsies can't read or write they have a hard time coming up with proof that they were in the camps. No gypsies cared about papers at the time; they were just glad to get out and have something to eat once again. I plan to do something about this.

OUI: Has gypsy life today changed much since your youth?

WEISS: Oh, yes. Gypsies used to have a certain romanticism about them, because they traveled through the countryside with horses and wagons from one town to another. They traded horses. This romanticism has disappeared today. Now, gypsies travel in fine cars and are well-dressed. Before, they couldn't be well-dressed, because they were taking care of horses. Not that we have changed our habits and traditions willingly. We have changed to avoid discrimination, so that we won't be put in concentration camps again.

OUI: How would you describe the lifestyle of a typical gypsy family of today?

WEISS: It is well-regulated. The man does business, makes money, takes care of his family and that's it.

OUI: You're a carpet merchant. Do you resent police reports that say that gypsies sell carpets that are defective or of poor quality? The *Kriminal Polizei* in Frankfurt recently cited several examples of that kind, one of which dealt with an old woman who was deceived into paying 8600 marks for a cheap rug. She was so old and senile that she was unable to identify the gypsy couple that bilked her.

WEISS: If I sell a carpet that has a little flaw in it that I didn't notice, the buyer has my name and address and can get in touch with me, and we come to an agreement without involving the police. I might exchange the carpet or pay back some money. That way everything is all right.

OUI: According to other police reports, many gypsies make their living by stealing. The police say that often the gypsies' prey are the very old, who cannot defend themselves. There are documented cases of gypsies—usually women—who present themselves as salespersons selling door-to-door. While one woman keeps the victim busy, the other woman searches the apartment for money and valuables.

WEISS: Certainly there are thieves, but they are exceptions. There are criminals

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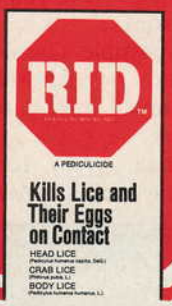

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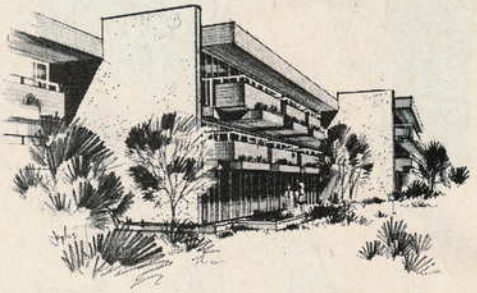

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in every society, but if one gypsy steals, people immediately say that *all* gypsies steal. It is true that gypsies have stolen feed for their horses. Or perhaps they have stolen a few chickens. I tell you this in confidence; they have done some of those things. But have you ever heard that a gypsy has committed a fraud involving several million marks, or murdered, or held up a bank? You will never hear that of a gypsy. Gypsies don't peddle drugs, either; we are a very human people. Above all, a gypsy wants to eat well, drink well, lead a good life.

OUI: One of the favorite tricks of American gypsies, according to police records, is the fake insurance claim, in which a gypsy pretends to have fallen or injured himself in a large department store, for example. Have you ever heard of such gypsy tricks?

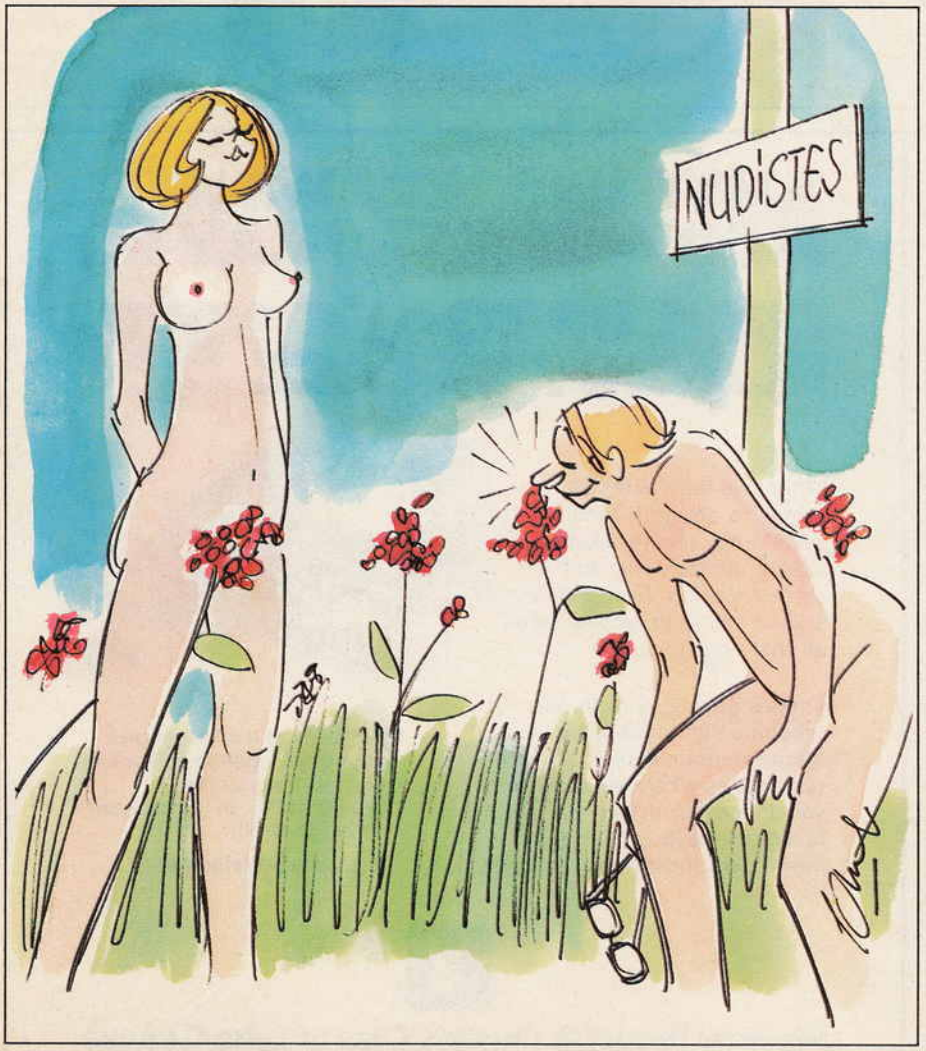
WEISS: This is possible. Gypsies are very clever. But I have never heard of such a case in Germany. I have a feeling that it wouldn't work.

OUI: In America, gypsy fortunetellers work out of converted apartments where they read palms. Police say that they practice the *boojo*. The fortuneteller tells the victim that first his money must be cleansed. In the process of cleansing, the money is stolen and the gypsy disappears.

WEISS: *Boojo* means only that a woman has a bag full of tricks, that she is cunning and treacherous. It has nothing to do with fortunetelling. I give you my word on that.

OUI: Police in America and Europe claim that gypsy women often pose as prostitutes in order to hustle victims. While one woman lifts her skirt or exposes her breasts or uses suggestive language, another woman will pick the victim's pocket.

WEISS: No, no, no, I don't believe that. I never heard of that, I swear. Perhaps in America, perhaps in the black ghettos. I know that many gypsies tell fortunes in the United States, but I never heard of anything like that. Never. If a woman worked as a prostitute, she would be immediately expelled from her family. She would be an outcast. I would not let her in this house. She would be considered unclean.



OUI: Are the gypsy laws concerning adultery as severe as those against prostitution?

WEISS: Adultery calls for extreme punishment. The man will get a good beating. Sometimes the couple goes abroad and stays away for years, but if he comes back he'll still be punished. It is a matter of honor.

OUI: What happens to the woman?

WEISS: She is expelled from the family. No one may talk to her anymore and she is no longer allowed into anyone's home. If I am not at home, no gypsy man would ever enter my house. That way it can't be said that he might have slept with my wife. These are our customs. Our people are very jealous. In the old days, no gypsy girl was allowed to marry a German man. She would have had her head shaved and been expelled from the family. This is no longer true.

OUI: What would you do if your daughter refused to marry the man you had selected for her?

WEISS: Nothing at all. I would say, "If you don't like him, you don't have to marry him." In the past, the child wasn't asked. She was not exactly forced to marry, either; it's just that she did whatever her father and mother wanted her to do.

OUI: Is it true that in the past the husband's family had to buy the girl?

WEISS: Yes, that's correct. It's called buying, but it's not meant literally. If a man came to me and said, "Give me your daughter," first of all, I'd say no. Then we'd order something to eat and drink. He'd repeat that six or seven times before I would say OK. Then the man would ask, "What do you want for your daughter?" I'd probably say, "Twenty thousand marks." Then he'd ask, "What are you going to do with the money?" I'd tell him that I was going to use it to buy furniture for an apartment. In other words, the money goes for the children. The father has to see that his daughter has everything she needs and isn't poor. In Yugoslavia and other Balkan countries, women are really being bought. In Morocco, you buy them on the market. Gypsies don't do that.

OUI: What do gypsies think about incest?

WEISS: Cousins can sometimes get married. That has happened.

OUI: What about marriage between brother and sister?

WEISS: For heaven's sake. They would have their throats cut. They can't do that; it's incest.

OUI: Are there rules about chastity?

WEISS: When a woman gets married, she has to be a virgin. When I marry off my daughter, she must be a virgin.

OUI: What do gypsies think about masturbation? Do you tell your son that it is something he should not do?

WEISS: No, we don't talk about it. We don't talk about such matters. A child is not allowed to know them.

OUI: What about sex education? Your children go to the public schools.

WEISS: I have prohibited the school from teaching these modern things to my children. When the kids came home and told me what they were being taught, I went right to the superintendent and told him to stop it. I told him that gypsies are very traditional and that if he continued to teach my children these things I would not let them go to his school. He said, "OK, *Herr* Weiss, we'll send your children out prior to teaching sex education."

OUI: How do young gypsies learn how a child is born?

WEISS: They have to find out on their own. When a girl is married and gets pregnant, her mother is always there. She'll be there when the baby is born. The child is born in a hospital, yes, but the mother is still there.

OUI: Do gypsies practice birth control?

WEISS: No, we accept all the children we may get.

OUI: Not even the rhythm method?

WEISS: For heaven's sake, no. We don't have abortions, either. My parents had 16 children. If a woman is married and has an abortion, she will be shunned by everybody. It means that she is a whore, because she doesn't want any more children from her husband. It just doesn't happen that one of our women gets an abortion.

OUI: Isn't it considered a curse when a gypsy woman remains childless?

WEISS: Today, it's no longer a problem. In the old days, if a wife didn't have children after three years of marriage, the husband had to leave her. His parents insisted on that.

OUI: Do you think it would do any harm to the children to learn more about sex?

WEISS: Well, it wouldn't exactly harm them. In the past, children were married very young, maybe at 12, 13 or 15 years of age—whenever their parents told them to marry. My own daughter is almost 14, but she is not developed yet. She is small; she is still a child. I would not allow her to get married. Neither is she allowed to go out at night. She can

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perhaps go to the movies in the afternoon, but not at night.

OUI: It sounds as if you use stricter discipline than German parents.

WEISS: Yes, yes. Very strict.

OUI: What do you do when you meet gypsies whose children do not go to school?

WEISS: I tell them it would be better if they'd get an apartment and send their kids to school so that they can learn to read and write. If you can't read or write, it's very difficult to learn to drive on the autobahns, the expressways. It is also hard to find directions in any new place. When gypsies come to visit me from France, for example, they always go first to the main train station. They don't speak German, of course, so they park their car and call me for my address. I tell them to get a cab driver to the phone and then I tell the cab driver my address and ask him to guide these people to my house. He drives ahead and they follow. We pay the cab and that's it—another example of gypsy organization. But it would be easier if they could read.

OUI: Does this mean that sooner or later gypsies will have to assimilate?

WEISS: That is difficult to say. It has happened often that gypsies intermarry. Many of our girls are now married to Germans.

OUI: If your daughter wanted to marry a young German, would you agree to it?

WEISS: If he was a decent fellow, yes. If he had no money, no apartment, then I would deny permission to marry.

OUI: Would you describe a typical gypsy wedding?

WEISS: It is a lot like your ceremonies, except that we have Hungarian food and plenty to drink. The elder comes and gives the couple a piece of bread and salt and then they are married the gypsy way.

OUI: What is the meaning of bread and salt?

WEISS: It means eternal life. Bread has always been the symbol of life. The ceremony, by the way, is not recognized by the state. My own marriage is not legal according to German laws. But it is still valid among the gypsies. Just as the state marries a German, so the gypsies are married by their elders. Bride and groom have to rise, everybody has to be absolutely quiet, and then the elder says, "I marry you today. Here are bread and salt, receive the eternal life from my hands. You may never leave each other and from today on you are husband and wife." It's very similar to a church wedding.

OUI: The elder, the leader of the tribe, performs this ceremony?

WEISS: He is not the leader. He is just the oldest man present from the family.

OUI: When your children are married, will they still live at home?

WEISS: Only the son; the daughter leaves home. The son stays because he gets a completely furnished place, a car and everything he needs. Of course, when I need him, he has to help me, even when I get to be 100 years old. My son will always have to help me and listen to me. He does, too.

OUI: What will he do when he grows up?

WEISS: He will not go into my carpet-selling business. He will become a hotel owner. I bought him a hotel and am in the process of renovating it, making everything new. Later, he'll take over everything. He may open some other business in addition. Selling from door to door is out completely. I want a regulated life for my children.

OUI: Would you say that gypsy women are emancipated?

WEISS: Yes. They always have been. This is our tradition.

OUI: But is the man the head of the family?

WEISS: Yes, he is.

OUI: Is the wife subordinate, then?

WEISS: No, she isn't. I wouldn't say that. She just has to do what the husband says. What they own belongs to both of them. If she wants to buy something, all she has to do is ask.

OUI: Who makes the decisions involving the children?

WEISS: My wife does that, since I am on the road so much. She takes care of the kids, makes sure that they have clean clothes, don't fight and don't get run over by a car. Just like wives everywhere.

OUI: In the U. S., we read that gypsy women often earn the living for the whole family. Is that true?

WEISS: That may be true, but it is different here; the wife only helps her husband.

OUI: Were there ever good times for gypsies?

WEISS: In the old days, before the war, when we had kings and emperors in Germany—those were very good times for gypsies. When Kaiser Wilhelm was reigning over Germany, nobody was against the gypsies. We were allowed to do what we wanted. We'd travel around to different campsites. People would come around to see how the gypsies lived and have their fortunes told. They paid two or three marks; a mark was a lot of money in those days. All that is over now, finished.

OUI: We've heard of two old ladies in Cologne——

WEISS: No, no. There is only one old gypsy woman near Cologne. Her name is Bugela, and she knows a lot. Presidents go to see her. Adenauer went to see her. So far, everything she has predicted has come true. People go to see her from all over the world, from America. I have been there, too, with my wife.

OUI: What did she tell you?

WEISS: My wife told her that I was sick and asked Bugela if I would get well again. She said, "Don't worry, and go home." That was seven or eight years ago and I have not died.

OUI: Is this lady just an exception, or can many gypsies see into the future?

WEISS: There are hardly any old gypsies left who carry on this tradition. Most have died and did not pass on their gifts.

OUI: If you had your choice, would you prefer to live as in the old days?

WEISS: Well, I always did like to travel. A man sleeps better out in the fresh air where he can smell the pines. Gypsies lived longer in the old days. Now everything has changed. The Germans have changed and we have changed. More and more gypsies are registering with the police, obtaining identification papers, paying taxes and rent. It's hard. It takes a great deal of money. Just look at these high-rise apartment buildings. Thousands of people in one place; it's just like an anthill. It used to be a lot better when people had small, one-family houses. People don't know anything about their neighbors anymore. But gypsies are still close-knit. They stick together and help one another. There is no hatred among gypsies, only unity. You may see a fight after people have been drinking, but that happens everywhere; or somebody may run away with somebody else's wife or daughter, but we bring them back.

OUI: How would you summarize your philosophy of life?

WEISS: I don't have one. We're just like other people. We get up in the morning, wash, eat breakfast, leave the house and come back for dinner, just like other people.

OUI: But you have emphasized the importance of being a decent person who doesn't cheat. Isn't that some sort of philosophy?

WEISS: Yes, of course I am 64 years old. I have no police record. I've never been in prison except for the concentration camps, so I guess I must have led a pretty decent life, right?

OUI: What do you expect from life?

WEISS: Health and a good relationship with my family and relatives. ▣

WHO

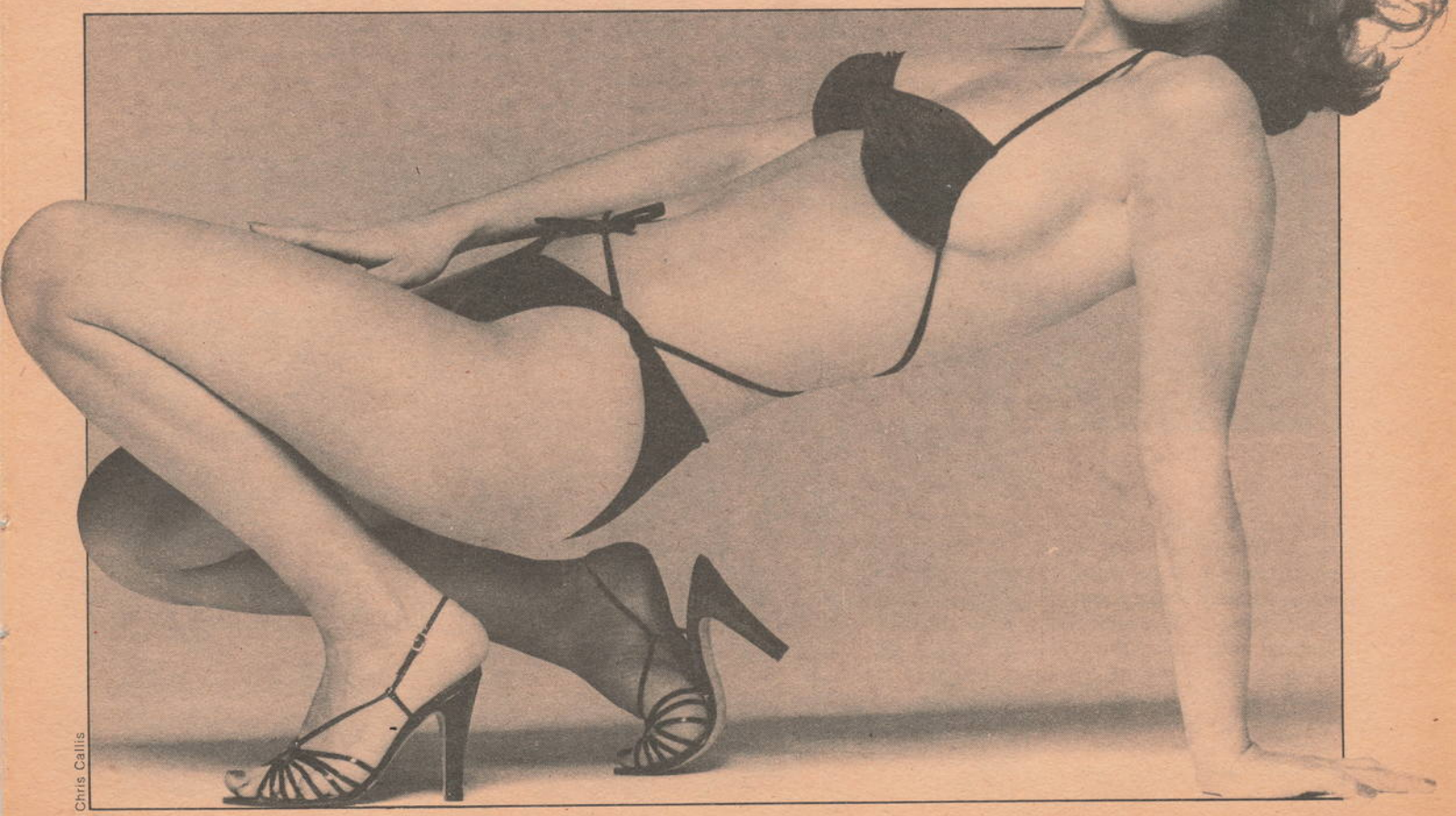
Judge Young: biker turns leaf

Mark Sennet

Robert Young got into the courts the hard way: on the wrong end of a murder charge. The former motorcycle-gang member beat that rap but has logged time for joy riding and interception of the U. S. mail. After 20 months in the slammer, he decided to go straight, studied law and passed the bar exam on his first try. "After all," says Young, who was elected to a California judgeship and still favors jeans and workshirts, "I have first-hand experience with the law."

Gigi Spradling has New York City on its knees

It isn't easy to be a stunning virgin in New York. Ask *Señorita* Gigi Spradling, a highborn (daddy's in copper) Argentine model who can't go anywhere without a cousin or two as chaperone. "It's necessary," she says in a husky Spanish accent. "I fall in love so easily, but not so often. Men. They are usually not so good-looking, but good-looking." Somehow, when she throws her head back and sets her Latin lips just so, she makes perfect sense. "I'm multilingual, and that's a problem," she continues. Oh? "I fly around a lot to keep in practice. Men find it hard to keep up with me."

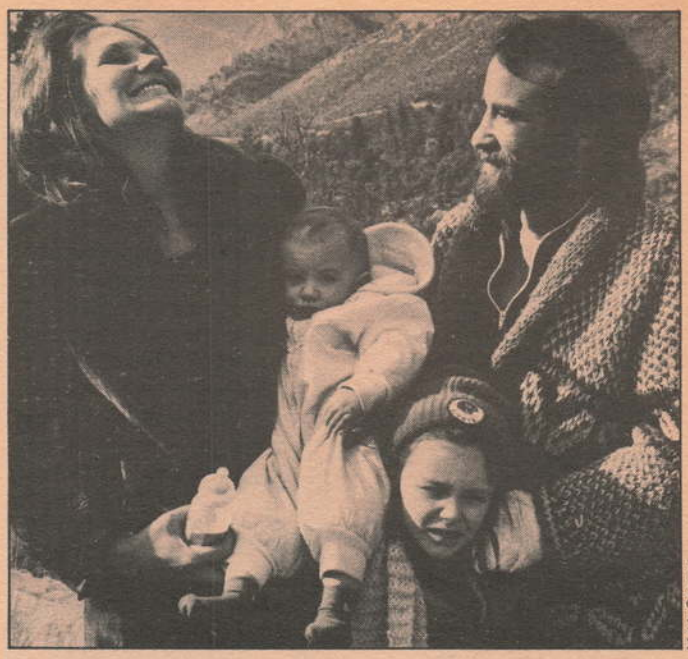


Chris Callis

Bill Frantz

Julie Anthony: on the ball

Julie Anthony is not your ordinary paddleball fan. First, she's a professional tennis player who makes her living primarily on the $100,000-a-week Virginia Slims circuit. She also has a Ph.D. from UCLA and is about to publish a book on the psychology of being a female professional athlete. Meanwhile, in her spare time she moonlights as a TV sports commentator. "My hardest problem is learning how to relax," she admits. "Oddly enough, when I get really nervous, I start yawning. That's why I like such activities as paddleball; it warms up my concentration before a match." Are women athletes really very different from their male counterparts? "No," says Anthony, "but many men have a hard time accepting that. Especially male tennis players."



Mark Sennet

Linda Lovelace: the answer is blowin' in the wind

Having recently turned down a reported $5,000,000 offer for yet another version of *Deep Throat*, Linda Lovelace retreated to a wind-swept hillside in rural Nevada with husband Larry Marchiano, one-year-old son Dominick and six-year-old stepson Larry, Jr. "I'm into being a good wife and mother now," says the erstwhile fellatrice.

Benno Friedman

Leon Redbone: masked marvel

"He's a genuine eccentric," says a friend of Leon Redbone, music's Lone Ranger. No one knows where Redbone came from (Toronto? Boston?) or who, exactly, he is. "You get the feeling Leon doesn't like kids or dogs," says the friend. "Walking through a crowd with him and his ever-present walking stick can be dangerous—but not boring."

Summa cum Nudie: the class of '77 faces life, full frontally

These 19 smiling lads and lassies are not your average graduating class. Some are bigger than average and some are longer than average. Actually what we have here are the combined casts of two theater-in-the-buff productions from London, namely, *Oh! Calcutta!* and *Carte Blanche*. These kids have their hearts set on stardom, and with all the hetero and homosexually simulated sex they enact nightly, they could easily sleep their way to the top. Don't you wish your yearbook picture were this much fun?

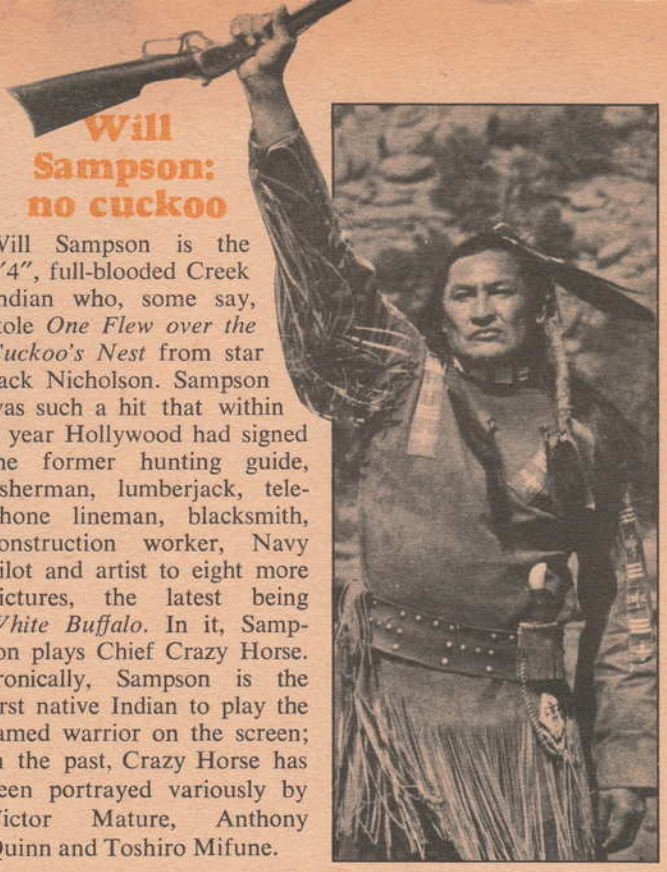
Syndication International

Sarah Miles wants to get her ass in gear

"I was knock-kneed, pigeon-toed and had a behind like a bent banana," says Sarah Miles, by way of explaining why she has enrolled in a vigorous exercise class. (And you thought her behind looked just peachy in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*!) Miles is also taking singing and dancing lessons in preparation for a one-woman show that she plans to try out in London; after that, she hopes to bring the show to Broadway. In the show, Miles will sing, dance and read poetry; there will also be an interlude during which she'll stop to rap and improvise skits with the audience. "You'll get to see the real Sarah this time," Miles insists. "It's taken me all my life to get up enough guts to go onstage and get it all together. Let me tell you, moviemaking is child's play compared to this."

Mark Sennet

Will Sampson: no cuckoo



Will Sampson is the 6'4", full-blooded Creek Indian who, some say, stole *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* from star Jack Nicholson. Sampson was such a hit that within a year Hollywood had signed the former hunting guide, fisherman, lumberjack, telephone lineman, blacksmith, construction worker, Navy pilot and artist to eight more pictures, the latest being *White Buffalo*. In it, Sampson plays Chief Crazy Horse. Ironically, Sampson is the first native Indian to play the famed warrior on the screen; in the past, Crazy Horse has been portrayed variously by Victor Mature, Anthony Quinn and Toshiro Mifune.

Benno Friedman

A. Braxton hustles for jazz

It is a given that aspiring jazz artists must suffer and struggle for their art. At least Arista sax artist Anthony Braxton paid his dues with class—as a chess hustler. "When I first came to New York," says Braxton, a product of Chicago's South Side, "I'd sit in Washington Square Park and wait for an unsuspecting pigeon to drop by. If you think jazz musicians are weird, try hanging out with chess players." Nevertheless, Braxton's chess-hustling days are behind him: The New York critics raved over his debut there last year, and his recent orchestral LPs have brought him wide national acclaim.

Sally Field: nun too soon

She has the kind of face that never ages, and it's enough to drive Sally Field crazy. Many years have passed since she hovered in our TV sets as the *Flying Nun*, but until Bob Rafelson gave her a sexy part in *Stay Hungry*, Field seemed doomed to play Gidget-type roles. How did she convince Rafelson to cast her against type? "I knew he thought I was too sugar-and-spicy, so I bounced into his office in the character of the part and whispered, 'Hey, Bob, do you know I'm the best fuck in town and nobody knows it?' He looked stunned for a minute but he gave me the part." *Stay Hungry* led to her highly praised role in *Sybil*, in which she played a psychotic young woman with 16 different personalities. Her latest dramatic part is that of a recent divorcee in *Heroes* who meets a disillusioned Vietnam vet on a bus ride. Her co-star? Henry "The Fonz" Winkler.

SHORT TAKES

KILLER ABSINTHE

The history of this mind-expanding liqueur goes back centuries, but one thing is certain: It can drive you crazy

Absinthe. One large measure over six cubes of ice tastes like very bad mouthwash (licorice-flavored) until the third or fourth sip, when the taste becomes more of a feeling. There's something about the color of absinthe up against the ice cubes—it's the color of the eyes of a sick cat: milky-looking, dangerous. Absinthe is highly toxic, and that's why it figures in the paintings of Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec and in the poetry of Baudelaire and Rimbaud. Since 1912, the United States has prohibited the import of it, though it is still legally manufactured in Spain. The French, who outlawed the making of absinthe in 1915, continue to be the world's greatest consumers of the liqueur.

Absinthe is rumored to be an aphrodisiac, and the active ingredient is the ancient herb wormwood. More than 200 years ago, Simon Pauli warned in *Quadripartitum Botanicum* that "wormwood overheats the blood and inflames the womb." There are drawbacks, however. According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*: "Absinthe quickly intoxicates, and its deleterious effects are more serious than those of other forms of alcohol. The wormwood acts powerfully upon the nerve centers and causes delirium and hallucinations, followed in some cases by idiocy."

•

"We buy our wormwood direct from Plantaron; they're wholesalers here in Barcelona." This is *Señor* Soler talking. Soler is an enormous young man sweating heavily in his muggy Barcelona office. The air is thick with the musky smell of liquor fermenting. Soler's firm has been making Escat Absenta *(absenta* is Spanish for absinthe) since 1864. "The wholesalers buy the wormwood from people in the mountain pueblos. The old people and the children gather it. Oh, definitely, most definitely, wormwood is the mother of absinthe; it would hardly be absinthe without it.

"It's a shame that this is not the time of year when we make absinthe," he continues, "for I'd be happy to let you visit the plant. Not that there's much to see. It all goes to the vats and is finished in 24 hours." Soler smiles. "That's one of the advantages of absinthe; that's why we make it in the slack months—January and February. There's no bother with it; you just put it in, take it out and bottle it. You can wait two days if you like, but 24 hours is quite sufficient."

And what is the firm's recipe for absinthe?

"We make 640 liters at a time. First you take 410 liters of pure alcohol. Add 15 kilos of green anise berries, one kilo of star anise—that's the kind with little brown flowers—one kilo of coriander seeds, seven kilos of fennel seeds, two kilos of hyssop, three kilos of dried wormwood, one kilo of lemon balm, half a kilo of licorice root and 50 grams of anethole, which is the essence of anise. Add enough water to bring the mixture up to 640 liters and you'll have 60 percent absinthe. Of course, if you want it stronger than 60 percent, you don't add so much water. Then you leave it to ferment for 24 hours and bottle it."

•

The trip to Andorra from Barcelona is a five-hour, ear-popping haul up into the Pyrenees. Andorra is a Lilliputian principality just slightly larger than Monaco. It has a population of 8000, a broadcasting station, crumbling castles, 16 policemen, good skiing, beautiful waterfalls, no army, pretty stamps and duty-free shopping. Andorra is also where the French buy most of their absinthe.

On a summer afternoon, Andorra is a hot, noisy knot of tourists and traffic. There are signs in French, Catalan and English, but it seems that everybody is speaking French. In the Prisunic, a department store modeled along the lines of Woolworth's, there are do-it-yourself absinthe kits. A five-pack of absinthe concentrate goes for two dollars, and bottles of pure alcohol sell for $1.10 apiece in adjoining wire baskets. The ready-to-mix absinthe is one of the day's specials, along with Dutch cheese, Swiss chocolate and tinned truffles. Each small flagon of extract, when added to three quarters of a liter of alcohol and one liter of water, is guaranteed to produce "*un vrai* 68 absinthe."

•

Zola wrote about absinthe drinkers in his novels of the French working class. In 1876, Degas painted a picture titled *Absinthe* that now hangs in the Louvre. When Arthur Rimbaud first went to London from Paris, he wrote that he "missed above all the friendly waiters with their skill at pouring the icy water on the green absinthe, drop by drop, to turn it into a snowy liqueur."

Rimbaud's lover Paul Verlaine called absinthe his "pure truth," but his biographers called it his downfall. At the age of 28, he wrote to a journalist friend that he had experienced a "cerebral crisis" that had frightened him very much. Twenty-four years later, many of them spent in public hospitals, Verlaine died in a coma produced by another "cerebral crisis."

Charles Baudelaire preferred his absinthe tempered with hashish. In his later years, he could not recognize his own face in the mirror and would therefore bow to it gravely. During this period he wrote in his journal: "I have cultivated my hysteria with delight and terror. Now I suffer continually from vertigo, and today, the 23rd of January, 1862, I have felt the wind of the wing of madness pass over me."

—PATRICIA JOHNSON

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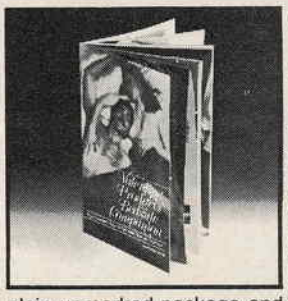

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DOLLY BIRD

by Ken Taylor

Dolly Bird, photographer daughter of an English baronet, is on assignment in Africa. She is being flown over the steaming jungle by Captain Boggles, the famous aviator.

DON'T WORRY, GIRLIE... THESE SNAKES CAN EAT ANYTHING!!!
BUT THIS CHAP'S A FRIEND!!!
INCIDENTALLY... WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A SPOT LIKE THIS? THIS PLACE IS A JUNGLE!
WE'VE JUST CRASHED OUR PLANE!
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M JANE... I LIVE HERE... C'MON UP.. HAVE A CUP OF TEA, THEN WE'LL GET YOUR PAL OUT OF THAT SNAKE..
THANK YOU, JANE, I AM RATHER THIRSTY... OOPS!!!
YOU HAVE A MATE, HAVEN'T YOU? THE FAMOUS TARZAN?
HUH! THAT BIG APE! SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME SWINGING THROUGH THE TREES WITH THAT MONKEY.. LEAVES ME PRETTY MUCH ALONE... CALLS HIMSELF TARQUIN NOWADAYS... TARQUIN! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?
BUT LET'S NOT WASTE TIME TALKING ABOUT HIM! WHAT SAY, GIRLIE?
ULP!
YOU FINISH YOUR TEA WHILE I CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE SUITABLE...
FUNNY LADY...
WELL, I'VE CHANGED! YOU LIKE IT?
MADE IT MYSELF ON THOSE LONG, LONELY EVENINGS... HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO TRY IT... YOUR ARRIVAL IS QUITE PROVIDENTIAL...
VERY NICE, JANE,.. NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GO HELP MY FRIEND OUT OF HIS SNAKE...
GULP! I CAN'T MOVE! THE TEA WAS DRUGGED!!!
POOR BABY... LET ME HELP YOU OUT OF THOSE HOT, DUSTY CLOTHES...
RIP!
RIP!
THAT'S BETTER!
NOW, I'LL JUST HANG YOU OVER THE RAIL AND YOU CAN WATCH YOUR FRIEND IN THE SNAKE...
PLOP!
THANKS A LOT...
HUMPITY! HUMPITY!
THE SNAKE... IT'S GONE!!!
HUMPITY! HUMPITY!
CRASH!

The fall from the tree house leaves Jane unconscious, whilst Dolly recovers from her drugged stupor...
SHE'S OUT COLD... GOOD... I MUST FIND CAPTAIN BOGGLES...
I'LL TAKE THIS FOR PROTECTION...
MY CLOTHES ARE GONE, BUT THESE LEAVES WILL SUFFICE...
I HEAR RUSTLING IN THE BUSHES... PERHAPS IT'S CAPTAIN BOGGLES...
OOH! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN...
I HOPE IT ISN'T THAT AWFUL JANE PERSON...
SNORT! SNORT!
RUSTLE! RUSTLE!
A RHINOCEROS? PREPOSTEROUS! SHOO!! GO AWAY!!! AND BE A BIT MORE CAREFUL WITH THAT HORN THE NEXT TIME...
Suddenly...
SHHHH!!!
WHO YOU?
MY NAME'S DOLLY... AND YOU... YOU MUST BE TARZAN...
CALL ME TARQUIN!
PLEASED TO MEET YOU...
SO I SEE... I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE CARRYING A BLOWPIPE...
GOOD IDEA... YOU... BLOW... PIPE...
ME LIKE BEING KING OF JUNGLE!!!
MMPH!!
THUNK!
GET OFF, YOU BIG APE... I SAW HER FIRST!!!
GLUG!
I'M OFF, I'M OFF!
COME BACK!
COME BACK!
YIKE!
YIKE!
HANDS OFF... I SAW HIM FIRST! C'MERE, GORILLA MY DREAMS...
YIKE!

GET OUT, YOU TWO... WE WANT TO BE ALONE...
LOOK, TARQUIN... CAPTAIN BOGGLES... SURROUNDED BY NATIVES!!!
ME... TALK WITH... HEADMAN... WE GET BOGGLES... FREE...
HEADMAN... SAY OK... YOU... TALK TO GOLDENROD...
GOLDENROD? OOH! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN... GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE KEEPING A STIFF UPPER LIP... AND LOWER APPENDAGES...
FUNNIEST THING DOLLY... THAT SNAKE WAS ON ITS LAST LEGS WHEN IT SWALLOWED ME... THESE PEOPLE USE A POISON WHICH PRODUCES A RIGID PARALYSIS...
ANYWAY... SOME OF IT MUST'VE RUBBED OFF ON MY PECKER... IT WENT THIS FUNNY COLOR AND HASN'T GONE DOWN SINCE...
AND THE NATIVES WERE SO AWED BY THIS PHENOMENON THEY REGARDED YOU AS A DEITY?
NOT EXACTLY!!! MOST OF THE TIME THEY REGARDED ME AS A KIND OF COAT RACK... WHEN YOU ARRIVED THEY WERE PLAYING QUOITS!!!
OH! I WONDERED ABOUT THAT... I DID THINK YOU LIKED DOUGHNUTS!!!
CHIEF SAY... GOLDENROD GO... GOLDENHAIR STAY... HIM... LIKE... BLONDES...
DOES HE? WELL, YOU JUST TELL HIM I'M OFF... I'M FED UP WITH THE JUNGLE BIT...
ANYWAY... IF HE'S SO KEEN ON BLONDES... YOU CAN STAY...
YOU DON'T THINK HE'S A NATURAL BLOND, DO YA? THAT'S A DYE-JOB, DUM-DUM...
JANE? BACK SO SOON...? WHERE IS GORILLA?
IT BROKE!
HELLO... YOU'RE NEW!!!
STAND BACK, EVERYBODY... I SAW HIM FIRST...
ULP!
BYE-BYE...
OOF!
BASH!
YOU'LL BE OK, BOGGLES... JUST KEEP YOUR PECKER UP...
PERHAPS I CAN OVERAWE THESE SIMPLE NATIVES WITH THIS SPECTACULAR EXAMPLE OF WHITE MAN'S MAGIC... LOOK, CHIEF... SEE WHAT I'VE GOT...
THAT'S NOTHING!!! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT!!!
AND ME!!!
ME TOO!!!
ME TOO!!!
POSSIBLY I WAS A LITTLE HASTY, WANTING TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY... I HADN'T APPRECIATED THAT THERE WERE SO MANY SIGHTS TO TAKE IN... COULD YOU COME BACK FOR ME LATER?
TARQUIN... RETURN AFTER SEVEN DAYS AND SEVEN NIGHTS... MAKE... ONE WEEK...
SEVEN DAYS... SEVEN NIGHTS... I SUPPOSE IT MIGHT MAKE ONE WEAK AT THAT!!!
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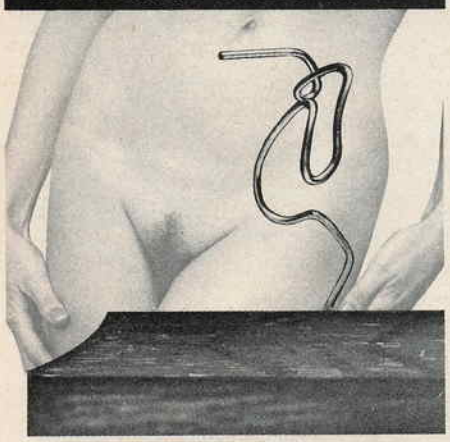

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PATENT PENDING

BUSHWHACKERS VERSUS BACKPACKERS *"He was right behind me," Ellen recalled. "I could hear his footsteps."*

(Continued from page 44) keeping trails marked near Fallen Leaf Lake. Seems the locals change trail markers and disguise paths to divert people from what they would like, selfishly, to consider their private domain. The danger in this, Sheri explains, is that people get lost, which is serious business.

"We have had lots of kids die in here, mostly of hypothermia—exposure," she continues. "Someone trying to assist might head in the wrong direction, because we just can't keep the trail markers up." Does she feel safe here, all by her beautiful self? Oh, sure, Sheri replies, self-confidently. But when I ask her where her base camp is, she starts to point to it on a map, then, quickly withdrawing her finger without pinpointing the site, she gives me a look that could be interpreted as distrustful—a speculative narrowing of her ice-blue eyes as she sizes me up. "You'd never find it," she states flatly.

A challenge? A warning? In the wilderness, the vulnerable must be cautious.

To be vulnerable in a time-warped moral vacuum invites trouble. Ellen used to backpack alone, at a time when it was *au courant* for hip Berkeley feminists to demonstrate independence from male dominance. At first, Ellen felt that her trips alone into the back country made her a little more her own person; the experience, she thought, gave her a strength that she carried out of the woods with her. She doesn't think so now.

"I didn't really think anything about it when I first saw the man," she explained bitterly. "We passed on the trail—maybe we nodded or grunted at each other—and then later I was zigzagging up a switchback and caught a glimpse of my back trail. That same guy was about 100 yards behind me."

She wasn't sure that it was the same man, not having given him much notice when they passed, but the color of his clothing and pack and the general shape of him seemed to be the same. "I felt a premonition of danger in his presence," she remembered, "so I began walking a little faster, but more because I simply prefer to be alone. I mean, when you've got the whole outdoors to be alone in, it's annoying to have someone cluttering up your view. At times I thought I had lost him, and then I would get to a place where I could see my back trail again and he was always there."

Ellen jutted her chin out a little farther and a hard edge came into her voice. She still wasn't actually afraid, she said, but she was edgy. She walked faster, looking ahead eagerly for a bobbing patch of orange or blue that would reassure her that other hikers were nearby. Instead, the greens and browns of the back country stretched uninterrupted to the far horizon.

"As I became more afraid, I became angry," she continued. "I didn't like having a beautiful day marred by my paranoia. At this point, I was practically jogging down the trail, and I realized that I had no reason to think that he meant me harm—he might have just happened to be hiking in the same direction."

She decided to slow down and let him pass. She had a drink from her canteen and then continued at a more relaxed pace, determined to have him pass and continue down the trail, out of her proximity.

"For the longest time, he was right behind me," she recalled. "I could hear his footsteps, and when I heard that he was very near, I hugged the right side of the trail so that he could pass."

He grabbed her from behind and shoved a knife in front of her face, growling for her to keep quiet. She knew there was no one to hear a scream. Instead, she shut her eyes tightly and went limp. "My greatest fear wasn't of being raped," she explained. "I just didn't want to be dismembered." He said something more, but she isn't sure what. "I told him I hadn't seen him. His left arm was around my neck, and even with my eyes closed I could see the knife weaving in front of my face. 'I can't identify you,' I said to him. 'I don't want to. Please don't hurt me.'

"He just held me there on the trail for what seemed an eternity," she continued. "And then he said for me to walk off the trail and not to look around. My mind was grasping at the hope held out by his having told me not to turn around. It meant that he bought the part about my not being able to identify him and that he might not be going to kill me."

He walked her some distance from the trail and made her lie face down on the ground. He removed the nylon cover from her sleeping bag and put it over her head. He pulled her pants to her knees but then did nothing for a long time. He seemed to be walking around, looking at her from different angles. Then he made her draw her knees up and raped her, dog style, from behind. Ellen didn't know whether she should pretend to like it or not. If he was a woman hater, showing pleasure might spur him to hurt her more; showing

pain, though, might also fan sadistic flames. So she showed nothing. When he finished, Ellen muttered, "Please don't hurt me. Go away. I can't identify you."

He instructed her to stay put for two or three hours and not to look around, that he was going away, but that if she looked at him he would come back and kill her. She listened to his footsteps and heard him go a short distance and then stop, come back a few steps, stand quietly, walk away again, and then repeat the ritual. She thought he might be testing her. Finally he seemed to truly be gone, but she couldn't be sure that he wasn't watching her nearby. On the other hand, she didn't want him to get 100 yards down the trail, change his mind and come back to kill her.

After what seemed an interminable wait, she pulled herself together, taking the time to dig a knife out of the depths of her pack and stick it under her belt. She hurried away from the spot, setting out across country, intercepting another trail and following it out, insane with the fear that he would come after her. Now Ellen goes into the woods only with groups. And she always keeps that knife under her belt.

Incidents like this one are common enough in the wilderness to contribute to the paranoia that passes for wariness. And stranger things than rape are spoken of around late-night flickering campfires and elsewhere in the back country.

Gas-station attendants in remote areas, especially in the desert, tell of shaken motorists who say that their headlights picked out a human figure by the side of the road in an impossible area; that they turned around, went back and found no one. California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia are rife with Bigfoot stories, while Missouri, Idaho and Louisiana all have competing "wild man" rumors. The daily log at Watkins Mill State Park Juvenile Rehabilitation Camp, a state correction center located in the backwoods of Missouri, reflects many entries by frightened night-shift staffers who report having seen a mysterious human figure raiding their garbage cans or peering in through a window. This might be a convenient staff-invented boogey to discourage the impressionable young wards from attempted escapes, except that every time the wild man is spotted, project officials are phoned and alerted; each time, they jump out of their comfortable beds in town and rush to the camp to reassure the terrorized night staff. Nobody carries a hoax that far. "Scared the bejesus out of me a couple of times," said juvenile counselor John Cannon.

Some of the boogeys are more thoroughly documented. For eight months last year, alarmed Floridians living near the Green Swamp, 25,000 acres of Everglades in the center of the state, were frantically reporting a wild man who, they claimed, crept out of the swamp at night to raid their garbage cans and frighten their dogs. A game officer stumbled on him huddled over a campfire once deep in the swamp, but he escaped into the saw grass.

Game wardens and sheriff's deputies with packs of hounds couldn't catch the Green Swamp wild man, though he was sighted several times and fresh campsites were discovered. At one site they found a crude club—a railroad spike driven through an aluminum pole—and the remains of his grisly breakfast, a freshly killed alligator. Finally he was surrounded and captured, with the aid of planes, dogs and an organized posse. He screamed and struggled, as if sure that he was going to be murdered. He was later discovered to be a psychotic Taiwan sailor who jumped ship the year before, spent time in a mental hospital and subsequently escaped. Aside from 10,000 mosquito bites, he was physically fit. Not so, mentally: Loathing captivity, he strangled himself in his cell three days after his capture.

Other known elements that should be avoided in the wilderness are gold fever and the gold-feverish. The lust for gold is timeless and still affects man as it always has—evilly; and the price of the yellow metal has skyrocketed lately.

California's gold rush of 1849 is played out, but grizzled prospectors still poke around in the steep canyons of the Feather, Yuba and American rivers. The western slope of the Sierras is Mother Lode country, where gold panners who know their business can pan $20 of color per day. Explosively protective of what they consider to be a private stretch of river and fearful for their stashes, they pack iron and shoot at interlopers on sight. Staying in the bush until snow drives them out, these *outré* characters sport long, matted hair, full beards and wear their prize gold nuggets dangling from their earlobes without being fey. They are as menacing as anything James Dickey ever conceived, and they do as they please in the bush.

Talk about a time warp! Walk 500 yards from the highway almost anywhere in the American Southwest—behind the Indian-jewelry stands, Stuckey's shops and SEE THE SNAKES filling stations—and you're back in the Old West. Arizona's Superstition Mountain is particularly peopled by time-warp types drawn to the desert by their lust for lost gold. Oh, they may claim to be searching for Indian artifacts or rare birds,

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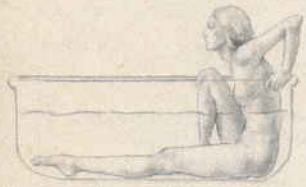

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O-7

BUSHWHACKERS VS. BACKPACKERS *A knife is a good tool.*

but the battery-operated metal detectors sticking out of their burro packs give them away. They are as paranoid as hell and see every passing cactus collector as a claim jumper. All are potential "curse of death" dealers.

•

Despite the proliferation of paranoiac backwoods tales, the obvious danger in the wilderness is nature itself. In the U. S. National Park Service's western region, 62 persons died in 1974, while 255 were injured and 945 were rescued.

In 1975 there were 50 deaths recorded, 287 persons were injured and a whopping 1231 needed rescuing or assistance of some sort. That's the national parks alone. And only the western region. Precautions? Those who play the game say the rules are the same in the wilderness now as they were 200 years ago:

• If you have any doubt about your survival talent, don't make yourself even more vulnerable than you already are by camping alone.

• Guns appeal to some, but automatically increase the stakes in any game you might play with them. A knife is a good wilderness tool and gains its owner immediate respect when worn conspicuously; more and more backpackers buy wicked sheath knives *and wear them.*

• Dogs should be considered as companions. Because of their disruptive influence on the fauna of some wilderness areas, they are often *verboten*, but man first domesticated the canine for its alarm value—its sharp ears and its keen sense of smell. Having a dog along ups your survival level by several points, and besides, if you are starving, you can always eat it.

• Locate your camp away from major trails, where it is conspicuous and vulnerable to every person who passes. Obvious sites such as lakes, waterfalls and beaches are often overused. If you're able to hide your camp from prying eyes, it won't hurt you to walk a few hundred yards to fish or to wash dishes.

• Roaring campfires kept alive all night make it easy to approach a sleeping camp. Some campers even locate their bags at a distance from the fire pit, to be less conspicuous to anyone who approaches.

The wilderness has become a subject of much romantic sentimentality chiefly because so many people lack experience with it. It can be a place of natural beauty, physical magnificence and spiritual catharsis; it can also be a savage place where only the strong, the clever and the alert survive. ▣

PRESIDENT JIMMY: THE OUTSIDE STORY *A whole new generation of politicians was discovering that mingling with the masses yielded a media bonanza after as well as during the campaign.*

(Continued from page 48) to be extra-careful here. Already the word was out that he was coming and he feared the whispering machine. Bugs with bionic ears live in these buildings and stalk the wide boulevards.

There were other dangers. Such as the impulse to stop playing mild-mannered reporter for zee French political journal OUI and slip into a phone booth, emerging to fuck with the body politic. For Washington was the great staging place for political psychodrama. Indeed, he was one who, in days gone by, had painted the town red. The Pentagon, where he pissed on the walls; the White House gate he had climbed to hang the flag of the Woodstock Nation when Grace and he were kept out of Tricia's party; the Justice Department, where, with Jerry, he had pounded on the door with boxing gloves, challenging Mitchell to come out and fight fair; the Capitol lawn he was dragged across as guards tore his flag shirt from his back; the Washington Monument, where he was once detained waiting for a paddy wagon to cart him across the river and into the barracks. Picketing and marches and long vigils and petitioning of congressmen in less flamboyant days. Getting hepatitis in the D.C. jail. And finally that last demonstration. Where the copper's club had smashed across his face, shattering his nose, and they had trucked him to the internment camp at Robert F. Kennedy Stadium. He had escaped and found his way back to New York where the FBI had grabbed him. All for nought, too. Illegal taps. Illegal surveillance. And, besides, he was just one of 7000 illegal arrests made that day. "Pick up anyone on the streets," Mitchell had ordered. And they did.

Yes, he would have to control the impulse to gesture. But he wanted to go, to observe the changing of the guard and to mingle with the crowds. An undercover tourist. To overcome the isolation of being long years buried in the heartland and once again to be in touch with history. So he would outline activities, pace himself, finish the job and get out of town. Even though he had a sackful of credentials and disguises, he would not challenge the eagle-eyed Secret Service; he would keep his scarf high on his face when in the streets, and he would move around sniffing the scent of the newcomers. He had fantasies of a pardon, of falling down on his knees, wailing "Sets me free, massa Carter, sets me free." And Carter, caught up in the excitement of the moment, might just do it. After all, Carter understood—more than any President—the gesture. A fine craft in an electronic culture. The artist and the pollster coming together as one, creating the consummate politician.

A whole new generation of politicians was discovering that mingling with the masses yielded a media bonanza *after* as well as *during* the campaign. Governor Dukakis rides the subway to work each day in Boston. For a week, Jerry Brown slept in a ghetto project. In modern government, function follows form. The country had never before seen the popular gesture, what used to be called *noblesse oblige*, on such a scale. Carter and television were created for each other. Gestures fit easily between commercials. A Presidency designed by *People* magazine. Visual impact. Viewer involvement. Maximum visibility with minimal content. Carter was the best news actor ever to appear on television. Anyone who can convince so many people he's going to run the U. S. Government for four years without telling a lie has to be a great actor. A news actor, unlike the prime-time players, gambles his life on the role. Carter is so far out on the do-gooder limb that if he fails to produce the promised turnaround in leadership, he'll be nailed to the tree. Unlike the other J.C., this one will fail to rise.

So how would this photogenic peanut-butter-and-jelly President fare in a Scotch-and-soda town? Honey bun among the killer bees? He had already proved he was the most brilliant politician of our time. There was luck, to be sure. If Jackson had organized better in Pennsylvania and if Wallace had been stronger in Florida and if Humphrey had not waited so long and if Teddy—but it was not to be that way, and who's to say Carter could not have won in any event? That's not a salute to the openness of the democratic process—how outside can a millionaire with a seat on the global power exchange known as the Trilateral Commission be? But an ex-Governor of a Southern state leapfrogging to the pinnacle of power is somewhat akin to the bishop of Los Angeles becoming the next Pope. Not exactly an impossibility, but nothing to bet your beads on. So Carter exhibited great style and speed in the race, but that was past and now he was about to enter the Oval Room at the top.

A new President, especially one who prided himself on management, who would run a "Cabinet Presidency," could now best be judged by those he chose to supply him with information and share in decision making. And in this first task, Carter had bitterly disappointed supporters. The fugitive had always admired Andy Young. They had been together on the voter-registration marches in Americus, just five short miles from the Carter ranch house. But Young had been maneuvered into a job in which he could speak out but not act. He would always be considered the Cabinet's black sheep. True, there were two women appointees, Juanita Kreps and Patricia Harris; but, like the ambassador to the UN, they were in positions on the second shelf of Cabinet. Besides, the women were safely tied to big business; Marshall was not that bad at labor; the rest were a sorry bunch.

But perhaps picking trusted bureaucrats, men "in harmony with our business community" and apologists for an evil war was the way you gathered in the reins of power: Better on the inside doing what I say than on the outside plotting against me. But the Bible teaches that "bad company can ruin even the noblest of men," and Carter had, on this occasion, ignored the warning. The business of America *is* business. Rule One of the ruling class. What's good for General Motors is good for the United States is hoax number two. Aluminum mineworkers in the West had their strike broken when Anaconda tripled operations in Chile; 150,000 migrant workers in Florida were being frozen out of work—work that brought them one half the minimum wage (average pay $64 per week) and zero benefits, anyway. Work exploited by Coca-Cola. Exploitation, incidentally, that was defended by lawyer Califano before he became head of HEW. They were finding frozen bodies in Buffalo while oil companies were reporting record-breaking profits. A.T.&T., the nation's largest utility, just reported a profit increase of 21 percent for 1976. Very few laborers could boast such an increase in *their* pay checks. And did not the spokesman for natural-gas distributors say recently that they were holding back supplies until price ceilings were lifted? And Schlesinger, this ex-Pentagon boss, this champion of the breeder-reactor, now energy czar (with all the implications of *that* title), feels the natural-resource-and-utility companies are not to blame because supply is limited. Limited supply, my gas! Exxon's assets are estimated at over 100 billion buckaroos and we're supposed to turn off the heat in the bathroom. The energy shortage is hoax number three. The multinational greed machines would be pampered in this Administration as in those past—profits would outrank prophets in priority. When business

PRESIDENT JIMMY: THE OUTSIDE STORY *Not to weird-out on power, he was going to eat at McDonald's and carry his own bag. He would spend Sundays calling folks from the phone book.*

demanded, Carter would rise above principle.

The fugitive's first stop was the Library of Congress to research inaugurations past, so overreported a sequence of events that there's a catalog of books about it three fingers thick. The fugitive dutifully records that William Henry Harrison rendered a two-hour speech and, as a result of it, caught pneumonia and died a few weeks later; that Grant's guests danced in overcoats and hacked at frozen oysters; and that Andrew Jackson, too, had invited all his boys to share in a people's inauguration. They had torn the drapes in the White House, muddied up the furniture, gotten into fisticuffs and knocked the punch bowl onto the rugs that Lafayette had presented to Martha Washington. Good ole boys will be good ole boys, now, won't they? He read through past inaugural speeches and was surprised. True, there were large promises to care for the sick and feed the poor, but a surprising number of Presidents felt called upon to rattle sabers. Truman roared on and on about the evils of communism, outlining his vision of the new imperialism, and Kennedy warned our enemies that we were willing to pay any price for liberty. And L.B.J. urged no nation to doubt our resolve, and Nixon—ha! He couldn't read the empty prose of history's greatest failure without hearing the back-room cackle on those soon-to-be-released tapes. What egomaniacs are the powerful. Nixon collected his barnyard epithets, the 14th Louis collected his excrement and Howard Hughes had his storeroom filled with piss.

So Carter was to change all this. To be ordinary and act decent. Not to weird-out on power, he was going to eat at McDonald's and carry his own bag. And, with Rosalynn, he would spend Sundays calling folks from the phone book to keep in touch. And Amy would go to public school, and Jimmy would put on his jeans and listen to Dylan. And what more could we ask for but gestures? Seventy-five percent of the Federal budget was outside his control anyway. Maybe it was outside anyone's control, like the train in *Silver Streak*.

So national health care was being delayed. The past three Presidents had promised the same program and failed to deliver. The A.M.A. is better organized than the sick. So the Pentagon budget cuts will now be in *proposed* rather than *actual* dollars. Besides, what's five or ten billion, anyway? A dozen nuclear subs? So we're aiming to cut unemployment by one percent the first year rather than the four percent promised? So 2,000,000 fewer people will get promised jobs.

The fugitive grew impatient reading about the economy. He didn't understand the pros and cons of deficit spending. Stagflation sounded bad, but he wasn't sure if it meant people were slow to spend money for expensive goods or if it were a disease common among reindeer. He did not believe in capitalism, so capitalism's technical language was off the point. Like overhearing ship captains debate navigation in a world they believe is flat. Or, more to the subject, like slaveowners arguing whether kindness or the whip got better results. Nonetheless, he knew firsthand that a job is damned hard to come by unless you are a computer engineer. His own job résumé was seven pauses and three gulps long. He had lost two jobs in the past six months, screwed up his story at the welfare office and managed to get the food stamps cut off. He now lived among the marginally employed, the welfare recipients, the gypsy proletariat. Down here the solution looked so obvious. Carter had asked for suggestions, so he wrote a letter.

Dear Jimmy:

I can't find a job or a place to live, so why don't you hire me to build a house? I don't like welfare and food stamps. I just got fired unfairly. They canned this Puerto Rican woman for the same reason I was canned, and she cried and said she was going to kill herself. Now, Jimmy, the U. S. is the least-unionized country in the world. Eighty percent or more of our labor force is unorganized. How can people get what they want if they're not organized? Management certainly is. You should support the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, knock out right-to-work laws, allow collective bargaining by public employees and compulsory arbitration, and refuse to invoke the Taft-Hartley Act when vital strikes occur, if they ever do again. Government must become the champion of the worker. An organized labor force doesn't need to be *given* anything. It demands and wins. I know the current labor leaders won't buy this. Everyone knows that the FBI and the Mafia drove out the Communists, the anarchists and the other idealists long ago. And, with them, the idea of making every working person a union member. But that's what the country needs. It doesn't need any social legislation, it needs national trade unionism so that everyone who produces can. . . .

He couldn't finish the thought because it occurred to him that none of this would happen, and he left the library. The corridors were plastered with an exhibit of protest posters. "Paper weapons" they were called. There the fugitive was enshrined under glass as one of the Chicago Seven next to an old poster calling people to MARCH ON WASHINGTON, MARCH ON DEATH. It made him sad to see the poster. True, the movement had, in a decade, ended legal segregation, stopped the world's mightiest imperial war machine and left a legacy in people's minds that protest worked. But he couldn't help feeling that the movement had failed to deliver. That poster brought 1,000,000 angry protesters to town. He remembered the night rally that weekend when he and Jerry smashed the TV set in the middle of a Nixon speech. Electronic voodoo, they had called it. He thought of all the petty power plays, the factional feuding and how distant it all now was. How they had promised revolution and one by one got sucked into the mainstream or drifted into obscurity.

The next day he trotted out to Georgetown University. It had always been a fairly conservative school, but six years ago antiwar rallies had emptied the dorms even here. Thousands turned out. Chants of "Bring the war home" rang in his ears and he could see himself in the courtyard, fist high, exhorting the crowd. The fugitive picked his way along icy paths toward the cafeteria. Tom Ade, from Morristown, New Jersey, told him things had changed since those days. "The campus went for Ford, you know. We don't really talk much about politics. We just want jobs." Tom was going to head for Atlantic City when he graduated in the spring. "I want to get in on the ground floor when they open the gambling casinos. Right now they're cleaning the blacks out. It's going to be a boom town there." Judy and Pat are more excited that Chevy Chase was just on campus than in anything connected with politics. No one had even heard Kissinger's recent announcement that he would teach there. Notices in the corridor listed scheduled lecturers: James Buckley, the minister from the Republic of China, the originator of *Captive Nations Weekly* and the former ambassador from South Vietnam. A nice broad range. A banner screamed, CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S AGAIN! JAN. 21ST. CHAMPAGNE! NOISEMAKERS! NO JEANS PLEASE! He blinked

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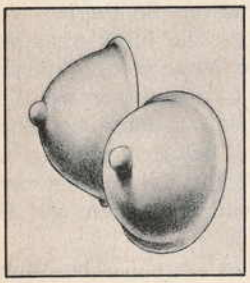

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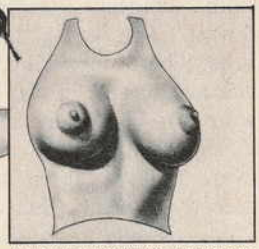

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and looked at the swarming students again. My God, he thought, the youth culture belongs to people in their 30s. Students weren't the young, they were junior adults. Polite, serious, accepting. Solid, C-plus citizens. Long hair was rare and, by golly, they were dressed up. Everyone looked like Dorothy Hamill. Oh, so short and sassy! They flocked to the corporate band wagon at display tables. "Ford and IBM are recruiting today. They grab up undergraduates and pay for school in exchange for a long-term commitment," Tom explained.

"When I went, parents mostly paid," the fugitive answered.

"Parents can't afford school. Corporations have taken over the costs. It's not exactly a free market place for talent. It's more like the pro-football draft." The students ran off to class. The corporate chill.

The fugitive made his way back to the hide-out to gather in the news. Washington has no fewer than three all-news radio stations, and TV news runs a solid two hours if you switch channels. Besides, all the local stories were about Jerry and Betty and Henry. Political news and gossip were one and the same. The first thing everyone did in the afternoon was read the *Star*'s gossip column, "Ear." Of course, there are two Washingtons—the Big D.C. with office buildings, Georgetown town houses, the malls, the embassies around DuPont Circle, the monuments and the bedroom suburbs. Washington, N.W. Northwest. The other three quarters must be where the *other* Washington lives. Some master builder designed the place so that you could spend a whole week sightseeing here and scarcely be aware that you're in a city that is 80 percent a black ghetto. The local news occasionally reminds you of the fact by reporting a murder or a fire or a drug bust, but mostly it's about Jerry or Betty or Henry and now Jimmy and Miz Lillian and Hamilton Jordan.

In the evening, the fugitive toured the small clubs tucked behind the Capitol. The talk is as stiff as a nun's collar. A Congressman from Missouri with a gimpy arm hosts a dinner group. Someone ventures yet another stupid peanut joke and everyone laughs. But there's real tension in the air. A genuine fear of being caught with your hand under the table on the wrong knee.

After the club scene, the fugitive went to Union Station for the free folk dances. There were two stages. On one, you could see Hawaiian hula-ho (remember to keep your eyes on the hands), Indians dancing for sun and a black jazz group playing *Dixie*. Jimmy Connors, whom the fugitive remembered as a Freedom Singer in the South, was m.c. In the other halls, Upper Slavics were teaching about 5000 people a folk dance with a lot of slides, hugs and good-natured hand-slapping. They were followed by a Bavarian oompah band. The rhetoric was integrated, the dances separate but equal.

Wednesday the fugitive went out early to join the crowds. Soldiers were chopping away the ice on Pennsylvania Avenue and carpenters were putting the finishing touches on the solar-heated viewing box. That was one gesture that stubbornly refused to work, necessitating $6000 worth of emergency heating units to be rushed into place. Miz Lillian announced that she was wearing "long handles" the whole day anyway.

The wait at the National Gallery was two hours long but well worth it. The glory of ancient Egypt. The treasures of King Tut's tomb. The fugitive kept trying to focus on their aesthetics, but his mind kept devising capers for lifting a few objects. Who'd miss that bowl over there or that gold mask? He wished he could relate a little more spiritually to priceless *objets d'art*, but every time he's in a museum, he thinks of heisting something. He was trying to search the people's eyes for signs of larceny when he was interrupted by the guards scurrying back and forth, calling out "Seven more rooms to see! Seven more rooms to see!" Oops. Then it was on to the Smithsonian for spaceships and antique cars. His favorite had always been this cheery, ultrabright room with an old-fashioned carrousel. It had magnificent wooden animals with terrified expressions carved on their faces. Lacquered with a sheen more brilliant than that of fingernail polish. But, alas, the carrousel was disassembled and the horses stacked in a darkened corner under a stairwell. In its place was an exhibit on the inner workings of a telephone-replay station. New toys for new kids. He couldn't resist leaving a little three-by-five file card on which he had written the breakdown of the telephone credit-card code for 1977.

He had been given the information only hours before as he stood in line at the National Gallery. He had not seen Big Bird in quite some time and when they embraced, Big Bird had whispered into his ear: "L one, D two. Paul's here. V five. Be careful. H seven. Everyone knows you're here. Jolly's a no-show. We all love you. OM."

He nodded and scribbled down the code. "Thanks, good buddy. Send my love to Oli."

"Take care, Ab. Ed Sanders says for you to keep your ka up and your face to the north wind." Gotcha!

Wednesday night he watched the people's gala on one of the people's networks. The highlights included Shirley MacLaine being smashing, Hank Aaron fouling out on his three lines, Dan Aykroyd blunting his sharpest barbs, Edith Bunker coming up from under in a phone booth, Mike Nichols and Elaine May doing a Jewish-mother phone dialog as Jimmy and Mom (Miz Lillian later said Jimmy was no momma's boy but did not deny she was Jewish). Redd Foxx thanked Jimmy Carter for being President; John Wayne thanked God for America; and Louis Jourdan thanked Dodge for zee Mon-a-co. (In all, he counted 26 commercials—lucky this was a people's gala.)

The fugitive slept through the early-morning rendition of *Amazing Grace* at the Lincoln Memorial. If it had been Willie Nelson's version, he would have made the extra effort. Instead, he got dressed carefully, made sure he had no conflicting I.D., checked his disguise in the mirror and secreted the room key in the parking lot. The scene was not unlike *The Day of the Jackal*. They parked the car near the parade route and hiked to a spot outside the Russell Senate Building. He shared an icy perch with a young man who looked the way the fugitive had looked at the age of 20: Tim Winslow, from Ohio, a Nader Raider by trade. Together they brooded about the Cabinet selections.

"Have you noticed the crowd?" Tim asked.

"How do you mean?"

"Very white and very Southern."

Tim was right. The black vote had put Carter in the White House, but you wouldn't know it from the crowd. The press of the people was enormous. Soon limousines could be seen coming up Constitution Avenue and turning onto the Capitol grounds. Damn it! He couldn't see much.

The ceremonies started. The sound didn't carry in their direction. They crossed the street and moved to the main gate. Just at the entrance he spotted—blink, blink, yes, it was—Paul Krassner, pioneer in radical satire, for years a one-man underground press and coiner of the term Yippie. They did

their mutual winky-blinkies and bumbled through warm greetings, afraid to embrace. Public embracing, they instinctively felt, was suspicious behavior. Meeting long-lost friends under these conditions was like discussing cancer at an Antonioni movie. Furtive glances and disjointed sentences only underlined the emotion. No one just asks what you've been doing for four years. Paul's not sure how seriously he should relate to the fact that a giant paw could suddenly appear out of the jungle-crowd and carry his friend off to a cold cage in distant Atticaland. Paul had seen him yanked away by the long arm of the law a half-dozen times and had always managed to brighten the occasion with a quick one-liner. But this was different. So they stood trading stories as if they were passing atomic secrets. In the background, a voice with an increasingly familiar clip kept urging them "to learn together and to laugh together." And they quietly chuckled and listened to the words.

Carter was not a great orator, but at least one felt he had written the speech himself. His book *Why Not the Best?*, also self-written, was one of the best in its genre—a genre admittedly somewhat akin to the How-I-Found-God-and-Lost-30-Pounds books. He delivered the address as a lecture to a 215,523,000-member Bible class. Pledging the country to battle all the traditional Sunday-morning evils: ignorance, poverty, et al. And, furthermore, pledging to work for the elimination of all nuclear weapons and to keep his feet off the sofa in the Blue Room. Amen. Amen. The cannons went boom! boom! boom! and Paul suggested it was the Pentagon's response to the idea of eliminating nuclear weapons. That cracked the ice and relaxed the tension. They followed the crowd back down Constitution Avenue and took up places for the parade. Jerry Rubin spotted them and darted across the street.

"I just shook hands with Billy Carter!" Jerry exclaimed. "You look great. I wouldn't recognize you in a million years."

"Quiet, Jer. That's what he'll get, if someone else does," whispers someone.

Soon there was a whole group of them standing on the curb. A regular protesters' reunion, it was. They began mingling and talking to spectators. Luthor and Sandy Bell, insurance salesman and housewife from Portland, Oregon, were upset that Carter was granting amnesty to draft resisters, but then shrugged and said, "It's time, we guess, to heal the wounds." Everyone was getting pretty high on national unity when up popped a group of farmers from that merry little town of Plains—that fact being proclaimed by bright green-and-white ski caps and buttons. Oversized munchkins from the end of the yellow-brick road. They were all telling their "we knew Jimmy when" stories when the crowd began to get excited. "He's walking! He's walking!" someone cried out. And, glory be to God, all of a sudden there he was, not more than 30 feet away. Walking home. People cheered and clapped. The fugitive clapped, too. "Hands higher," he reminded himself. "See, see, SS men: empty hands." Rosalynn's hair is much redder than on TV and Jimmy's hair seems lighter and thinner. They're holding hands and his coat collar is bent upward. It's smiling Jim, all right! He turns and gives a special greeting, probably to the Plains people, but for a moment, the fugitive thought they had made eye contact. Carried away with the excitement, he gulped and cheered. There's Rubin sucking on a joint, Krassner shivering in kelly-green cotton pants four sizes too large, Angel jumping around with the camera, a friend who just got a big Government job and two others with FBI files longer than your arm. The dissidents and the farmers join in cheering the President. For a moment, the country looked the way his third-grade teacher had described it.

Carter seemed smaller than on TV. Inevitably famous people did. And frailer. The frailty of the human experience made the fugitive shudder, and he felt nothing but good will toward the man. He mouthed the words "Good luck, Cracker!" And the parade moved on down the street; Marine bands, a giant Mylar U.S.A. float, trapeze artists, Samoan oarsmen and a bevy of baton twirlers baring their legs to the cold.

"Did you pray for anything special?" Jerry asked.

"Yeah, I asked him not to flush the toilet while we were taking a shower," he answered.

The group was away from the parade route now and could embrace, talk freely of days gone by and of tomorrows to come. Ah, tomorrow! Sweet mystery of life's anticipation. Angel and he returned to the room, grabbed a night's sleep, rubbed out the prints, flushed unneeded papers, packed their bags and sneaked out of town as quietly as they had entered. "Giddap, you gas-guzzling godzilla. Take us back to the heartland."

The all-news radio station held strong all across Virginia: Carter grants amnesty. Mondale off to Europe. And in the rest of the country: A father in New Jersey shot his kid for smoking grass. A kid in Albany, Georgia, shot his father for not letting him use the car. And in Gadsden, Alabama, police were holding a man on $100,000 bail for running down the street waving a gun, screaming he was on his way to Washington to kill the President. ▣

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(Continued from page 80) you devote to your women?

DARTMOUTH: One point six hours.

CABLE: Well, all right, if you choose not to answer that, let's go to something else. Do you ever pass ladies on to friends when you're finished with them?

DARTMOUTH: I am never finished.

CABLE: Never finished with *any* of them? When do you work?

DARTMOUTH: What I'm saying is that I have never left a lady on unfriendly terms. I have never left a lady who is not still in contact with me.

CABLE: But you never pass them on to friends, subtly or overtly, once things are on the wane?

DARTMOUTH: I have never passed anyone on to a friend. I have *encouraged* some ladies to perfect other relationships than with me, or to search out new ones that might be good for them.

CABLE: What are your thoughts about why you have ladyfriends? Is it mostly sexual?

DARTMOUTH: Oh, I think it is certainly sexual and I think it is other things, too. I guess I think it's fun. It's doing things I want to do with someone I like doing them with. But it is never *non*sexual. In addition to the sex, though, it's being able to laugh with somebody, being able to talk, to feel, dance, run, swim, play golf—whatever I feel like doing. Travel.

CABLE: When you're in bed with someone, do you ever have the uncomfortable feeling that everything isn't rosy?

DARTMOUTH: If you're talking about the what-am-I-doing-here? feeling, the answer is yes. But having decided that that's the game I want to play, I get rid of the thought.

CABLE: How would you describe your wife's feelings about you? Is she, do you think, crazy about you—or indifferent?

DARTMOUTH: I would guess that she has a deep and enduring affection for me.

CABLE: Hmmm. Do you find that different women have widely differing sexual techniques?

DARTMOUTH: Women have basically the same equipment. There are only so many things you can possibly do with that equipment, no matter how the mind runneth over.

CABLE: Technique doesn't differ?

DARTMOUTH: Technique does differ; interests differ. But I don't think that the thing that makes sex with one partner more enjoyable than sex with another is primarily technique. I think it's what's in your head.

CABLE: To what extent is your playerhood an exercise of power?

DARTMOUTH: There's probably some kind of power thing involved, but I think more ego than power. I like to think that I actually enjoy sleeping with women.

CABLE: Do you dismiss women who make demands on you, or is there sometimes someone important enough for you to try to meet her demands?

DARTMOUTH: I react very badly to pressure. Demands mean pressure and create all kinds of negative vibes—and negative vibes can destroy a relationship.

CABLE: Going back over the years, would you say that the women you see are quite different from one another, or are they all of the same mold—all pretty, or tall, or dumb, or funny?

DARTMOUTH: I would say they are extremely different in many respects, but they are all physically very attractive. I like good-looking women. I don't think I can relate to a woman who is not good-looking. But good looks aren't enough. I can go with a woman for an extended period of time only if she is good-looking and bright, good-looking and funny or good-looking and considerate.

CABLE: Are you aware of looking for one person? Do you try to re-create what might be called the "all-time favorite" in other relationships? In other words, could there be a particular person you're looking for?

DARTMOUTH: I don't think so.

CABLE: How do you unwind a romance when you want it to be over?

DARTMOUTH: It never seems to have been difficult. I find that the end is sensed by both sides. The hardest thing to do with somebody with whom you've been close is to fake. I think both parties sense when a relationship is on the upswing or on the way down.

CABLE: Do you ever inadvertently leave telltale items around your home—phone numbers on slips of paper, places to meet?

DARTMOUTH: Never; never. I go to great lengths to avoid disclosure, such as getting all my clothes cleaned after a week away, or a few days, whatever. I said a week. I don't really mean that, because I think that seven days would tax my tolerance of anybody.

CABLE: Where, then, do you keep phone numbers and addresses?

DARTMOUTH: I have an office. In the office is a desk with locked drawers.

CABLE: So your wife has never found anything you didn't intend her to find?

DARTMOUTH: Not that I am aware of. Maybe she has and has been smart enough to ignore it.

CABLE: Explain why you can't have a romantic involvement with one woman inside the confines of marriage.

DARTMOUTH: What happens in marriage is that the volitional relationship is replaced by contracts. The marriage contract. The ownership of the home. The bank accounts. Societal pressures. There are children, lawyers, divorce laws, courts, and so forth. When you replace the open door with all those pressures, she doesn't try quite so hard anymore, because she realizes that it is a hassle for him to get out. And he doesn't try so hard anymore, because it's not so hard anymore. The chase is over. This reminds me of the story of my masseur. He told me that his wife didn't want to suck his cock anymore and he said to her, "Why not? You used to do it all the time before we were married." You know what her answer was? She said, "Oh, I only did it for you. I never really liked it." *I only did it for you!* This is supposed to be the most important person in her life and after marriage she won't extend herself.

CABLE: When you were first married, did you imagine that you would become a player?

DARTMOUTH: Absolutely not. I had no intention of that. I was very much in love. I had no desire to be a player. I was very much satisfied with one woman.

CABLE: You mean all this just happened to you?

DARTMOUTH: No, marriage happened to me. Romance is what I love.

CABLE: How many years before you started playing around?

DARTMOUTH: I would say three or four years after I was married, but that was only because I was so ineffective.

CABLE: Ineffective?

DARTMOUTH: If I could possibly have pulled it off, I would have started playing around earlier. But I was unsuccessful. In that generation, women said, "Oh, not with a married man." And probably my approaches were crude and my insecurities very high and my perceptions low. Today I think women *prefer* married men. I don't think the 23- to 28-year-old ladies of today balk at all at having a relationship with a married man. Actually I think many of them seek it out. Such a relationship is unpressured; it is unstructured.

CABLE: Do you think that every man can have a life like yours?

DARTMOUTH: Only if he has a wife.

CABLE: Do you have any advice for a man who wants to live as you do?

DARTMOUTH: I would suggest that he create an attitude at home that permits a lot of mobility. Then go on to create situations with women that create openings. And never end a relationship with any woman. It's worth having the relationship because it's self-protective. She's less likely to call up your wife if she likes you. ▣

HERBS, WITCH DOCTORS *"Active principles are not equivalent to plants, because plants have many different chemicals in them."*

(Continued from page 58) the no man's land between scientific medicine and witch doctoring.

As we were walking up the path to his one-room geodesic dome in the foothills of an Arizona desert mountain, Weil picked up a few shoots from a plant called *Porophyllum* and told me that the Papago and Seri Indians considered this plant to be a cure for many maladies. I chewed the shoots and worked the tape recorder while he talked:

"If you look at the history of modern pharmacological medicine, you'll find that it originates with the isolation of morphine from opium sometime in the first decade of the 19th Century. This single event marked the first time that a known compound was extracted from a medicinal plant.

"Before this time, pharmacology probably involved an incredible mixture consisting of some reasonable treatments, a lot of quackery and a lot of superstition. Nobody knew who was getting what, whether a certain medicine was in fact what it was said to be, or if one batch of a substance was the same as another. And in the wake of the isolation of morphine, there was an incredible burst of energy, during which chemists and pharmacologists—especially in Germany—spent the next 70 or 80 years going through the whole plant kingdom methodically isolating all the major alkaloids. They got nicotine from tobacco, quinine from cinchona bark, cocaine from coca, and so on. There was a real feeling that this was the beginning of a new era in medicine. Which it was. Now, for the first time, man could wipe away all the mystery surrounding herbal medicine and give exact doses of known compounds. That part of it was fine.

"But what happened was that, in their enthusiasm for all this, the scientists got the idea that once you isolated the so-called active principle from the plant, you could forget about the rest of the plant. Or that the active principle was *equivalent* to the whole plant. For instance, when cocaine was isolated from coca, it was advertised to the world as the active principle of coca. That's just not true; active principles are *not* equivalent to plants, because plants have many different chemicals in them. For instance, when I was in college, I was taught that peyote had a dozen or so alkaloids, of which mescaline was one; now they've got that number up to something like 40 alkaloids. Pharmacologists are in the habit of calling everything else in the plant inactive, once they have isolated the active compound.

"Now, I am a great believer in the activity of those other chemicals. While it's true that you can often find one chemical that will reproduce the most interesting effects of a plant, there are enormous differences between the way people respond to a whole plant and to that isolated derivative. For that reason, I think it's worth paying attention to the ways in which plants differ from single chemicals. One way is that the plants have all these *other* chemicals in them.

"For instance, I think coffee is a strong, psychoactive drug that produces physiological dependence in a lot of people. I know a number of people who experience actual physical withdrawal if their system hasn't had coffee for eight hours. And this is not entirely caused by the single chemical of caffeine. There are about a dozen other plants in the world that contain caffeine—tea and kola nut among them—but beverages made from these plants don't do the same things that coffee does. None of these plants is as effective a laxative as coffee, for example. This may be because of the unique oil-soluble compounds found in coffee, but we know practically nothing about these compounds, because, typically, all the pharmacological research in coffee has been done on caffeine.

"Another example is the digitalis drugs, which come from the foxglove plant. Up until the first part of this century, digitalis was usually administered in the form of the ground-up leaf. Today most doctors prescribe two drugs isolated from the foxglove leaf called digitoxin and digoxin. These isolated drugs are dangerous, because it is very easy to take a toxic dose. Consequently, medical schools must teach students to recognize the three stages of digitalis toxicity: first, gastrointestinal symptoms, usually nausea or vomiting; second, arrhythmia of the heart, or irregular heartbeats; third, a potentially fatal irregularity of the heart. After the schools teach you this, they instruct you not to expect to see the initial gastrointestinal symptoms. Typically, the first noticeable sign of digitalis overdose today is arrhythmia of the heart. And I have always wondered why, if there are supposed to be *three* stages, you shouldn't expect to see the *first* one.

"Well, I finally met some old physicians who had used foxglove leaf. They said that when people were given a toxic dose of the leaf, they always got sick to their stomachs long before there was any irregularity of the heartbeat. A patient would say, 'I don't know what's the matter with me; I can't eat anything; I keep vomiting.' The doctors would then cut back the dose. My guess is that the

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gastrointestinal symptoms were caused *not* by the digoxin or digitoxin, but by other components of the leaf that modern pharmacologists consider to be unimportant. That's an example of how plants in their natural form are *safer* than simple chemicals.

"There's an enormous dissatisfaction among people in this country, a searching for more natural ways of healing," continues Weil. "And alternative methods of healing take us away from materialism and toward spirituality. Some systems talk only about energy and work with energy, and that's a big difference from regular medicine. If you try to talk to doctors about energy, they either don't know what you're talking about or they say energy is too vague a term.

"The principle of homeopathic medicine is that people get sick in unique ways and that it is a waste of time to create what homeopaths call 'disease entities' out of a resemblance between the symptoms of two different people. Homeopaths don't believe there are such things as hepatitis and pneumonia—diseases that come and attack people. They believe that if you analyze individual symptoms you'll find a lot of differences.

"Naming creates magic. And the homeopath's objection to regular medicine is that, by naming, it created disease entities that have become powerful because people believe in them. The emphasis in regular allopathic medicine has been to make people *more* involved with disease rather than less involved. I think the health-care problem we have in this country is a result of that. If people got more involved with keeping themselves healthy rather than with treating disease, there would be less need for so much hospital space."

Perhaps the most frightening disease entity that modern medicine has created by naming is cancer. Essentially, cancer is, as the Navahos put it, "a sore that isn't healing itself." Allopathic medicine directly attacks the sore that isn't healing itself. Pagan witch doctoring deals with the *reason why* the sore is not healing itself. I asked Weil about this.

"I really don't believe there is a specific material cause for cancer," he said. "I think cancer is something that is so basic to life processes that it's independent of any specific material cause, although many material causes may contribute to it. One thing that I learned in medical school that sounded right to me is that all body cells have a tendency to become cancerous, that it's an inherent tendency. The body is constantly weeding out those cells, and the spread of cancer is the *failure* of that weeding-out process, not a positive growth development. I also believe that it is the *belief* in cancer, the *fear* of cancer, that can very well be the factor that leads to the failure of that weeding-out process."

•

Western science looks for, and finds, truths that add up to mountains of data. Witch doctors are truth seekers who look in the opposite direction: What they're looking for, and finding, are huge generalities that contain the seed truths of Western science's mountains of data. The concept of pagan gods embodies generalities concerning the energy we share with the whole universe. The generalities are scientific, because they have been verified for thousands of years and are still used by those psychic healers called witch doctors to obtain predictable results. The reason their results are not apparent to modern medical people is that the medical people look for physical causes to explain the results; they want to know what chemical the witch doctors are working with, not what combination of invisible nonthings.

The herbal magic of witch doctors is also veiled from modern medical vision by the vast number of names that have been invented for all the pagan gods. The same gods have been invented by practically all peoples, at one time or another, and their names and depictions differ greatly in the many languages of the world. But each god, whatever its name or depiction, can be recognized, once the theory or what to look for is known: The Hawaiian Maui is the Eskimo Fox is the Navaho Coyote is the Haitian Legba is the Brazilian Eshu is the Greek Mercury, and so on. Quantum theory is a Western scientific expression of this same deity.

There's a Western scientific theory that states that the amount of energy in the universe can be neither increased nor decreased, but only worked. This theory translates into Afro-paganism as the god Damballah, symbolized by the snake with its tail in its mouth. The aliveness of plants and everything else in the universe is a composition of all the gods acting together, and it is these animated generalities, the gods, that the herbalist witch doctor uses.

On side B of the Superstition Barrier are found truths that are old and out of vogue. Pagans don't think that this makes their truths less true, for, by definition, truths are beliefs that have endured. Here's a newspaper-headline peephole through the Superstition Barrier: "DATA INDICATE NEANDERTHAL MAN USED HERBS FOR HEALING 60,000 YEARS AGO." Through such peepholes, the scientist and the witch doctor confront each other.

•

Plants and humanity go back a long way together, and many an American grandma still uses herbs. I used to follow mine around when she would go into a trance and then go out to pick plants; she would bring them home, dry some, cook others, and have potions ready when illnesses beset her neighbors. On side A you need an M.D. degree to practice medicine; on side B you need a gift for healing.

Our next guest, an Afro-American in his mid-30s, exudes a healthiness that seems to permeate all who come near him. Although he was educated in American universities, he rebelled against Western science and returned to the beliefs of his African ancestors in search of more enduring truths. I would like to say exactly who he is and where he lives, but he wants to remain anonymous. I have interviewed many witch doctors and, in my opinion, Doctor Anonymous is among the best. Here is what he says on the subject:

"American Indian, Chinese, Eskimo, you name it—any herbalist who is spirit-oriented rather than thing-oriented, I can understand. Most Western people doubt the effectiveness of these methods, but that doubt is based on ignorance. When I watch an Eskimo or American Indian witch doctor summon a spirit while, say, brewing an herbal tea, I understand exactly what he's doing. I don't know his name for this spirit, but I can recognize which spirit he's invoking and identify it by its African name. When an Eskimo shaman says he must deal with the spirit of the fox to cure epilepsy, I know exactly what he's talking about. Africans call this god Eshu.

"But the Western doctor doesn't understand this. He relates to the germs involved, while we of the so-called primitive, pagan tradition relate to the spirit that gives those germs existence. Each spirit emanates from a god, is on the ray of a god, and each germ has its particular spirit, which is conscious and aware and responsive, and is made and controlled by a god.

"So when I'm dealing with illness, I'm dealing with the gods. Likewise, when I'm using an herb, I summon the spirit of that herb to work with me, to yield to me so that I can use it for a cure. Western scientists call this magic. It's not. It's highly scientific. But Western science has only recently discovered man-to-plant communications, and it

thinks it's really amazing that man and plants can communicate. The African has to laugh at that, because he's known about man-to-plant communications for thousands of years.

"The idols that pagans worship contain an accumulation of a certain type of energy that can be summoned, appealed to, directed and used. This energy is what the pagan is communicating with in his worship, not the physical *thingness* of the idol. Likewise, it's the spirit force of herbs that we use, and we consider Western medicine comparatively ineffective because it is ignorant of these spirit forces. Look at the tremendous drug industry. What good is it? It creates more illness than it cures. All that those superpowerful drugs do is stimulate the spirits involved to create more powerful germs.

"We don't strengthen illness; we strengthen the spirits of health. Our herbs give us the power to throw off disease. If we do become afflicted, we divine the cause of the affliction, which is spiritual. We learn of the affliction, where the affliction is coming from, why it's able to afflict this person. Then our herbal remedies deal with that cause; and the effect, the affliction, is ended. If it's raining into your house, you don't deal with the water that's already on the floor until after you fix the roof. Western medicine deals with the water on the floor instead of fixing the roof. And that's a losing battle.

"Sure, Western medicine has developed the techniques to do some surprising things. Like heart transplants—the technique is marvelous, but the patient often dies or suffers a relapse. Why? Because of the spirits involved; spirits that were the cause of the affliction in the first place.

"African medicine developed no such far-out operating-room techniques. Instead, it developed divining, summoning, invocation, incantation; and through them we use the spiritual elements of the plants. We don't use the same herbal remedy for the same illness. Each person is unique, and so we divine what each individual needs to cure his illness.

"This is the approach to healing that is common to practically all mankind with the exception of Western man. Western man has a limited idea of what a medicine is. Anything can be a medicine—be it herbal, animal or mineral. And anything can be a poison. Too much water will kill you, but if you're dying of thirst somewhere out in the desert, water is a medicine.

"Western drug technology works on the assumption that a particular drug wipes out a particular disease, so it prescribes one drug for everybody with that disease. Then it finds that some people have bad reactions—to aspirin, penicillin, whatever it may be—and that not everybody with the same illness responds to the same drug in the same way. Our divining has always told us that one person's headache needs one thing, another person's headache needs something else, because not everyone's headache has the same spiritual cause.

"For Western man to understand this, he'll have to take a big step forward into spiritual awareness. He'll have to go far beyond the simple fact of man-to-plant communications and get into the precise nature of these communications: which man communicating with which plant through which medium, which god? Until Western man understands all forms of primitive medicine—African, Chinese, native American, Eskimo or whatever—he'll only be baffled. And in his ignorance he'll call these other people ignorant. If he happens to observe that they are healthy and able to heal

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Now, don't be so quick to judge. Scott was aware of her problem and he really cared about her. So he got her to talk about it.

She said she was tense. Tight. That as much as she wanted to, she just couldn't make it all the way. So she faked it. Or tried.

Getting the problem out into the open didn't help. In fact, the more they talked, the more tense and nervous they both got.

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the Orgasmmmmm.

their afflictions, he may say that their medicines are quite effective—for them. But he'll still see them as ignorant savages. That's his own ignorance he's seeing. That's why he can't learn from us, why he thinks it's his task to teach us."

•

During the Chinese Cultural Revolution of the Sixties, Chairman Mao decreed that henceforth, modern Western medicine would work hand in hand with ancient Chinese medicine. The two have been doing fine ever since, or so one is led to believe by reports coming out of China. Herbalism and acupuncture are being revived; Chinese people are learning to cultivate herbs and to prepare their own herbal remedies; each regiment in the Chinese army has its own herb garden, and soldiers learn to identify wild plants so that they can use them on maneuvers or during wartime; Shanghai's main shopping street, Nanking Road, now has more herb shops than drugstores.

Ancient herbal folklore is coming out of hiding, we are told, and traditional Chinese medicine—like its American Indian and African counterparts—relates to the invisible forces involved in sickness and healing. Acupuncture addresses itself to *Chi*, which means energy, or prana, and which is understood to be either positive or negative—yang or yin—and is believed to flow in and out of the human body at the acupuncture points. Native American and African witch doctors often perform a needleless kind of acupuncture, manipulating the energies of their patients' auras by using the forces contained in herbs, fish, fowl, animals, stones, beads or chanted words.

Modern science assures us that not all light can be seen by the eye, nor all sounds heard by the ear; we see and hear within a certain range, and beyond that range there is much light and sound going on that eludes our perceptive apparatus. This "discovery" did not come as news to the many pagan cultures of the world, in which gods define the various qualities of energy. The pagan belief is that the light and sound that we perceive had their origins in godly activities. Which gods cause what is the question for the pagan herbalist, and some interesting ways of divining this have been devised.

"Doctor" Fong Wan, a legendary San Franciscan, was a Chinese herbalist who divined by sound. He arrived from South China a year or so after the great earthquake and fire that rocked the Bay Area in 1906, and he was soon being deified by his patients and vilified by the medical establishment. Bob Patterson, reporting in *City of San Francisco* magazine, revealed that Fong "had a somewhat complicated theory of medical treatment. He believed that the chemical elements of the human body were based on the five tones of the Chinese musical scale (kok, chung, kong, sheng and yu). Thus, Fong could diagnose bodily imbalance by listening to a patient groan. Careful attention to the complainant's howling or baying was also helpful in stubborn cases of disaffection. . . . He was also edified by whimpering, grunting, mewing, whining, sighing, wheezing, belching and certain kinds of noisy sniveling. His consultation room bore a marked resemblance to auditions for chamber-music orchestral jobs. His treatments were limited to Chinese herbs, strong ear power and hypnotic chatter."

The legend of Doctor Fong resembles the legend of coca. It, too, has had a dramatic and tempestuous history, enjoying deification, suffering degeneration. The coca plant was "discovered," as they say in our history books, by a Spanish explorer named Agustín de Zárate, who reported that the Indians of Peru "do esteem [it] more than gold or silver." During the 1800s, coca became the main ingredient in elixirs and tonics made and sold by a young Corsican, Dr. Angelo Mariani, and it was said that Dr. Mariani's brews—take a deep breath—overcame hunger, fatigue and cold, cured headaches, dizziness, fatness, depression and general disability, promoted restful sleep and relieved such distresses as stomach-ache, indigestion, sore throat, seasickness, constipation, paleness, irritability, anemia, nervous exhaustion, diabetes, Bright's disease, gout, rheumatism, heart disease, tuberculosis, malaria, goiter, convulsions and syphilis.

Yes, the coca leaf had the whole Western world walking around with its collective head in the Andes—until a German chemist named Albert Niemann announced in 1860 that he had isolated from coca leaves an alkaloid that he named cocaine. After that, the record becomes weird. By 1890, even Sherlock Holmes was shooting up with the stuff. Doctors on both continents were using it at a great rate by the early 1900s and were debating whether or not it was addictive.

So, while the children of the Incas chewed placidly on their health-giving coca leaves, the children of the colonialists snorted and injected the "active ingredient" and developed such a love/hate relationship with it that they named it The Lady and declared her to be evil. They not only outlawed her as a private pleasure, they banned her from their favorite drink, Coca-Cola, and now threaten to destroy the coca plant, her natural habitat. Instead of using The Lady, they now use harmless, zombie likenesses of her: Novocaine, tetracaine, lidocaine, *(Continued on page 134)*

CLASS ACTION SUITS Further Fashion Information

(Continued from page 77) Our muffler salesman is still at large, but anyone can get suited up like his millionaire colleagues. They all wore Interwoven socks and Gideon collar pins. They also had the one thing that was more indispensable than money—the following list of places around America that sell these snazzy threads:

Pages 74 and 75 (left to right): First suit at Lost Weekend, Downers Grove, Illinois; Heaven on Earth, Newark, New Jersey; Rolands, Oakland; Gatto Per Oumo, Philadelphia. Shirt at Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. Tie at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York. Second suit at Le Denier Cri, Beverly Hills; Camel's Hump, Boston; Bachelor Quarters, Chicago; Le Mans, New York. Shirt at Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. All Tucker ties at Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Pocket square at Marshall Field, Chicago; J. W. Robinson's, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Bloomingdale's, New York. Third suit and pocket square at Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills; J & R Pollack, Hartford, Connecticut; Paul Stuart, New York. Shirt at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York. Pages 76 and 77: First suit at Baskin, Chicago; Jas. K. Wilson, Dallas; Silverwoods, Los Angeles; Wallachs, New York. Shirt at Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Gary's & Company, Los Angeles; Paul Stuart, New York. Second suit at Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Judy's, Los Angeles; Proving Ground, New York. Shirt at J. Riggings, Atlanta; Baskin, Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Third suit available from Cesarani Ltd., 12 East 53rd St., New York, New York. Shirt at Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. All men's shoes at Bally of Switzerland shops in Beverly Hills, Chicago, Houston and New York. Silk dress ($152) at Bloomingdale's, New York; Me and My Lady, Royal Oak, Michigan; Orpheus, San Francisco. Chiffon skirt and top ($180) at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Chang Stein's, Los Angeles, Bonwit Teller, New York. Women's shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco.

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STUD® 100

SEX TAPE LETTERS *Soon I was kicking the sheets and pillows off the bed and grabbing the mattress for dear life.*

(Continued from page 28) thick black hair swung slowly from side to side like a pendulum. Pasta or not, I knew she was going to get me to shoot my load. My balls were buzzing from the pressure of her hand and it was only a matter of seconds before I'd feel the final surge. That was when she stuck the forefinger of her free hand inside my ass and began to pump away like an oil rig drilling for black gold.

I came like a son of a bitch. She hopped off my hitching post midway to watch the phenomenon of my exploding come soar out of my cock and onto my thighs and the bedsheets. Then she bent over me and sucked the final drops into her throat. "You see," she said, "Italians are always right. Food and sex are very good together."

WARREN M.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Jack was a man with a big appetite, and I could tell what his style in the sack was going to be just from watching him tear into his hero sandwich in the plant cafeteria at lunchtime. Never in my life have I seen anybody look sexier while eating. It was embarrassing watching him, but I watched him, and he knew I was watching and he loved it.

The first time we had dinner together we ate in front of the television in the bedroom, which is also the living room and the kitchen. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, right? I made a salad, shrimp cocktail, meat loaf, potatoes, German chocolate cake and coffee. Jack suggested that there was only one way to eat a big dinner like that—in the raw. I must confess I was startled. I thought we'd wait until after dinner to make love. I always regarded dinner as a kind of setup, a mood setter: candlelight, music, all the atmosphere you need to set the juices flowing. Uh-uh. This time we weren't going to wait. We were going to eat dinner naked. Jack sprang an erection almost as soon as he climbed out of his Jockey shorts. We sat down on the bed and chomped on the salad, eyes glued to the tube and the seven o'clock news.

Then I felt it—Jack's big hand pressing down between my clenched thighs. "Come on, honey," he said. "You gotta relax when you eat or you'll fuck up your digestion. Let me in."

I unclenched my thighs and felt his fingers slide down between them. His hand began to saw gently against the moist lips of my pussy. It wasn't easy controlling my romaine lettuce and cherry tomatoes, let me tell you!

I told him I thought we ought to wait. I had the meat loaf on my mind: If we started this early, by the time we got around to the meat loaf, it would be burned to a crisp. His fingers just kept moving along the outer lips of my vagina, running up and down and edging toward my clitoris. Chills raced upward from my thighs and I let out a whine of pleasure and surprise. Little explosions of heat began to pulse through me. And there he sat, oblivious, or at least pretending to be oblivious, eating with his right hand and masturbating me with his left. I began to shudder uncontrollably, pressing my thighs together in an effort to stop the explosions. Meat loaf or not, I was going to have an orgasm. And did I!

The meat loaf *was* as dry as a crisp when we finally got to it, but Jack was so hungry he didn't seem to mind at all. He tore into it, shoving huge chunks into his mouth. He seemed to have forgotten about fucking. See, I told myself, you start too early and you finish too soon.

Well, that wasn't it. I'd misjudged Jack. After he finished the meat loaf, he dived between my legs for the next course. His tongue plowed inside my vagina and twisted and plunged and teased and licked until I was howling for him to stop. Most guys only tease a girl with their tongues in a kind of half-reluctant foreplay aimed at getting her ready for the invasion by the big meat. Jack's tongue reached way inside me and the pleasure was so intense it was almost unbearable. Soon I was kicking the sheets and pillows off the bed and grabbing the mattress for dear life. I tried pulling his head away and closing my thighs, but his big hands dug into the insides of my thighs and pulled them apart. That did it. My body convulsed upward and I howled and groaned and gave in to one of the most incredible orgasms I've ever experienced.

After that, I went to sleep. Before I knew it, I was dreaming that Jack was screwing me on one of the wooden tables in the plant cafeteria during lunch hour. People were coming and going and carrying their trays past us, but they didn't notice us at all. It was such an incredible dream that I actually felt him inside me. You guessed it. I woke up huddled on my side; Jack was behind me in the spoon position, his huge cock

stuck inside my vagina up to the hilt. I could feel his big balls bounce against my ass every time he plunged forward. One of his hands was playing with my clit and the other was tugging savagely on my nipples. My body was moving against his, almost unconsciously, picking up rhythmic speed and trying to suck him in even more. This time it wasn't long before we both came, one after the other. I felt the muscular spasms of his thick penis and then, seconds later, the involuntary convulsions of my sweetly tortured pussy. The rest is a kind of blur. It's as if we melted together, and I'm sure he slept with his cock inside me that night.

LORETTA J.
Akron, Ohio

We had been fucking for about two hours and, frankly, I was losing the hard edge on my creativity. Although I was still dutifully working, Helena sensed it, too. "Wait," she breathed. "I'll be right back."

She lithely uncoupled and slid out from under me; then she disappeared into the nether regions of my apartment and I lay contemplating my weary wand. In seconds, it became a shrunken shell of its once-proud self.

Helena re-entered the bedroom, her lips encircling a length of that marvelous sausage I had bought for our morning meal. With both hands, she was lasciviously drawing the footlong piece of meat in and out of her mouth. Without a word, she climbed back into bed beside me, still sucking on that sausage. Her eyes were hot and fluttery; she began to moan. She flung her legs up ecstatically, then drew her knees up to her breasts and curled her toes. I was fascinated, and my joint instantly grew envious of the treatment the sausage was receiving. Cyclopslike, it stood up to get a better look.

Now Helena was writhing rhythmically. The sausage was deep in her mouth, as if driven there by an unseen force; at regular intervals, I heard her half-choked grunts. With her weight supported on her toes and shoulder blades, she arched the middle of her body into the air. I wanted to bury my face in the moist summit of her anatomy but I was too mesmerized to move. Instead, I merely watched, bug-eyed, her epic battle with our breakfast. Suddenly she ripped the monster out of her mouth and thrust it deeply into her vagina. Again, as if propelled by an invisible Wankel, onto which she could barely hold for life or lust, the sausage began to pump and rotate with a life of its own. Helena, with the whites of her eyes showing, issued a low, sustained growl. She rolled over on her knees, her head deep in the pillows and her rear end pointed at the ceiling. Reaching through her legs with her left hand and around her back with her right, she began to pump the churning sausage. Then, as quickly as the sausage went in, it came out and went back into her mouth. This time, however, she began to devour it, Tom Jones–style, inch by inch.

I looked down at my member, which, during Helena's performance, had readied for action itself. I re-entered the saunalike recesses of her body. We screwed happily for another two hours or so, but not for many days to come did I ask Helena to give me head.

ALDEN L.
Silver Spring, Maryland

I've been married only a year, but Donna and I seem to get into an incredible number of fights. Luckily most of them end in the bedroom, but I remember one that ended with us both on the kitchen table in a pile of spaghetti.

I believe I'd asked her—in quite a civil tone—just why she always cooked the spaghetti before she even started on the meat sauce. Donna whirled and yelled at me to get out of the kitchen. As it is with these things, we were soon both screaming about everything, from the price of hamburger to the relative merits of our mothers' cooking. Then Donna ran over to where the drained spaghetti was getting cold on the table, picked up a handful and threw it at me. "You can cook your own fucking spaghetti for all I care," she shouted. Well, I don't take handfuls of spaghetti from anyone, least of all from my wife, so I rushed over and grabbed her to keep her from throwing any more. The next thing I knew, the spaghetti bowl had overturned and we were wrestling around on mounds of the stuff. (Donna always cooks enough for an army.) Suddenly she looked at my face, saw the noodles hanging over my ears and broke out laughing. She kissed me and slurped in one of the noodle strands at the same time. That struck me as oddly erotic, so I stripped, pulled off the few clothes Donna was wearing and began to fuck her right there on the table. I mashed the spaghetti into her tits as I thrust into her slippery pussy. There was something incredibly sexy about the way Donna was squirming around in that squishy mess. We fucked a couple of times without stopping, and by the time we'd had enough, my cock was just one more limp noodle.

DEAN B.
San Antonio, Texas

Russ Meyer says:
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HERBS, WITCH DOCTORS *"We believe that everything originates in the mind, in thought. We believe that every creature, every plant—even mother earth herself—has thought and intelligent spirit."*

(Continued from page 131) xylocaine, etc.—nice little dolls without The Lady's famous and truly awesome power.

And because the children of the colonialists are so afraid of the extract cocaine, some of them think that the children of the Incas should stop chewing the coca leaf, which their ancestors called "the divine plant."

•

Exactly which herbs are best for which you at which time is something no book can tell us. We can begin by reading, but beyond that, we've got to venture into the herb shop and start experimenting.

There was a time when we all grew up with an intimate knowledge of the plants around us. Instead of experiencing Cadillacs and Chevies, our forefathers tripped herbally and knew herbs as modern mechanics know engines. That time is no more. Today, those of us who seek intimate knowledge of the herbs of this land mass we inhabit must turn to the native American as our teacher.

Kin-ya-onny beyeh is an American Indian whose name means Son of the Towering House Clan. When his father went to the reservation school, he was given the name Gorman, so Kin-ya-onny beyeh also has the name Carl Gorman. Carl is a painter of some renown and a robust, middle-aged ex-marine who exudes a contagious feeling of peaceful joy. As retired director of Native Healing Sciences for the Navaho Health Authority, he moves back and forth across the Superstition Barrier, trying to make the Navaho reality comprehensible to nonpagan, science-oriented Americans. It's not easy work.

According to official U. S. census figures, there were only about 7000 Navahos in the country in 1858 and more than 140,000 of them in 1970. This implies that their number has increased dramatically since the "ignorant savage" was suppressed by "civilized" people, but Navahos don't relate to it that way at all. Official U. S. history also says that the Navahos go back to around the 1400s, and that before that time another people had occupied their tribal lands but were wiped out by some natural catastrophe; according to their *own* history, Navaho origins begin thousands of years before the birth of Christ, and they have survived several wipeouts. Since the "discovery" of America, for example, they have survived Christian missionaries and the extermination campaigns of such history-book heroes as Kit Carson, and are now coping fairly well with the know-it-all arrogance of modern science. If pain persists, they see their *hatathli*, known in English as a witch doctor or medicine man (many of whom are women).

Here is what Carl Gorman has to say on the subject:

"You never see Indian medicine men riding around in Cadillacs; medicine men ride in the back of pickup trucks. They don't study medicine in order to get rich by healing the sick; they are born with the gift of healing, and to keep this gift they must use it unselfishly.

"Our herbalism is really alchemical. We use herbs, stones, chants, dances, sand paintings and much more. We have no chemicals. We have the Twelve Holy People. We explain everything in terms of them.

"We explain sickness in these terms because the Holy People are what you might call creatures of consciousness, and we believe that all sickness begins in the mind—as does all healing. Our herbalism is mental, psychological and religious. We have no word in our language for health. We have the concept of health as harmony, beauty, happiness, balance. We have what we call Walking The Corn Pollen Path, which means being in tune with nature. This is what the Zen people call 'The Way.' If you're Walking The Corn Pollen Path, you are filled with happiness and beauty and there is no way you can get sick.

"Coyote is our symbol for wantonness, greed, lust, envy, tricky means and methods. Coyote is always looking for something that he thinks is better than what he has, and he goes after it by any means. But his evil ways turn against him; his selfishness not only hurts others, it winds up hurting Coyote as well, and sometimes ends his life. The same thing happens to us when we allow ourselves to behave like Coyote: We get sick, mentally and physically; we get out of harmony, away from The Corn Pollen Path of harmony. Our herbs and healing ceremonies restore that harmony.

"We believe that everything originates in the mind, in thought. We believe that every creature, every plant—even mother earth herself—has thought and intelligent spirit. The white man scoffs at this and calls it 'nature spirits,' and says our medicine men are superstitious because they pray to their herbs.

"Our medicine men not only pray to their herbs, they practically fall in love with them. They treat them as very sensitive, intelligent and loving house pets. A medicine man never just plucks an herb; he prays to one of its kind first and tells the herb he needs it to cure a person of a sickness. He assures it that its life will not be wasted when he pulls it out of the earth, and that its spirit will be thanked for healing this person. After the herb is used, which is always a ceremony in itself, the remains of the plant are buried in the earth in a ceremony of thanksgiving.

"Now there is more and more pressure on our medicine men to classify their herbs according to Western botany. While I was lecturing at Harvard, a world-famous botanist asked, 'Why don't you get your people to learn botany, so that they can classify their plants according to our system?' Then a doctor could take one of our herbs back to his laboratory and find out what chemical makes it do what it does. That's the way they think.

"But we don't think in terms of chemicals. Our *hatathli* uses the spirits of the herb, the spirits of the Holy People involved. We classify herbs in terms of positive and negative energy, male and female. We deal with them as though they're people. Our herbalists don't separate medicine from religion, from the Holy People.

"When a Navaho gets sick, the first *hatathli* who is consulted could be called a diagnostician. He or she finds out what's wrong and what's needed for a cure, or if the patient will die. This is done by what we call hand-shaking or hand-trembling, or by stargazing. The *hatathli* will pick a star—in the east, usually—and stare at it until he sees exactly what's wrong. The diagnostician will then send the patient on to another *hatathli* for herbs and ceremony. But sometimes he sends him into town to see a doctor, or to the hospital. We don't say that Western medicine is no good at all; we see cures taking place inside hospitals, too. But we believe that it is the mind that is affected by whatever healing method is used, for all healing begins in the mind."

•

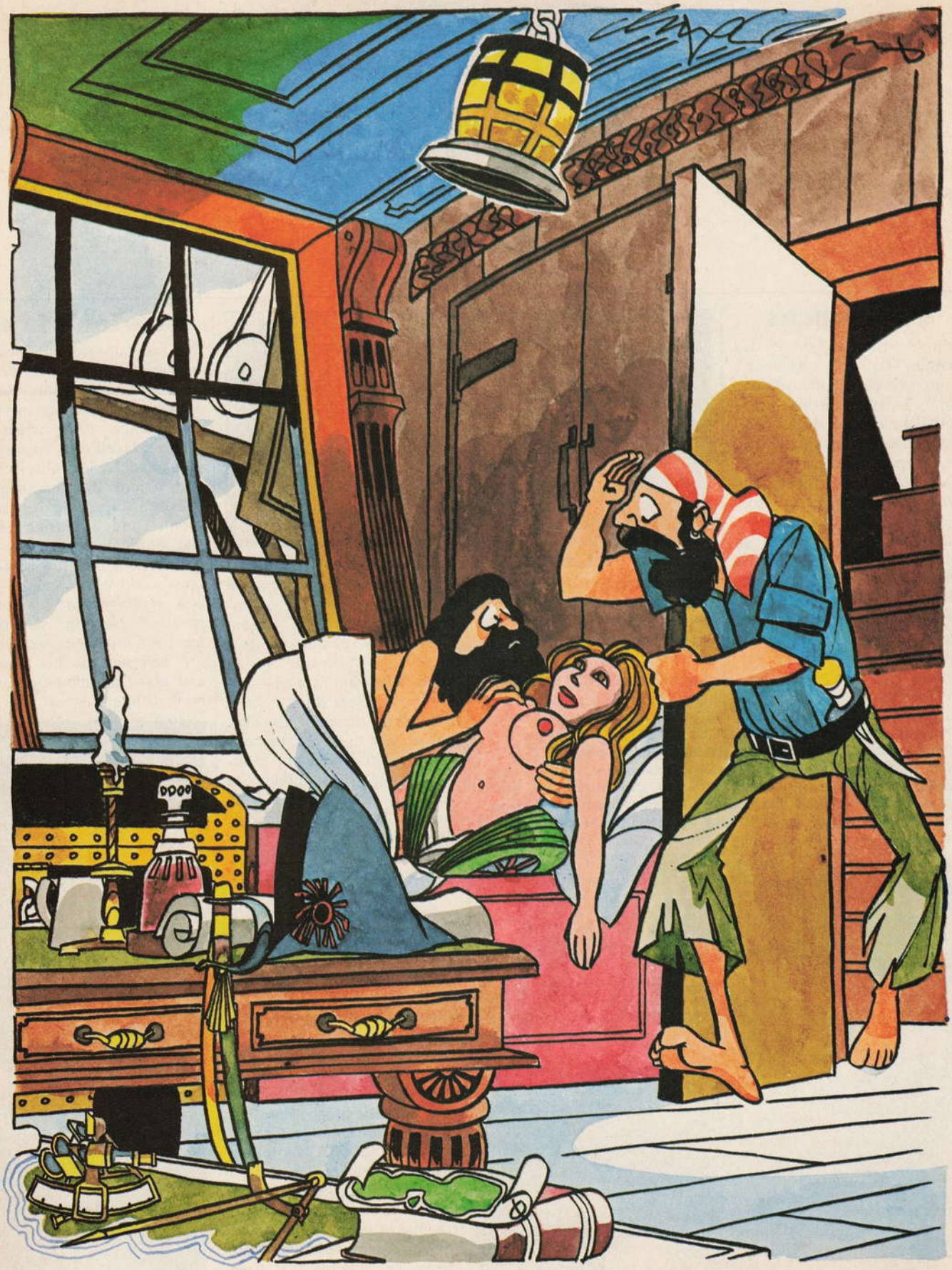
"If pain persists, see your doctor." If he gives you a prescription, see your druggist. If he gives you some drugs, notice the side effects. If the side effects are bad, see your doctor again, and your druggist, and then notice the side effects. If. . . .

"Just a second—I've got to take this pill. I hate it; it makes me ill."

"Then why do you take it?"

"Doctor's orders."

"If pain persists, see your doctor." And while you're looking at him, try to characterize the spirit that animates him. ▣



"The ship's figurehead, Cap'n . . . during the night someone's pinched the ship's fig——"

WE

Poison pens

Don Novello, author of this month's *Who Runs America?*, is an expert on the subject. Posing as superpatriot "Lazlo Toth," he carried on a correspondence with public figures, then turned the correspondence into a book, *The Lazlo Letters* (Workman). He wrote to Haldeman, for instance, not to let his appearance go just because he was fired. A very serious Haldeman replied that his decision to grow his hair had been a conscious one. Other pen pals include Queen Elizabeth, Nixon, Mr. Bubble bubble bath and Howard Johnson.

Our men in the field

When Executive Editor Mark Zussman assigned both ex-Yippie Jerry Rubin and his sidekick-on-the-run Abbie Hoffman to cover the Inauguration, he hoped everything would be hush-hush. But as it turned out, Abbie was met in Washington by a sort of underground welcome wagon. Pictures (above) were taken—on which illustrator Julian Allen later improvised—and Abbie creatively stuck a sharp instrument through his likeness to keep his secrecy secret. P.S. Neither Rubin nor Hoffman could substantiate the nefarious rumor that Jimmy Carter is really Joe Kennedy's illegitimate son.

OUI MAKES THE COVER OF *ROLLING STONE*! Strike up the band, professor, please: We've got high-gloss pictures / Of girls with mixtures / Of class and sass and tone. / We print fact and fancy / And at times Aunt Nancy / In the best mag ever known. / But to be in the sack / With Fleetwood Mac / More than thrills us to the bone /'Cause we made the scene / In our album magazine / On the cover of *Rolling Stone*. Thanks, guys.

Bikers: perfect angels

Michael Brock, OUI's new Art Director, didn't know what to expect when nine nitty-gritty bikers filed into the Beverly Hills studio of photographer Gary Heery with their wives, friends, children, dogs, pistols, gallons of wine and quantities of drugs (all prescription, we were assured) for the shooting of *The Mild Ones* feature on pages 52 to 55. The photo session turned into an instant party, and the bikers, who demanded to be paid on the spot, left the studio immaculate. "In fact," says photographer Heery, "it was the first time nothing was stolen at a shooting"—which confirms what the Shangri-Las always sang about leather boys: "They're good-bad, but they're not evil."

Newton's laws

We rang up Helmut Newton in Paris to query him on his mannequin obsession. Seems Newton has been playing with dolls since 1966 when he photo-essayed the narcissism of a model who falls in love with a look-alike mannequin. "There's something very mysterious and confusing about wax dummies," he says. "It's no accident that the ventriloquist's doll who comes to life is a popular theme for horror movies." Newton is famous for combining elegance, horror and sex in his photos, and plans a follow-up to his book, *White Women*.

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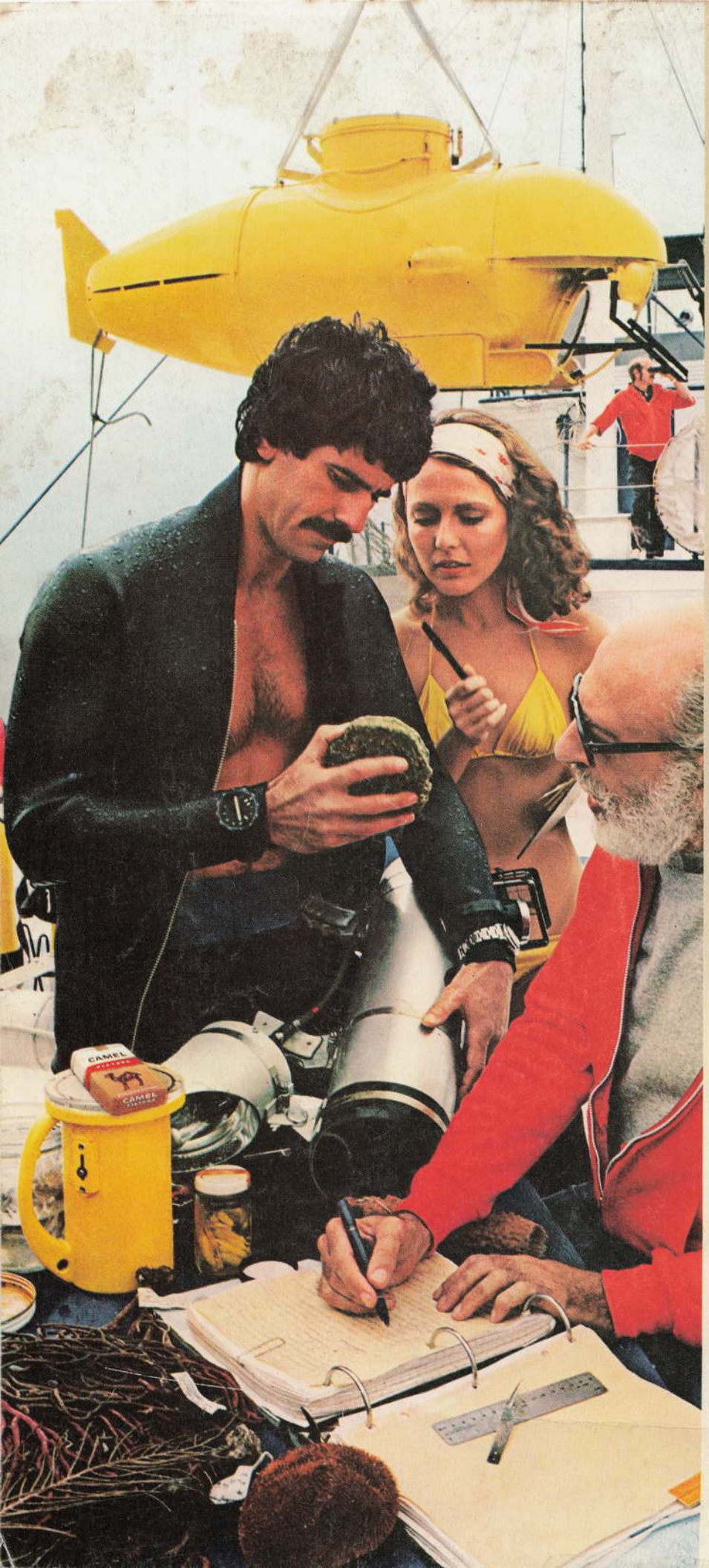

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